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JANE JANSEN.

"Earnest in the belief that life in the country is nearest connate with man's organization, securing to him constantly the greatest of all blessings, perfect health and physical development, and standing with outstretched arms a great world of counter-forces or balance-sheet in favor of humanity, against the destructive influence of city life or the fatal results of the swarming instincts, founding the Sanitarium, [now Cresson,] and uttering a voice from the woods, have become a mission, solemn as a command from Heaven, and with the sternness and reality of life and death."—Dr. R. M. S. Jackson: *The Mountain*, vi.

Holland, Jane Jensen.

JANE JANSEN:

A STORY OF A WOMAN'S HERITAGE

IN THE HEART OF APPALACHIA.

INVOLVING ADVENTURES IN HAWAII, JAPAN, AND KOREA, AND THE WRECK OF "THE WHALE-HAWK" IN THE NORTHERN PACIFIC; AND RELATING THE INCIDENTS OF A VARIED AND EVENTFUL LIFE IN SOUTHWESTERN PENNSYLVANIA, INCLUDING AN ESCAPE FROM THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD, WITH MANY PARTICULARS OF THAT UNPARALLELED DISASTER.

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THE OLIVER PUBLISHING HOUSE,

GREENESBURGH, PENN'A,

1895.

DEDICATION.

H. C. Frick, Esq.,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

You and I are strangers.

The story of your life as a typical business man of America, however, is known to me, as it is to many thousands besides, and prized for the incentive to enterprise it contains and the encouragement to persevere, in despite of all difficulties and obstacles, to the end in view; and since it presents a singularly striking contrast to mine, the story of a woman who was born about the time you began your remarkable career and who has resided the greater part of her life on a mountain-top overlooking in part the field of your vast operations in Southwestern Pennsylvania, as related in the following pages, I trust, as a minor expression of your open-hearted nature, you will permit the public to consider for a moment our several stories side by side—or, figuratively speaking, with the mind's eye, Horatio, to gaze on two series of pictures illustrating our several lives, suspended on opposite walls of the Carnegie Art Gallery, in Schenley Park, if you please.

In the series illustrating your story, the backgrounds of all are as black as the celebrated Connellsville Coking Coal Seam from the Conemaugh to the Monongahela can make them—as black as the clouds of smoke and soot which hang over the great industrial valleys of Southwestern Pennsylvania—as black as the Acheronic waters of Brush Creek below the big slack-washer at Larimer—as black as envy, malice, and malignity can paint or be painted—as black as the heart's blood of an anarchical assassin may be symbolized in a hue; while in the series illustrating mine, the backgrounds of all are

as white as the marbles of Greece which my maternal ancestors in part have chiseled—as white as the foam and spindrift of the earth-enveloping ocean which the adventurous prows of my paternal ancestors for several generations have cut in the pursuit of the mighty mammals of the deep—as white as a week of agony can blanch the hair in a lava-conduit of Hawaii—as white as the snow-capped peak of Fujiyama can gleam over a bed of anguish in the harbor of Yokohama—as white as the linen robes of the mysterious Mongolians of Chosen or Korea that fleck like sheep the mountain-flanks of Gensan—as white as the brow of a brother that came into visible being and vanished like a breath in a frosty morning—as white as the coffined forms of a broken-hearted father and mother—as white as the thousands of shrouds that wrapped the dead in the valley of the Conemaugh in the wake of the Johnstown Flood—as white as the milk which a mountain-top dairy supplied the motherless infants that survived the unparalleled disaster—as white as the bursting bloom of the wild rhododendron on the brow of a bride in the Heart of Appalachia—as white as the Columbian City of Enchantment that rose from the marshes of Lake Michigan the admiration of the enlightened of the globe—as white as the wave-washed pages of a whaler's log-book among the gull-pecked and shark-torn crew of a sunken ship off the storm-swept shores of Northeastern Asia—as white as Love and Honor, Worth and Truth, in representatives of all the great divisions of mankind on a mountain-top, may gleam afar at noonday above the involvings of evil and vice that shadow the valleys below.

Further, in the series of pictures illustrating the story of your life, the lights which reveal your individuality are artificial; and in the order of the series, one standing for one or many, they are a miner's lamp, a coke-oven, the headlight of a locomotive, a furnace-mouth belching lurid glare and fiery gleam like an awakening volcano, a converter cascading an infinity of coruscations, a riot-fired burning coal-tipple, an assassin's pistol-shot, a governmental cannon's discharge, and an electric chandelier with its multiple-lights multiplied amazingly by opposing mirrors: the first illuminating the features of a beardless boy entering the cavern of a coal-mine at Broadford, a veritable Aladdin with his wonderful lamp; and the

last, a middle-aged man, a husband and father, with his wife and children at his side, entertaining a host of friends, including many of the most illustrious men and women of the age, in the sumptuously furnished parlors of a palatial residence in the fashionable East End of Pittsburgh—the genii-built Palace of Enchantment of the Arabian tale surpassed in reality ! While in the series illustrating my life, the lights which reveal my individuality are all natural, from the moon and the stars, and the sun from dawn to dusk—and especially the light which affects the most the big-eyed and imaginative art-creating race which I represent, that of the latter part of the afternoon, when the Shadow attains its perfection and shapeful things have thickness as well as length and breadth, the statue rotundity, the landscape distance, and the ideal the substantiality of the real.

Further, while both series illustrate a remarkable success, or an evolution from a humble beginning to a grand and glorious end, yours is a crown which worthily befits your earnest, energetic, and upright career as an objective Man, in fearless defiance of all the forces of adversity and remorseless rivalry in the warlike struggle for existence and preëminence that centres in the Iron Heart of the Western Hemisphere, the City of Pittsburgh ; as I am fain to believe mine is a commensurable reward for my constancy in the extremities of distress to correct principles of duty to self and others, as a subjective Woman.

Howsoever, the contrast between the stories of our lives, I beg you will accept the dedication of my book in token of my appreciation of your achievements as a representative man of America and of the esteem and honor in which I hold you from the knowledge I have of the many remarkable manly qualities which you possess and which endear you to your wife and children and your myriad of known and unknown friends :

Among the former of whom I hope to be advanced from the latter, after a perusal of the following pages.

JANE JANSEN HOLLAND.

The Heart of Appalachia,
11 *December*, 1894.

"The wondrous intellect of the Greek has filled the horizon of human vision for hundreds of years. With a physical conformation perfect, and rendered godlike by a habitat in which the perfection and splendor of nature were revealed and the beauty of the world exhausted, he has, in all his creations, made the ideal real, by an eternal production of himself, 'his body absolutely expressing his soul.'

"In his highest efforts, forever captivated by truth and beauty, he became the prophet, priest, and king of nature, making his artistic or reproduced world bright with the immortal stars of thought, redolent of Olympian airs, aromatic shades, haunts and bowers of the gods. The muses, the heavenly nine, hover around his path of progress, and the glory of an undebauched, unfallen world is shadowed forth in 'shapes whose beauty is truest and rarest, in visions, in soul, the grandest that crowd on the tear-dimmed eye,' in the prophetic oracles of Delphi, in the whispering of the groves of Dodona. In all his intellectual manifestations true; true in the symbolism of the world embodied in his poetical mythology; true in the instincts of his mind in the path of science; perfect in the world of the senses and understanding, his genesis of the healing art is the embodiment of wisdom. What but a Grecian hand could chisel an Apollo of Belvidere, the ideal physical? and what but a Grecian head could create the magical romance of the son of Zeus and Leto, the ideal spiritual? —both worlds united in the form of the God of Medicine, Divination, and Poetry."—JACKSON: *The Mountain*, p. 486.

JANE JANSEN.

I.

My maternal grandmother, Margaret Zampelios, was born in Athens, and united in her veins the blood of two families who for ages have peopled in part the isles of Greece and the shores of the Ægean, and included a noteworthy number of men and women of distinguished merit, as sculptors, poets, painters, soldiers, and statesmen. She was educated in the schools of Athens and Constantinople, and at the age of eighteen made a tour of the little world of the Levant, going as far east as Damascus, as far south as Cairo, and as far west as Rome. Wherever she went, her majestic form and well defined features of the old heroic type attracted observation and elicited enquiry, while her accomplishments as a linguist and artist evoked remark and commendation, which in turn extended far and wide a favorable impression of her womanly charms and artistic achievements; and at the age of twenty, she was not only an acknowledged belle in oriental society but a celebrity.

At this time she became enamored with an English lieutenant, who in appearance was remarkably tall, gaunt and grim, and in character daring, determined and honorable. Unhappily for her, the gallant soldier had left behind him in England a wife and two children; but happily, when he discovered the engrossing passion of the young woman for him, he revealed himself to her a benedict, and disappeared, never again to be seen or heard of by her, save in dreams by night and day till the day of her death.

Soon after this crushing blow, while she was groaning in secret in the valley of disappointment and humiliation, she met and married

in Smyrna my grandfather, Alexander Graham, a merchant of Philadelphia, who, in the interest of his business as an importer of drugs, dyes, and fruits, was sojourning then in the great mart of the Levant.

Why she did so is perhaps the measure of the distress and dejection in which he found her. A voyage to Philadelphia would take her from the Old World to a New—from a harrowing past to a possibly happy future; and since she had loved one stranger, she might love another. At all events, hap weal or woe, she would escape from the social circle of the Levant in which a look had become a poisoned arrow, and a word of sympathy or pity an unendurable torture.

But Alexander Graham, albeit a worthy man, differed greatly from the English lieutenant, and never took the soldier's place in the affections of my grandmother. In stature, he was less than his majestic wife by as many inches as she was less than the lieutenant. Outwardly he was faultlessly attired, refined in speech and address, and easy in manners, while in his inner nature he was grave, reserved and exacting. His forebears time out of mind had been Scotch—several of them merchants in Glasgow and Edinburgh; and never was Sandy applied more appropriately to a son of Caledonia than to him.

In fine, my maternal grandfather and grandmother were an ill matched pair; but there was no strife between them. On the contrary, he was attached to her according to his nature, that is, tenaciously, like a limpet to a rock; and she was resigned and faithful through good and bad fortune to the end.

And there were both. For after a prosperity of several years' duration, such a number of the debtors of my grandfather became insolvent, that he was brought to the brink of bankruptcy. Then, perhaps more from anxiety than exertion—more from worry than work to regain his commercial standing, his health failed him and he was obliged to withdraw from business.

Out of the wreck he saved jetsam, flotsam and ligan barely sufficient to purchase a tract of land on one of the mountain ridges of Southwestern Pennsylvania, which comprised a single arable field, a sugar camp, a blackberry patch, a pasture thickly set with stones and stumps, and an unfenced belt of the forest primeval surrounding the whole, and on which stood a great stone house, a greater log barn, and half a score of rudely constructed outbuildings; and thither he repaired in the hope of regaining his health and vigor and resuming the station of his early manhood among the merchants of Philadelphia.

He was accompanied in his flight into the wilderness by his wife

and two children, who had been born unto them in the days of their prosperity, Helen and Melissa, together with an old negress, Mirabel Brown, as cook, and her daughter, Arabella, as an attendant on the little girls.

But the hope of my grandfather and the self-sacrifice of my grandmother were in vain. They wore away together—the granite father herding a score of cattle in the forest which gave them milk and meat, and the marble mother painting glimpses of the Orient for the markets of Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York, which yielded them the remainder of the necessaries of their retired and restricted existence; until, eleven weary years with increasing wretchedness having passed, they died within a fortnight of each other, my grandfather first from a broken heart in business, and then my grandmother from a broken heart in love.

On the death of their parents, Helen, the elder of the sisters (and my mother in due time,) was in her seventeenth year, and the younger, Melissa, in her fifteenth; and, by reason of the general education they had received from their mother and the labor they had endured with their father in the field, the forest and the barnyard, they were fully competent to manage their own affairs, to hold together the mountain tract which they had inherited, happily, without any incumbrance, and to continue the life, which to them, in the bursting of the bud of youth into the bloom of womanhood, was an endless succession of novel delights.

With three cows, a calf, a pig, and a right to cut a certain number of saw-logs in the forest, the bills of the doctor and the undertaker were paid. A sturdy young farmer of good repute, Martin Rogers, was secured to cultivate and crop the cleared fields for a moiety, and with his wife and three little children, housed in comfort in part of the big stone mansion. Helen appropriated the multifarious duties belonging to the outside world—paid the taxes, bought and sold in the neighboring hamlets of Laughlinstown and Ligonier in Westmoreland county and Jennerstown and Stoystown in Somerset county, and shared in the labors of, while she superintended, planned and directed, the making of sugar in the spring and cider in the fall, the boiling of soap and apple-butter, the picking of fruits, and the feeding and housing of their little stock of cattle, swine and poultry—the work of a husband; while Melissa took unto herself, with the help of Mirabel and Arabella, the manifold cares and labors of the inner world of their mountain home—the baking, cleaning and cooking, the bed-making, sweeping and dusting, the scrubbing, washing and ironing, the sewing and knitting, the patching and darning—the work of a wife.

They recognized this fortuitous relation of man and wife; and echoes of the language of the Land of Auld Lang Syne still lingering in the home of Alexander Graham, they were aye "guid mon" and "wifiekin" to ane anither, in their familiar speech.

In the evening they read and studied together—Helen preferring books pertaining to science, art, political economy, history, geography, mathematics, and trade, and Melissa, works of the imagination, poetry, romance, and travels. Betimes, too, they took up their pencils and brushes to draw and paint, as they had been instructed by their mother; but this they did more from habit than inclination and accomplished nothing to give them encouragement or satisfaction—Helen being skilful in representing any visible object before her, and painstaking in every technical detail, but wanting imagination, and Melissa, imaginative to an extreme degree, but lacking skill and interest in her work—Helen having the hand and heart of an artist, but not the head, and Melissa the head, but neither the hand nor heart.

And so they lived for three years, each developing in accordance with the peculiarities of her nature—Helen, an objective entity in a world of objectivity, and Melissa, a subjective, in a sphere of subjectivity; when the elder, in her twentieth year, and the younger, her eighteenth, they were essentially fully grown women, their forms and features fixed, their characters established, and their destinies—in a measure—determined.

They contrasted from every point of view. Helen was an unhappy commingling of the most striking of the physical characteristics of her parents, having her father's sandy hair, blue eyes, and florid complexion, and her mother's stature and stately bearing, with a cast of countenance that revealed a caricature of the features of both. So, in her inner nature, she possessed the mind of her father with the disposition of her mother, being methodical, exacting, and severe—practical, resourceful, and self-reliant, and at the same time grave and energetic, calm and irresistible—a mart above, a glacier below. She talked, but never laughed and seldom smiled or sang; she walked, but never danced nor ran; she worked and knew not play; thought without fancy and slept without dreams—a woman to strive and move a mountain; a woman to suffer and make no moan.

Melissa, on the other hand, was as unlike both her parents and her sister as it is possible perhaps for a daughter and sister to be: being short in stature, round in limb and body, and mirthful in disposition—a dimpled, smiling, laughter-loving incarnation of goodwill, congeniality, and jollity—as sweet and bonny a Scotch lassie, as

tender and true, as ever inspired the heart and harp of a minstrel. But how she descended from Caledonia's daisy-decked realm of song and sentiment through the polished granite of Alexander Graham, the importer of Philadelphia, is one of the biological enigmas which only atavism put to the stretch can solve—that freak of heredity by which the type of a remote ancestor, possibly long forgotten and undreamed of, is brought to the fore in offspring to the utter amazement of parents and amusement of neighbors and friends.

Howsoever—Helen, in her twentieth year, having amassed, by her good management of the mountain farm and by a little outside speculation in railway cross-ties, bark for tanning purposes, fencing posts, and ginseng, a little sum of money in excess of the necessities of her sister and self, went to Philadelphia to lay in a supply of books, seeds, implements, clothing and the like, such as her enlarging life demanded, and lodged in the house of a paternal relative, Robert Lindsay, a ship chandler. And here she met Jan Jansen, a ship-master, who was engaged in purchasing an outfit for a new whaling vessel, "The Whale-Hawk"—fell in love with him, and plighted troth with him—the last man in the world she ever dreamed of as a lover or husband; as she, a big brained and big bodied maiden from the heart of Appalachia, to him was the farthest in form and feature from the Polly his fancy ever painted in a picture of home and happiness.

It was the unexpected that happened to both. And wherefore the unexpected? Perhaps because their several natures were unknown to themselves: the mirror of self seeing only others, and one's conception of one's self being a composite photograph made up of a myriad of likenesses without including or developing the true one. Perhaps, because our inheritance for ages through an infinity of ancestors is always greater than our individual acquisitions, and will dominate us in despite of our conscious selves. Perhaps—but, no matter a woman's philosophizing on the affinities and repulsions of such complex subjects as human beings.

II.

My father, Jan Jansen, was born in the southeastern angle of Pennsylvania, near the town of Media, of Dutch and Swedish parentage—several of his ancestors—DeVries, Stuyvesant, Swen, and Laersen—being among the first of the immigrants from Holland and the Scandinavian peninsula to settle on the banks of the Delaware;

and like many of his ancestors and kindred, he was a sailor. He took so naturally to the sea, that, to use his conclusive language, "he couldn't help it—he was born web-footed." And to the day of his death no title of address was so sweet to his ears as that by which he was known among his friends and acquaintances, Skipper Jan Jansen—the name by which his paternal forebears for four generations had been known before him far and wide over the world of waters; and with a smile of satisfaction, he would respond to any name that associated him with the sea and his calling, from "salt" and "sea-dog" to "fin-back," "sulphur-bottom," "blubber-hunter," and the like.

At the age of thirty, when he met my mother, my father was a typic specimen of a hardy seaman. His height and weight were a little above the average of his fellow-sailors, his chest capacious, his muscles well developed, and his feet and hands small. His complexion was ruddy, his eyes blue, and his hair and beard yellowish with a coppery sheen—his beard so remarkably compact as to seem solid and impervious to water. His features harmonized with his body in shape and proportion. He was active and energetic, and in the presence of the dangers incident to a sea-faring life, to which he had been accustomed from early boyhood, ready, resourceful, and fearless. He was kind, generous and sympathetic. Withal, however, he was excitable, impulsive, and impetuous; and whenever his breast was heaved by emotion, his head became the football of his heart and his character became involved in a chaos of contrariety, ludicrous, dangerous, pitiful, or otherwise, as the engendering feeling might determine. Had his moral nature been trained to work in harness as well as his muscular, he would have been a man among a million, marked for his superior virtues.

Having been successful in several whaling expeditions in the Northern Pacific, he determined to be the owner and master of the best ship engaged in the trade; and while he was awaiting the completion of the vessel at New Bedford, he made a special visit to Philadelphia, to purchase from his old friend, Robert Lindsay, the necessary stores for a long cruise, and unexpectedly found a mate in my mother, as I have said.

I think it was the immutable and inflexible in my mother's character that attracted and finally fascinated my father, as it was the volatile, the vehement, and the uncertain in my father's make-up that absolved my mother from her former self and united her in a double existence indissolubly with my father. They were supplemental: each supplying the other's needs, and each calling into action the best of the other's being; each being useful to the other,

they met with pleasure and parted with pain, and soon became inseparable.

My father accompanied my mother from the residence of her relative in Philadelphia, Robert Lindsay, to the old homestead in Southwestern Pennsylvania, in order that he might become acquainted with my Aunt Melissa, and that they together might agree on some plan for the future which would be mutually agreeable and satisfactory. Finally, after discussing a number of propositions, it was agreed that the farm should be leased for three years to Martin Rogers, who had proven himself worthy in every respect and who agreed to retain the old cook, Mirabel, and her daughter, Arabella, in their accustomed service; and, in order that the loving sisters might not be parted by the marriage of the elder and the manager for both, that the twain should accompany my father in the first cruise of his new vessel, and participate, as Skipper Jansen's wife and Skipper Jansen's sister-in-law in the grandest and most romantic wedding tour ever hear of, around the world in the finest whaleship afloat; and, in the event of the voyage proving reasonably remunerative, that my father should lease his vessel for five years and reside for that length of time with his wife and sister-in-law in their mountain home, satisfying his longing to be riding on the mighty rollers of the Pacific by hoeing corn and potatoes on one of the mightier mountain waves of Appalachia.

In accordance with this agreement, the farm was leased, my father and mother were married, and the happy trio set out for New Bedford; and in a short time after their arrival, the ship was finished, a crew engaged, and provisions for a three years' cruise stowed away in the ample hold. Then, amid the acclamations of the throng of well-wishing friends and acquaintances who had assembled on the shore, the anchor was weighed, the sails were set, and, under the impulsion of a favorable wind, "The Whale-Hawk" moved in the world of waters—an outcast fragment of the earth peopled and freighted with all the involvings of humanity, to wander a while in space, a little world in itself.

The favorite whaling waters of my father were the several seas which form as many parts of the Northern Pacific, Behring's, the Korean, the Kamtchatkan, and the like; but being the sole owner of his vessel and her own master, and likely to fall in with one or other species of the commercial whales in any of the great divisions of the ocean, he was as free as the wind to go and come as it satisfied his caprice or conviction, or gratified the desire of my mother or aunt. Scarcely was the honeymoon over, accordingly, when "The Whale-Hawk" entered the Tagus and Skipper Jansen, with his wife and

wife's sister, disembarked in Lisbon to spend a fortnight in feasting mind and body on the diversified products of Portugal. Thence, the happy trio speeded to Rio de Janeiro to spend another glorious fortnight amid the unrivaled scenic beauties of the City of the Royal Palm. Thence, proceeding southward, while off the coast of Southern Brazil, (15th May, 1869,) one of the memorable incidents of the cruise occurred. A starving negro of gigantic proportions was picked up from a drifting raft, and, at the instance of my mother was put under her charge to be trained as a cabin boy, albeit a head taller than any man on the ship. He had been sixteen days afloat, but not wholly without food and water save for the three days preceding his rescue. He was a refugee from a Brazilian master, made desperate by the exasperating and goading involvings of slavery to a free-born adult slave; and from the tribal scars on his cheek, and artificial warts raised in a row across his forehead and adown his nose to the tip, and from his inability to understand a word of Portuguese, or other European language, it was very evident that he was a recent importation from the west coast of Africa—a smuggled slave in the teeth of national and international edict. When my Aunt Melissa beheld him for the first time, after he had been lifted on deck and his ravenous greed for food and drink appeased in a measure, she called him the Congo incarnate and christened him "Congo" forthwith. He was supposed to be about thirty-two years of age; and when he regained his flesh, his skin became remarkably smooth and glossy to the eye and velvety to the touch, and he walked the deck with a stateliness and grace becoming a proud and polished monarch. He acquired rapidly and performed his various duties so well that he became soon an invaluable servant, and attended my mother with a deference approaching worship. Several of his African accomplishments, moreover, were novel to all aboard and served to relieve the monotony of ocean life. Out of the long wing bones of the wandering albatross, which the sailors caught with baited hooks while doubling Cape Horn, he made a pair of flutes, which, being inserted in his nostrils, and blown into through his nose, while the lateral vents were covered and opened by the fingers, emitted a kind of music which was ludicrous in the extreme if not harmonious. Then, while sitting on the deck, with the hemisphere of his big black abdomen bared, he would impart to it a series of contortions, evertions and invertions, so extraordinary as to fill the beholders with wonder as well as amusement. Besides these special accomplishments, he could sing and dance, and harangue imaginary hosts, and mimic, in colossal grotesqueness, everybody aboard, to the delight of all, but especially my Aunt Melissa who declared that he

was a more valuable catch than the biggest whale in the Pacific.

After rounding Cape Horn, " The Whale-Hawk " put into the harbors of Valparaiso and Callao and remained long enough for the happy trio—Skipper Jansen, his wife, and sister-in-law—to visit the capitol cities of Santiago and Lima. Thence, proceeding northward, the vessel touched at the largest of the Galapagos Islands and the crew obtained a supply of the gigantic edible land-tortoise for which these equatorial islands are celebrated among the sailors of the Pacific. Thence, after a day or two spent in the harbor of Acapulco, the vessel, still proceeding northward, entered and came to anchor in the harbor of Hilo, the principal port of Hawaii, the largest of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands, where another of the memorable incidents of the cruise occurred.

III.

My father, my mother, and my aunt went ashore and lodged in a new hotel kept by an American, who, when he learned his guests were Pennsylvanians treated them with especial courtesy and consideration, saying, in the candor of his open-hearted nature, "My name is Iddings—Marmaduke Iddings. I came from the western end of the grand old Keystone State myself; and I take an especial pleasure in putting myself and my belongings at your service, to see the great crater of Kelauéa, to make a tour of the island, or whatsoever you desire."

Now my father and my aunt desired above all things to visit the world-renowned volcano, and off they started on horseback, escorted by Mr. Iddings, in the early morning of the second day after their arrival, leaving my mother—just then entering the seventh month of maternity, and unable to ride a round trip of sixty miles over a rough lava road without great pain and peril—in the hotel behind them, under the charge of their hostess, a most estimable woman, half English and half Hawaiian, a maternal cousin of Queen Emma.

An hour or so afterward, my mother set out to take a walk, ostensibly to gather ferns in the neighborhood of the little city, but in reality for the benefit of the exercise to her unborn babe and to herself so long restricted in her movements aboard the whaling vessel. She carried a basket for her collections and an umbrella to shield her from the rapidly alternating sunshine and showers of the tropical island.

"Will you not take a guide?" enquired Mrs. Iddings.

"No," responded my mother in her self-reliant manner. "I have been used to walk alone from childhood, among the rocks and rhododendrons of Appalachia; and besides, I have a good nose for danger, and in my present condition I will be sure to heed my monitor's warning."

"But you may step aside from your path to pluck a flower here and a fern there, and not be able to find it when you would, and perhaps, walk farther than you should."

"As for walking too far," replied my mother, "I am sure I could walk for many miles without any ill effect, for I have been clambering over mountains all my life; and as for losing my way by day or night on this island, that is impossible. Down hill, from any point on it, will surely bring me to the sea; and all the rivulets for miles inland must unite to form the little river that rushes and boils within its lava banks a few rods from your door. And besides, here are these little volcanic cones, just on the outskirts of your scattered city —they are landmarks the wife of Skipper Jansen has seen, with her husband's eyes as well as her own, as "The Whale-Hawk" entered and anchored in the harbor of Hilo, and she will never forget them."

About noon my mother was at a point about four miles inland, in a southwesterly direction from Hilo, with the little volcanic landmarks, between her and the city—slowly walking in the cattle paths among the ferns and herbage plants which grew luxuriantly in the crevices between the broken fragments of lava with which the region for miles around is covered, and enjoying every step of her haphazard way in the new world of wonders and delights in which she found herself. Here she came upon a pit about eight or ten feet in depth which revealed the circular opening of one of the several conduits through which the molten lava a few years before had descended from the great volcano of Mauna Loa, forty miles distant, to an alarming nearness to the city of Hilo. The pit was formed by the caving in of the roof of the conduit, induced by the decay to which lava is subject by the combined effect of water and vegetation. Curious to examine the strange cavern which openedbeneath her, of which she had heard and read but of which with her want of imagination she had never formed any satisfactory conception, she descended with little difficulty the broken sides of the pit, and bending a little looked into the tunnel. It was almost as round and clean as newly-laid vitrified sewer pipe, about five feet in diameter, with blotches of color here and there, reddish, brownish, and yellowish weathering stains, and here and there stalactitic accretions either

depending from the roof or projecting from the sides, and here and there, afar in the depths of the cavern, a ray of sunshine through a crevice, inviting her to enter and explore—to see for herself and be satisfied, in accordance with her nature that demanded the objective. One rod, two, three, four, she curiously invaded the conduit, till a sudden darkening of the crevice induced her to stop and ascertain the cause.

"Ah, only a passing cloud," she said, as she discerned the obscured sky through a chink above her head, "and a shower perhaps," as she felt a drop of rain on her upturned face.

It was a shower, but a tropical shower such as my mother had never seen before, and such as occur betimes on the eastern coast of Hawaii with a fall of water in a given time equaled rarely elsewhere on the globe. The lightning blazed through the crevices into the deepest recesses of the cavern, and the thunder crashed in reverberating roars seemingly without end in the vast tube-like vault of the self-formed lava-sewer. Here and there a little stream of water poured into the tunnel, and a rivulet formed at her feet as the waters came together in the concavity of the floor and descended the channel towards the sea.

"How fortunate to find shelter before the coming of this terrible storm! How lucky to escape this tropical deluge with no more inconvenience than to hold up my skirts a little and stride a rivulet!" my mother thought.

Suddenly she was blown into the cavern a few yards and hurled violently to the floor; and, in the bewilderment she experienced on arising, bruised, dripping with water, and jarred in every atom of her organic being, she was conscious only of having heard a deafening crash at the mouth of the tunnel and felt an irresistible rush of wind—that her basket and umbrella were not in her hand—that, as she sought for them and took them in her hand—that the cavern was darker than before—that the mouth of the cavern was closed by the falling of a great part of the roof—and that the water was rising above her ankles in the dam formed by the falling lava.

She realized at once the danger she was in and set about to effect an escape by removing the obstructions at the mouth of the tunnel. She was strong, and the accumulating waters were only to her knees when she began; but she was not able to remove a single fragment of the fallen lava, and the water was up to her breasts when she was forced to desist and seek immediate safety by ascending the tunnel and a very probable escape by finding a crevice sufficiently large to admit the passage of her body, or a caving-in similar to that by which she had entered.

The water became shallower at every step and she soon was out of danger of drowning. The storm ceased; the heavy clouds drifted away; and straws and ribbons of sunshine began to shoot across the darkness of the cavern, to the great encouragement of the imprisoned woman.

"It is no later than two or half-past two in the afternoon," thought my mother, as she observed the angle of the cheering rays; "and if I find an outlet soon, I can get back to Hilo before sundown and never feel a whit the worse for the general shaking up I have sustained and the unexpected bath I have taken. See, too, how the stream of water in which I have been wading has decreased to a rivulet and is soaking through the porous lava faster than it enters from above. Before it disappears entirely, I must quench my thirst and well; for it may be some time before I get out of this hole and find my way back to Hilo." So, placing her basket and umbrella by her side, and kneeling in the decreasing rivulet, she dammed it with her clothing, and taking up the water in her hands brought together in the form of a cup, slaked her thirst and laid away a supply against a possible contingency that was becoming more and more a probable contingency in her mind, unused as she was to crossing the bridge before coming to it.

She took up her basket and umbrella and plodded on and on, now rapidly in the glimmering light, now slowly in the gloom, now, almost at a standstill, in absolute darkness.

"How lucky it is Skipper Jansen and Melissa are away at Kilauéa and will not return until day after to-morrow. They will be spared any anxiety or trouble on my account. But poor Mrs. Iddings—how can I ever forgive myself for the solicitude I am causing her even now, for I should have been back before this. And if I do not return soon, what will she think? What will she do? Doubtless, she will send somebody to seek me. But how will that somebody be able to find me in this underground passage? How will anybody know I have entered it? After the deluge of rain that has fallen, the best of dogs would be unable to follow my trail. I must do what I can to assist in finding the lost. I must reveal if possible the subterranean wilderness in which I am wandering and the direction. But how? Ah, I have it."

She took up the fern leaves in her basket and laid one on the floor of the tunnel wherever a ray of light fell, the tip of the frond pointing in the direction she went; and tearing her umbrella to pieces, she thrust one of the ribs with a pendant strip of the cover attached to it, through a crevice in the roof whenever she found one in her judgment suitable—the first streamer having one knot in it, the sec-

ond two, and so on, that the direction taken might be inferred from the sequence.

"Now, in case anybody gets into the tunnel behind me, he will see the fresh leaves and follow in the way they are pointed; and in case anybody comes above me in the neighborhood of this tunnel, he will see my flags of distress and follow in the way the knots are numbered, till I am found—alive—or dead!"

For as all the leaves that were in her basket now lay behind her, and all the signals into which her umbrella could be made floated among the ferns above her, and all the fragments into which the basket could be broken were left behind her similarly, or thrust above her, as night came on apace and she staggered and stumbled and finally sank to the floor exhausted, the thought of dying a double death in her unborn child and herself came to her betimes, with increasing frequency and intensity accompanied by a correspondingly decreasing depression of spirits.

But she was far from yielding to despair.

After resting an hour or two, she rose and groped her way cautiously along the dark circular gallery, with her head and body bent forward to lower her stature, and save her head as much as possible from depending stalactites: now and then through a crevice getting a comforting and cheering glimpse of a star. And so, alternately resting and trudging along, she continued through the night and well into the middle of the following day, when joy of joys, she heard a sound of something living and moving about in front of her. Her heart bounded; her strength came back to her; and she moved forward with great rapidity. Soon she saw an outlet to the tunnel as round and open as the inlet she had passed through; and in a few minutes she was in it—her head thrust out into the sunshine through it—but her steps stayed by a strange mischance.

The tunnel opened into a pit, or caving in, similar to that which my mother had descended to enter the mysterious cavern, but somewhat larger and about five feet deeper. In area, it was approximately twenty-five feet square and in depth fifteen. The opposite walls, pierced by the lava-sewer, were vertical; while those at right angles were broken irregularly and offered in several places a means of ascent and descent to a human being who could cling and clamber from one ledge to another, but not to the living thing in motion which my mother had heard in front of her to fill her then with joy and hope, but now in her sight to add to the horrors of her situation and sink her deeper in the slough of despair.

It was a bull which had fallen into the pit and could escape neither by leaping into one or other of the tunnel mouths, nor by

scaling the irregular walls at right angles to them. It was, moreover, a wild bull, a ferocious monster, belonging to one of the many herds of cattle in Hawaii which have reverted to savagery, along with pigs, dogs, cats, and other domestic animals which from time to time have wandered into the wilderness and multiplied with little check on their increase from beasts of prey or hunters.

At a glance my mother saw that as long as she remained in the mouth of the tunnel she was safe from the savage beast on a plane five feet below her; and when he saw her, and began to lower his head, and paw the lava floor of the pit, and move sideways toward her, and scrape his horns along the edge of the tunnel mouth at her feet, he became an object so familiar to her from her associations with cattle from childhood as to effect her only as that which stood before her and barred her immediate escape from the dungeon in which she had been imprisoned now for twenty-four hours—that which stood between her and freedom and the relief of poor Mrs. Iddings who must now be in a distressing state of anxiety about her.

She sat down calmly and began to consider the best thing to be done under the circumstances.

"It is simply a matter of endurance," she soon concluded; "and the more I husband my strength by inaction of mind and body, the better my chances of surviving this raving bull. Yea, the one that frets and fumes the less will be the victor without doubt; and now Mr. Bull, since you cannot affright or excite me in the least, I will see what I can do to worry the life out of you—the sooner the better for both."

She took off her red flannel petticoat and waving it before the savage beast soon excited him to a frenzy of passionate rage. He pawed and scraped; he bellowed and moaned; he pushed against the wall of the prison beneath the impassive figure of my mother, and scored his horns against the unyielding lava, till he panted and paused to rest with his legs spread a little beneath him. Then, having recovered his strength, he renewed the attack till he was exhausted again. And so it went until nightfall, when the red flag lost its inflaming color in the darkness; and so it was continued the following day, from dawn till dusk; and the next—this terrible struggle between a starving woman and a starving bull!—and the next till the hour of noon, when the bull, recoiling backward to the opposite side of the pit from my mother, his head depressed, his tongue lolling at full length from his mouth, and his great frame vibrating in the extremity of exhaustion, sank on his haunches against the wall, gave a last angry look through his blood-shot eyes

at the red petticoat of my mother hanging over the ledge at her feet, heaved a sigh that exhausted his lungs, and fell over dead.

My mother, with that remarkable control over herself which she had inherited from her granite father and her marble mother, sat motionless for half an hour longer to be assured beyond the possibility of error that life was extinct in the monster, before she ventured in the extremity of her weakness to descend into the pit, to slake her thirst, if possible, by lying down and lowering her head into the crevice from which she heard arise ever since she had come to the pit the tantalizing gurgle of running water—if not, by sucking the blood of the bull through such eyelets in his thick hide she might be able to cut with her scissors-blade; and to satisfy her hunger by devouring the tongue of the great beast, on which she had been feasting her famished eyes for so many days, to get strength to climb out of the pit.

How very weak my mother was she did not know until she essayed to rise from the sitting posture she had maintained so long; but after several attempts she succeeded, and stimulated by the exertion and the certainty now of obtaining food and drink and escaping with her double life to her husband and sister—and poor Mrs. Iddings, who was ever in her mind as one of the principal sufferers in her misfortune, she let herself down backward over the ledge, her hands and arms pressed against the floor of the tunnel and her feet finding an assisting hold in the scorings made by the infuriated bull, till they were set firmly on the floor of the pit.

She then went to the crevice in which the water was flowing, but she could not reach it with her hand. She saw where it was, however, and her resourceful mind though weakened with her body was still intact. She took up the petticoat that had slain the bull, and having lowered the skirt into the stream, she drew it up a few minutes afterward and held it to her lips and sucked the life-giving fluid till her brain grew dizzy in the bewilderment of delights occasioned by its rapid absorption into her blood. She sat on the ground, and dipped and sucked again and again till she felt strong enough to cut off a part of the bull's tongue with her scissors. She succeeded in removing the tip, and hurriedly lifted it to her lips, the sweetest morsel of her life. Another bite—a third—a fourth—a fifth—

She heard an alarming sound at her side, and turned—to look into the eyes of a wolf-like dog which had jumped into the pit to share her feast. She rose to her feet, when the dog intimidated by her size and stature, fled to the opposite side of the pit and cowered in evident fear and began to howl.

Emboldened by this, my mother stooped and snipped off a sixth

bite from the bull's tongue. Then a seventh—an eighth—and a ninth—

When a pack of a score or more of wild dogs, attracted by the howling of the first, came bounding down till the pit seemed to be filled with the savage creatures, barking, yelping, snarling, and, emboldened by their numbers and the passive attitude of my mother, getting closer and closer, till one, snapping at her, carried off in his teeth, a patch of her gown.

She looked around for a means of escape. She saw one and only one; and she took it the instant of its recognition at any hazard of undergoing a continuation of the horrors from which so recently she had escaped.

It was the mouth of the lava-sewer above the carcass of the bull, the awful cavern which had been yawning at her across the pit for the past three days.

Taking up her petticoat for the third time as an instrument of deliverance, she swung it about her and drove the dogs into a semicircle around her sufficiently far for her to get upon the carcass of the bull, and thence, after another repulsion of the savage beasts by swinging her weapon of flame-colored wool, to clamber into the cavern.

Satisfied with the bull before them, the wild dogs made no attempt to follow my mother, and proceeded at once to tear it to pieces. But my mother, fearful that they would pursue her, hurried into the cavern until her steps were stayed about twenty yards from its mouth by a crudely built wall of pieces of lava carried into the tunnel by human hands and doubtless for a human purpose.

"But what?" queried my mother, with the recognition of the work of a fellow being. "No matter. It is an evidence of humanity, here in the past and may be in the future, to rescue my double life from the awful dangers with which it is encompassed. There is hope; and I will not yield. Happy, happy be the human being who has laid up the stones to enable me to struggle on till I sink to rise no more—but not in despair!"

She made an opening in the wall, passed through it, and closed it again by replacing the stones.

"There now, I am safe from the wolves. Humanity has come to my rescue, and I will be saved."

There was still some water in the skirt of her petticoat and my mother, sitting down sucked it, till she sank into a dreamless sleep, in which she remained, it appears, until the afternoon of the following day. She awoke refreshed and set out at once to explore the tunnel for an outlet to escape to the upper world.

In a short time, her foot striking something movable on the floor, she stooped and took it in her hand. It was a human skull. A shudder went through her blood, as she recognized by the sense of touch the unmistakable brainbox of a human being. She let it fall with an opening of the hand in instinctive revulsion.

A few steps further, another skull; and then a third.

She had walled herself within a tomb.

But seeing a dim light ahead, she kept on and came upon a decomposing human carcass in rags. The stench arising from it was extreme, but my mother, holding her petticoat to her nose and mouth with one hand and drawing aside her gown with the other, that it might not come in contact with the corpse, passed on.

A few steps further, she descried a second corpse in incipient decay—a bloated, ghastly, and distorted thing with scarcely a trace of humanity about it.

And still a few paces further, the seeming corpse of a hideous Hawaiian woman in a sitting posture—her head bent forward on her drawn up knees, her skin blotched with disease—the most human thing about her being her hair hanging in ragged locks down her back and over her knees.

My mother stood transfixed with horror. Her blood ran cold. Her scalp began to creep. Her heart beat so feebly it seemed about to cease.

At length under the agonizing impression that the woman before her had been buried alive and was not yet dead, and that she prefigured her own fate in the awful tomb in a few hours more, she spoke in scarcely articulate gasps—

"Woman! move, speak! if you are still among the living! that I may minister to you in your awful wretchedness, and you to me in mine, that we may live together in human sympathy a little longer—and die together in the end."

The seeming corpse raised her head and revealed an indescribably horrible visage, and enquired in a feeble husky voice—

"Who are you?"

My mother told her in a few words.

"How came you here?"

My mother told her.

"Then you do not know where you are and who are the dead around you, and what I am, the dying before you?"

"I do not further than that I among the dead and the dying, in a tomb from which there appears to be no escape."

"Then shrink not while I tell you. You are in a tomb from

which there is no escape except by the way you came, by piercing the stone wall again and re-entering the pit where you encountered the wild bull and the dogs. There, you may ascend the walls by piling up the scattered pieces of lava in the pit; and having gained the top of the tunnel, by following the lava flow downward toward Hilo for a mile, you may see to your right and left the grass huts of some poor natives. Go to them without fear. They speak your language as well as I, having been taught by American teachers. They are humane and hospitable; and they will give you food and drink and take you to your friends, provided that you do not let them know by any word or deed that you have been further in your ascent of the lava tunnel than the pit where you escaped from the bull and the dogs.

"Now, summon all the strength you possess after the trials you have undergone, and I will tell you further.

"I am a dying leper. The dead behind you are lepers. You are in a tomb of lepers—a secret tomb known only to the natives who dwell in the grass huts of which I have spoken. The government endeavors to collect all the lepers in the kingdom and confine them in one place, on the little island of Molokai; but many of the natives love their kindred so dearly that they will not give them up to the agents of the government, and feed them in hidden places as long as they live, comfort them in a thousand ways in their awful affliction and conceal their remains in secret places like this when they die, in order that the discovery of the dead bodies may not lead to the detection and punishment of the transgressors of the law. A few days ago—how long exactly I do not know, I thought I was about to die and begged my friends to bring me hither and leave me to my fate. They did so. I sat down resignedly where you see me now. I did not move for a long time. At length I moved my hand, and found a bowl of poi at my side. I ate it. Life is sweet even to the most loathsome of lepers. But I am resigned to my fate, and in a day or two, at the farthest, I will pass from a dreamless sleep into death. For many years I have been dead to all the world except my loving children; and I am dead to them now—a fading memory, nothing more.

"Now, go, most wretched of women. Go back to the wall and remain there till the wild dogs have devoured the bull and run away. Then crack the bones they have left behind them and suck out the marrow and drink of the water in the crevice again, climb out of the pit, go to the huts, and the blessings of a dying leper in a lava-sewer of Hawaii attend you through a long and happy life to the grave.

"Go, woman, go! In the name of all that is dear to you, go! Your husband! Your unborn babe! Do you not know—do you not understand that you are in the midst of the most awful pollution known to mankind? Do you not know that you are breathing death of the most horrible character to yourself—to your friends—to all who may come in contact with you?"

"I will not leave you," said my mother calmly. "Leper though you be, you are human; and your infinitely greater misery has annihilated mine. Life is still sweet to you, and since you have given me strength, I can minister to you. Here, I have a flannel petticoat in my hand. As you sit it will cover you from head to foot and keep the little warmth you have within and about you. Then will I gather the bones of the bull and crack them and eat with you of the marrow, and draw water from the crevice, and we shall both live."

My mother advanced a step to place the petticoat over the head and shoulders of the leper, when the emaciated monster of disease arose to her feet, and, extending her fingerless hands towards my mother, forbade her approach.

"Woman! woman! you are mad! Away! You shall not touch me! You shall not live to die like me!"

The leper stood a sublimity of loathsomeness.

But for a moment.

The effort exhausted the vital resources of her mutilated and emaciated body.

She fell at the feet of my mother.

A stillness of stone succeeded.

The petticoat dropped from the hand of my mother and covered the naked back and shoulders of the corpse.

My mother turned and fled back to the wall across the tunnel and sank insensible. The supreme agony of her existence had been experienced and she lay as one of the dead in the tomb of the lepers.

But she was not dead; and when she recovered from her swoon, the struggle for existence began in her anew.

She removed a stone from the wall—a second—a third—a fourth. She looked through the opening and in the light that came from the mouth of the cavern she saw within reach a bone of great size. She drew it through the opening. Then, having rebuilt the wall to protect her from the wild dogs, which she feared might return to the bone, she began to gnaw at the ligaments attached to it and suck the rounded processes; when, turning the bone convulsively in her hand, she discovered, to her inexpressible joy, it was split—possibly broken by the fall of the bull into the pit—and that she could ex-

tract the marrow by parting the fracture with a blade of her scissors and sucking the nourishing substance through the opening.

A half hour sped—an hour, perhaps, while my mother was engaged in extracting the marrow from the bone of the bull. She then fell asleep, to be awakened some time after by the sound of something heavy falling near her in the cavern. Cautiously prying through the chinks of the wall, she saw the shadowy outlines of a gigantic human being engaged in tearing down the wall.

"Congo!" said my mother, "you have saved us!" and sank into another swoon.

The big negro shouted, and whirled about, and laughed and cried in a perfect tornado of emotion. Then, having torn down a great part of the wall, he took up in his brawny arms the insensible body of his beloved mistress and carried my mother out into the pit, where he laid her down gently: her body in the sunshine, and her head in the shadow of the western wall.

The gigantic savage then bent over her to ascertain if she were alive or dead. She was warm. She breathed faintly. She lived—but, apparently from her wasted and haggard appearance, in the last stage of exhaustion from starvation and exposure. He took up her scissors, which had fallen from her pocket as he descended into the pit with her, and punctured the flesh of his left arm with one of the pointed blades; and when the blood began to flow from the wound, with a patch, torn from her gown, he applied the crimson fluid to her lips. A slight reaction became perceptible in the face of my mother. He rolled the patch together into a teat, and, having saturated it with his blood, he parted her teeth and put it into her mouth. Another sign of awakening appeared. The jaws closed and held the teat fast, and the blood being diffused in my mother's mouth, in a few minutes she made an effort to swallow and opened her eyes.

On the return of consciousness, my mother taking the bloody teat from her mouth and seeing the blood trickling from the wound in the arm of Congo, realized what the faithful negro had done to restore her, and remembering the African ceremony of establishing kinship among strangers, smiled faintly and said—

"Henceforth, Congo, you and I have the same blood in our veins, are brother and sister; and should my unborn babe survive this awful extremity to which we have been reduced together, you shall be to my offspring, to the day of your death, Uncle Congo, and share in our common lot."

But scarcely had she uttered these words than she realized with alarm that the gigantic negro, who had fed her with his blood, was

in the incipient stages of insanity. His eyes rolled in a way and flashed a peculiar fire she had never seen before. His muscles twitched, and his hands convulsively opened and closed. The poor fellow's sufferings, in searching for her night and day and possibly with as little food and drink to sustain him as my mother had obtained, had been extreme; and while his body had borne the privation and exertion, his mind, unused to the rack of anxiety and worry amid the tumults of emotion, had given way.

What was to be done?

"Anything—everything, to keep him calm and let him sleep as soon as possible, after eating and drinking," my mother said to herself. Then, addressing him quietly, and using words, with which he was familiar, she said, "Congo, you are hungry and so am I. Gather these big bones that are lying around us and crack them with stones so that we can get the marrow in them, and eat a good big dinner. . . . There, that will do for the bones. Now, take this skull of the bull that has died here and smash it if you can, so that we can get at the brain of the brute and eat it too. . . . Now, we have enough for a feast. . . . Sit down, good Congo, and eat your fill."

With great self-denial, my starving mother lifted the precious marrow and brain to her lips, and, taking a little, passed the greater portion to the big negro and gently forced into his capacious mouth. And when they had eaten all, my mother said to him, "You are thirsty and so am I; and there is a small stream of water away down in the crevice in yonder corner, and if you will do what I tell you, we can get as much of it as we can drink. Take this half of the bull's skull—it will do for a bucket. Good. Now, take this strip which I have torn from my gown, and let it hang down in the water till it is wet. Good. Now, draw it up and let the water run from it into the bucket. And so keep on until you have it full. . . . There, that is done well. Now, take up the skull and drink all the water yourself; and I will draw as much as I want for myself. . . . You want more. Well, good Congo, here is a bountiful supply. Fill the skull again."

And so my mother appeased the hunger and thirst of the starving giant, but the victory over the madman was not complete yet. His wits were wandering wildly; and while he did what she bade him, it was because, in the disturbed state of his mind, he had no intent of his own and his will was in abeyance to be acted on by another's as if he had been mesmerized.

"Come, sit down, Congo, by my side," at length my mother said to him. "We are both tired, and we must rest. And see you have

cut your arm, and it is bleeding, and I must tie it up with my handkerchief. Then, it will soon get well. And how proud and happy you are with your mistress's best cambric handkerchief tied around your big, strong arm. And here on your forehead is dust and dirt. You have scraped your woolly head against the roof of the big long cave you were in, and the dust and dirt have fallen on your head and got into your eyebrows. Close your eyes, now, and keep them shut for a long, long time till I wipe off your forehead and cleanse your eyebrows with my hand. . . . There, keep them shut. . . . Oh, you are so sleepy and so am I. . . . Lay down your head and go to sleep."

The wile of my mother succeeded. The madman slept. And the strain being removed from my mother's mind, she sank into a sweet and refreshing sleep by the side of the negro.

My mother awoke first. It was nightfall, and Congo was still insensible. It is well, she thought, and let him sleep, though the torture to her was terrible; for, her mind being relieved from the exactions of her immediate surroundings, she began to think of her husband and sister, and Mrs. Iddings, and reprove herself for keeping them in suspense and distress any longer than was absolutely necessary. The means for their relief and her deliverance were at hand and she must avail herself of them. But it might not be safe to awaken Congo before the functions of his feeble mind were restored to a normal condition; and rather than risk the well-being of all again, she determined to await his awakening at the call of his own nature. This occurred about midnight, as my mother inferred from the stars; and greatly to the encouragement of my mother, the gigantic African was calm in mind and strong in body sufficiently for her to make the attempt. She discovered, too, that the negro's vision was much better than her's, and that where she was timid in the darkness he was confident. She did not know that the negroes as a race are nocturnal in their habits to a remarkable degree; but she soon recognized the fact that Congo was not concerned in the least about the darkness in which they were enveloped and could discern objects on the floor of the pit which were absolutely invisible to her.

He drew of his own accord a supply of water for both. Then taking her by the hand, and preceding her with cautious hand and foot, he led her from crag to ledge and from ledge to crag along the southern wall of the pit until they came to the surface of the great lava flow. My mother, knowing the course to pursue from the direction of the lava-conduit, the walls of the pit, and the stars, waited a moment on the brink to test the judgment of the guide to whom she was about to entrust the fate of so many persons. With-

out hesitation—without so little as a glance around him, he took the right course as the most familiar way in the world, and my mother was satisfied. That was the roof of the lava-sewer which she had ascended, and which, being the most recent outflow in the neighborhood, was comparatively free from ferns and other plant growths and the safest to travel by day or night, albeit rough and craggy in the extreme.

For several hours they trudged along slowly, my mother clinging for support and safety to the arm of Congo. At length, exhausted, she sank to the earth and wavered between insensibility and semi-consciousness. The gigantic negro took her up in his arms and carried her a short distance. Then, having rested, he took her up again. And so he continued, until about an hour before daybreak, when he laid her down at full length on the lava, and sat down by her side. He began to doze; but he was on guard and anxious, and while his body was relaxed in slumber his mind was fitfully awake.

He heard the foot falls of horses and the champing of bits. He heard the voices of men and the movements of their dismounting.

"We can go no further until the horses can see where to put their feet," said one of the voices—that of Mr. Iddings. "This field of broken lava is filled with cracks and crevices which are so many pit-falls to them, and they avoid them by stepping only on the bare lava. If ridden after dark into this field further than this they would become panic-stricken and refuse to go a step further. Even now, having had their legs brushed by a few fern-fronds, they are trembling with apprehension. . . . You can drop your rein. You need not fear your horse will run away. He will not stir a step till broad daylight. Come, let us get on the back of the last of the big lava flows which have come down from Mauna Loa, and wait as patiently as we can. The negro was seen last wandering up this flood, and we must ascend it, too, to find the faithful fellow who, I doubt not, now is starving to death in some hole into which he has fallen."

"You are right," said the other of the two voices—that of Skipper Jansen. "We must wait, but not a moment longer than is necessary. It is now the dawning of the eighth day since my poor wife wandered out to die, and the seventh since the faithful negro has been seeking her grave—without food—without drink—without hope of finding anything by which her wolf-gnawed bones could be recognized, save a patch of her clothing, a scrap of her shoe, a button, or ring. But I know what he can endure, and I believe we shall find him alive and be able to restore him, as we did when we took him first from the raft, even if we should not come upon him for a

day or two yet. How his love for my wife has endeared the black giant. I am sure I shall weep like a child when we find him, and kiss him, and hug him to my heart in an uncontrollable transport of joy and gratitude. Hello! what's that, Iddings? It is not a lava crag—I saw it move—as sure as the world I did!"

"I see nothing, Skipper."

"That may be, Mr. Iddings; but you haven't been staring into the night for a life time as I have; and I assure you I can see something not twenty feet from us that has the shadowy semblance of a colossal figure in a sitting posture and by its side the outline of a woman lying at full length on the lava! Oh, it must be—do not hold me—it must be"—

"No, Skipper, no. Your imagination is excited and what you see is behind your eyeballs and not before. You must be calm, or you will go crazy. I will not let you move a step, and to wake you from the nightmare that has seized you in your exhausted condition, I will shake you and shout in your ear."

The shout of Mr. Iddings—the voice of a stranger, to the ear of the black savage quivering on the brink of insanity, tumbled him over the frightful precipice in an instant. He sprang to his feet and uttered such a demoniac scream of defiance as to make even the brave hearts of Skipper Jansen and Mr. Iddings shudder. Then, advancing against them and revealing his gigantic stature and his uplifted threatening hands against the lightening horizon, he drove them back in affright; and taking up a great fragment of lava in his hand, and clacking his teeth together in a fearfully significant savage defiance, he stood between my father and mother an insurmountable barrier as horrible and ghastly as ever arose between a husband and wife.

"Congo! Congo! It is I, Skipper Jansen!" cried out my father from a safe distance, in an agony of bewilderment and woe. "Don't you know me? Let me go, I beseech you, to the dead body of my wife! It is I, Skipper Jansen! It is I, Skipper Jansen!"

But the giant still stood in a menacing attitude with the lava in his hand, alternately screaming and talking explosively in his African language and clacking his teeth.

When, my mother having awakened from her stupor and discovered that the negro had become crazed by the approach of something or somebody that endangered his precious charge, and then having recognized the voices of her husband and Mr. Iddings and realized the situation, rose and quietly came up behind Congo and gently took hold of his uplifted arm, and said to him kindly and soothingly, "Congo, throw down the stone, and take me up in your

arms. They are gone and cannot hurt us. Take me up and let us go. . . . There, that's a good fellow. Now, let me talk to these men. They do not understand you."

My mother then addressed my father and told him that the gigantic negro was insane but under her control, and that he must not approach them and do as she said.

My father, however, when he heard my mother's voice was in reality a madman himself, and was prevented from rushing to her only by the strength of Mr. Iddings, who had thrown his arms around him and held him by sheer force.

"Oh, my beloved! my beloved!" my father cried in a tempest of emotion; and dragging Mr. Iddings along with him with his superior strength, he stopped only on his approach to my mother in the arms of the crazy African when she commanded him—

"Stop, Skipper Jansen, do not come a step nearer if you would save my life," said my mother clearly and distinctly. "Congo, who has found me and has brought me here is insane for want of food and sleep, and must not be thwarted by you or anybody in his present condition. As I have said, you must do exactly as I say and all will be well, for I can control him when another would make him worse. If you have any food with you, leave it and go away for a little while until we have eaten it. Then, bring my sister with clothing and more food and leave us to manage ourselves, and Congo. Skipper, Skipper Jansen, do you not hear me! Then, must I address Mr. Iddings, and bid him interpose for the sake of the lives of your wife and unborn babe and their heroic savior, this poor starving negro in whose arms I am upheld in your hearing and sight!"

This last appeal went to the understanding as well as the heart of my emotional father. He desisted in his struggles with Mr. Iddings to go to my mother at any risk, and burst into tears; and in a few minutes Mr. Iddings conducted him to the horses where they took from their packsaddles the food prepared for themselves and Congo in view of their finding him in want. Mr. Iddings then left the food where my mother directed; and having assured her that my father had become calm and amenable to reason, he said he would leave him concealed in the neighborhood, and return with the horses to Hilo, about three miles distant, and bring her sister with clothing for herself and Congo as my mother had directed.

The day had not dawned enough yet to see the actual physical condition of my mother; and, from the tone of her voice, both my father and Mr. Iddings were under the impression that she had

found in some way or other shelter and sustenance and practically was unaffected seriously during her mysterious absence. All her solicitude, moreover, appearing for Congo rather than herself confirmed the impression made by her voice and command of the situation. My father, accordingly, went into concealment much more readily than he would have done had he known the truth, and Mr. Iddings galloped off to Hilo with a report so favorable as to exceed the limits of acceptance by my aunt and Mrs. Iddings and have approximately the effect of the reality unknown to him.

"You do not know my sister," said my aunt to Mr. Iddings. "She might be dying and you would never know it from her speech and solicitude for others. Indeed, from what you report, I am convinced that she is in such an extremity that when aroused and alarmed by the actions of her husband and Congo, she became unconscious of being a body susceptible to suffering or a mind subject to doubt and delusion and existed only as an intent for the welfare of others. It behooves us to provide for the worst—a litter and carriers for her removal in the easiest manner possible, in addition to the supplies of clothing and food which she requested."

My aunt's advice was taken; and in a short time she and Mr. Iddings were in the saddle on their way back to the lava flow with provisions and clothing, while an enthusiastic throng, comprising sailors from the several ships in the harbor and both foreign-born and native citizens of Hilo, followed with litters for both my mother and her heroic African deliverer.

When my mother, on the alert for the coming of my aunt and Mr. Iddings, saw them at a distance, she said to Congo before he was aware of their approach. "Now, Congo, we have eaten and drank enough. Take me up in your arms and let us go, and we will soon come to my sister. You love my sister, do you not, Congo?"

"Yes," replied the savage, with a vague comprehension of what my mother was saying.

"My sister has always been as good to you as I have been. She was the first to call you Congo. And you will be glad to see her again—and hear her laugh and sing—will you not?"

"Yes."

"And you will know her, will you?"

"Yes."

"And you will hold me tight in your arms and not let me fall when we meet, will you?"

"No."

"And you will not try to scare her away when she comes with another breakfast for us and clean clothes, will you?"

"No."

Then, raising her voice so that my aunt might hear her as she emerged from the ferns and came alone upon the barren lava-flow, my mother said, "He answers rationally. Approach, dear sister, without fear. Call him by his name and speak to him gently. . . . Come on, dear sister, it is I—your sister, Helen, in the arms of Congo! Come—come! Oh, can it be I am changed so my sister does not know me! . . . I am dying, Congo. . . . Lay me down."

The gigantic negro laid her down. My aunt fell at his feet, and the sisters lay side by side insensible. The poor savage groaned in anguish and despair. But he recognized my aunt and his brain retained the impression made upon it by her appearance and his sanity remained undisturbed. He sat down to await the recovery of the sisters from their swoon and wept.

My father and Mr. Iddings approached.

"The sisters have fainted when they met," said Mr. Iddings quietly. "And Congo has recognized your sister-in-law and will know you now. We may advance with safety."

My father, staring at my mother, approached her slowly: his face bloodless; the muscles of his jaws relaxed and his mouth open; his breathing suppressed; and his knees trembling.

"It is not my wife," he said with a breaking heart. "It cannot be. My wife was large; this skeleton is small. My wife had auburn hair; this skeleton has hair as white as snow. My wife was soon to become a mother; this white haired skeleton"—

"It is your wife and your unborn babe, alive or dead, Skipper Jansen. When she spoke, you recognized her in her voice; while she is silent asleep or dead, reduced to a skeleton by her privations and blanched by the mental and physical tortures she has endured, you do not know her—and I do not wonder. Kneel quietly at her side. She breathes, she lives. Kiss her pale lips, Skipper Jansen—again—again; that when she awakens to consciousness and opens her eyes, she may look into the eyes of her husband, and when she opens her lips to speak, she may utter first the name of her husband, Skipper Jansen."

In the course of time, my mother and aunt revived. My mother and Congo then were fed and clothed, and carried by kind and willing hands to Hilo, where they recovered sufficiently to be taken aboard "The Whale-Hawk," the sails of which soon after were spread for her departure.

In conclusion, a paragraph or two will explain the failure of my father and Mr. Iddings in their search after my mother and the suc-

cess of Congo in finding her. The opening of the tunnel having been closed by the caving in of the roof, and the heavy rain having obliterated all evidence of a recent fracture, the enlarged pit was one of many hundreds examined in the wide area of the search of my father and Mr. Iddings and gave no clue; and the point at which the first of my mother's signals protruded through a crevice in the roof was so far beyond the place where she entered as to exceed the possible limits of her wandering in her condition in the opinion of her husband and friend.

Congo, however, not sharing in the conferences of my father and Mr. Iddings and the throng of other searchers, induced by sympathy, curiosity, the hope of reward, and the like, was not involved in their errors and was free to wander further afield; and when the multitude gave up the search in the belief that she had fallen into the river which flows through Hilo and been swept out to sea, he continued in widening semi-circles from the inland limits of the city, and at length came upon the first of my mother's signal flags. He recognized it at once, and that it had been thrust up from below—from the cavern within the slightly elevated ridge on which he stood. He ran along the ridge and soon found the second of the signals and divined the significance of the two knots. He continued until he had passed all the signals, and inferring that my mother had exhausted all her resources of signaling kept on along the ridge until he came to the pit into which the bull had fallen. Here he found the wild dogs gnawing at the bones of the bull, and while he was looking down on them in dismay, he espied the patch which one of the beasts had torn from my mother's gown. In an instant he was among the dogs and driving them helterskelter with his terrifying shouts and more effective hurlings among them of lava fragments and bones—one of the latter following a fleeing dog into the tunnel into which my mother had fled from the dogs, and splitting against the wall across the same, to be found by my mother on her return from the dying leper; and the cunning savage, not finding any human bones in the pit among those of the bull, concluded that my mother had escaped from the dogs and fled back into the cavern through which she had come and which was now open before him. With a bound he was in it and stopped not till he had explored it to the point where my mother had begun her subterranean wandering. He then retraced his steps, crossed the pit, and entered the cavern on the other side, and found my mother at the wall as I have related. When he threw the bone against the wall, happily to fracture it, and enable my mother to get at the marrow as I have said, my mother was in the depths of the cavern among the dead and dying lepers;

and happily she had returned to the stone wall and escaped from the contagion of the horrible disease, before the coming of the gigantic negro, to prevent his entering the dangerous tomb—perhaps, a little more dangerous to him than to my mother by reason of his African blood, albeit both the true European and the African have a remarkable race immunity from the disease which ravages especially the great division of mankind to which the Polynesian, the Malay, the Arab, and the Jew belong.

IV.

From the Hawaiian Islands, "The Whale-Hawk" proceeded northward; and when the time for my mother's confinement drew near, the vessel was anchored in the harbor of Yokohama, Japan, in order that she might have the benefit of one of the best of the physicians and surgeons of the Far East, and a kindly, genial, whole-souled American gentleman as well, Dr. Chauncey Kiskaddon, whose acquaintance my father had made on a previous visit.

Now my father wished for a son to succeed him in the command of his great ship which had realized his fondest hopes and wildest expectations, and continue the line of Skipper Jansens indefinitely into the future. He dwelt upon the subject so much in his dreams by night and day that he came at last to entertain a conviction without a shadow of doubt that the being about to come into existence would prove a boy—and that not an ordinary but an extraordinary boy, one who would combine in his imperial excellence all the good qualities of all the Jansens, the Laersens, the Stuyvesants, the Grahams, and the Zampelioses, who have lived under various aliases since the Glacial period. From a mysterious entry in the log-book of "The Whale-Hawk," moreover, it appeared that he entertained also another conviction without a shadow of doubt that he would be blessed with a sight of the glorious Jansen of the future on the first day of the new year.

At all which my Aunt Melissa was amused greatly and twitted him a thousand times a day with the absurdity of his positiveness.

At one time she said to him, "Well, well, so may it be that Skipper Jansen turns over a new leaf on New Year's Day in a new edition of himself, carefully revised and improved by the blood of the Grahams and the Zampelioses; but I cannot help lamenting the fact that he will be, by reason of his birth in the harbor of Yokohama, a subject of the Mikado of Japan, and never can be President of the

United States of America!"

"Bosh!" replied my father; "what is the helm of state for four or eight years, fettered with red tape, goaded by office-seekers, and galled by envious and jealous associates, compared with the helm of the good ship "Whale-Hawk," for a life-time, freedom in every breath, 'as broad and general as the casing air,' and a field for honorable action and remunerative enterprise as boundless as the earth-enveloping ocean!"

At another time she said to him, "Tut, tut, Skipper Jansen; from certain symptoms which my sister has revealed to me in confidence, I have scarcely a doubt that when the passenger list of "The Whale-Hawk" is increased, it will be, not by a single boy, but—you know, it is hard to get too much of a good thing—by a pair of lovely girls, in miniature the counterparts of their charming mother and adorable aunt."

"It is true," replied my father, with a smile of satiric raillery, "that misfortunes seldom come single; but against the awful fate you predict, I cry in abysmal depths of anguish, Forfend! forfend! ye powers of the deep, from Davy Jones below to Mother Carey above!"

And despite the quizzing and badinage of my aunt, my father prepared to celebrate the advent of his son on the first day of the new year with all the sea-symbols and ceremonies of a naval victory. The brass cannon in the bow of the vessel was loaded with powder and wad to the muzzle. All the small firearms were brightened and put in readiness for instant service. All the bunting of the ship, including the full series of signal flags and the homeward-bound pennant, so carefully stowed away to announce the happy return of the ship, were bent to halyards and held in readiness to be flung to the wondering breeze at the word of command. All the sailors were in their cleanest togs. An extra ration of brandy and soda was distributed among the crew; and several empty bottles were on the desk in the chart-room, where my father received a number of callers from the city of Yokohama, to extend to him the usual greetings of the New Year, and congratulate him on the birth of the glorious son of his ludicrous conviction: among the number, notably, the Consul-General of the United States, and the distinguished American physician, Dr. Kiskaddon.

In the latter-named worthy gentleman, my aunt found a ready coadjutor in the merry badinage at the expense of my father; and when he, in his official capacity, announced an absolute postponment for a day at least of the arrival of the future commander of the great whale-ship, under the felicitous title of the Prince of Whales,

she laughed so victoriously and so contagiously that for a moment my father turned pale and felt faint as if he had heard in it the doom of an overwhelming disappointment. In a moment, however, he recovered his equanimity and enthusiasm and replied in the best of good humor, "Well, if I am out of my reckoning by a day, the error is more apparent than real; for in the course of my seafaring life for a quarter of a century, I have crossed the one hundred and eightieth degree of longitude so often, that either gaining or losing a day by the direction I was going, it is possible and very probable that I am now ahead of time by a day and the Prince of Whales in reality is not due until to-morrow."

My father then, having ordered his gig, went ashore, and after the lapse of several hours, returned with a very uncertain pair of legs and an affected manner which revealed only too plainly that condition of intoxication which is known among sailors—and land-rats as well as water-rats—as "half seas over." One of the sailors, who had accompanied him ashore, carried in his arms a large bundle of colored paper; and as he was commanded by my father, he laid it on the deck and unfolded it with great care before the eyes of my aunt.

"There!" said my father triumphantly, looking up from the colored paper into the eyes of my aunt; "what do you think of that?"

"I do not know what to think of it," replied my aunt; "for I do not know what it is."

"I will absolve you from the darkness (hic) of ignorance and enlighten your understanding, noblest of your sex," said my father with mock gravity and condescension, taking hold of one of the sheets of the vessel to prevent his sinking to the deck. "We are in Japan; and here as elsewhere in civilized and savage countries, the ancient rule of propriety obtains which bids us do (hic) in Rome as the Romans do. Now, here in Japan when a son is born to an appreciative father, in the expression of his joy and well-wishing for the success in life of his child, he hoists above the house-top the effigy in colored paper of a colossal shark—saying in the symbol to all the world in sight, 'As is the shark in the world of waters, where the big fish eat the little fish and the little fish eat the minnows and the minnows eat mud, so be my son among his fellow-men, in the eternal struggle for existence!' So, to-morrow, when the Prince of Whales shall have appeared, (hic) I will hale to the mast-head this paper bag, which when filled with the wind flowing through its hoop-distended mouth, will take unto itself the semblance of a shark, big enough and savage enough in its bloody hues, to swallow at a

gulp the master and crew of "The Whale Hawk," and a certain (hic) sweet and witty woman aboard just to sugar and spice the whole for easy digestion."

"What," exclaimed my aunt, with an air of offended dignity and mock reproof; "will you, Skipper Jansen, who are so desirous of a worthy son to succeed you, and hand down your honorable name to unborn generations—will you hoist to the truck of "The Whale-Hawk" a painted paper bag of wind to symbolize this son of your dearest hopes—the ultimatum of exalted manhood! And in addition, Skipper Jansen, will you give unto this painted paper bag of wind streaming at the masthead the remotest semblance to a shark in the expression of your heart of hearts that your darling son among his fellow-men may possess the characteristics of this terrible tyrant of the deep!"

"Even so," replied my father, making his whole body rigid and erect in the animation of the moment and in emphasis of his determination. "I am in Japan, and it is the custom of the country. Even so; and were I in China, where the Bengal tiger is held in the same estimation as the shark in Japan, I would float at the masthead, in the expression of my exultation and aspirations on the eventful occasion of the birth of a son, the banner of the Celestial Empire, on which is emblazoned the so-called Dragon, but which in reality is an artistic idealization to an extreme degree of the four-footed thunderbolt of Asia, the Bengal tiger. Even so; and were I in Rome where the lion and the elephant have been regarded as the ultimates respectively of power and majesty, from the days of the ancient kingdom to the present, I would express the feelings of my heart and the hopes of my brain, in welcoming into the world a first-born son, by giving him the name of one or other of these mighty beasts, either Leo, the Latin for lion, or Cæsar, the Punic for elephant."

"It seems then," queried my aunt, "that the wide world over the engrossing aim of man masculine is to be a monster—a beast compounding man and shark, man and tiger, man and lion, man and elephant, or the like, after the fashion of the centaurs and sphinxes of the ancient Greeks and Egyptians and the monkey-headed Hanumans of the modern Hindoos?"

"Yes," responded my father; "the wide world over the dominating idea in the brain of man is to possess to a preëminent degree such virtues, qualities, or characteristics as assure success in the struggle for existence—a glorious victory in the battle of life. It is an idea coëxtensive with the organic world, intensified in the most highly developed of the beasts of the earth, *pari passu* with their

evolution from a simple to a complex form, and specialized in the masculine gender to the good and beneficent end that while the wife and mother is helpless in the throes and all-involving exactions of maternity, the husband and father is armed against the world—fearlessly and defiantly turning a cast-iron brow to the multitudinous hosts of life-assailing evils and proudly displaying on his banners afloat above the citadel of life, the shark, the eagle, the tiger, the lion, the elephant, or whatsoever other fish of the sea, fowl of the air, or beast of the field that may symbolize in his mind a victor!"

Perhaps for the first time in the course of my father's existence for one and thirty years, did he, in the expression of this comprehensive view of the relation of the sexes and the struggle that has been going on, consciously or unconsciously, in the mind of mankind for ages to formulate their thoughts and feelings in symbols, words, or other devices—or, in other words, to turn themselves inside out into intelligible *alter egos*—for the first time in his life, did my father, in the utterance of this brief address to my aunt, rise above the foothills of the Himalayas of humanity and gleam in the rarified ether of the icy summits of Kinchingunga and Deodonga. Emotionally aroused by his solicitude for and sympathy with my mother in her anguish, physically stimulated by brandy, and mentally animated, expanded and exalted by the intellectual antagonism of my Aunt Melissa, he stood for an instant transfigured in her sight—a man she had never dreamed of Skipper Jansen's being the embodiment—indeed, a man such as she had never conceived of before—a man who could overwhelm her with a *raison d'être* for himself, primarily, and secondarily, for all the seeming absurdities involved in his actions, in counting so confidently his chickens before they were hatched, and in preparing to float at the masthead on the morrow a fantastic simulacrum of a shark, a wind-filled bag of painted paper forty feet in length!

But half realizing what she did in her surprise and admiration, she bowed profoundly before my father in silent but significant recognition of the height to which he had risen in himself and her esteem, and returned to the bedside of my mother.

At twelve o'clock the next day, the second of January, 1870, just as the bells were ringing the end of one and the beginning of another watch, I was born—a girl! and the moment Dr. Kiskaddon announced the fact, my aunt hastened to report the unwelcome tidings to my father. As she approached him, however, she retarded her speed, sensitively shrinking from wounding the feelings of the man who had assumed so suddenly and so strangely a superior ex-

istence in her estimation; and as she passed from precipitancy to hesitation in her step she faltered from directness to equivocation in her speech.

"Well, out with it!" exclaimed my father, in an explosion of impatience, as he detected in her slackened speed and blushing face a tendency to retreat, which he misconstrued to be from the adverse position which she had assumed in their recent rencounters.

"Well," replied my aunt, reluctantly, and seemingly to my father in confirmation of the construction which he put on her halting action, "the baby can never be President of the United States of America, but"—

"Hurrah! hurrah!" broke in my father, tumultuously. "Didn't I tell you so, aunty! Hurrah! hurrah! Let go the gun in the bow, Jack; and here, Tom, you lazy lubber, tug away at these halyards and hoist to the masthead this glorious ocean-emblem of triumphant manhood, the mighty monarch of the deep, the Shark! But did I not tell you so, Aunty? Ha! ha! Of course he cannot be President of the United States of America, being born beyond the boundaries of that most glorious nation among the nations of the earth, but"—

Boom! went the cannon, and up went the carefully folded paper banner to the truck of the main-mast, where, responsive to a peculiar jerking manipulation of the halyards, it unfolded, and, rapidly taking in the breeze through its open-mouth, rose to a horizontal position and rolled and writhed with a certain semblance to a shark in its shape and motion which was recognizable at a glance.

"There! behold the banner of the ocean-born! the ruler of the wind and the wave! Untrammeled, unconfined, knowing no north, no south, no east, no west, and roaming at will round and round the circumnavigable globe—he only who can say in truth the earth is my heritage and one of the planets of the solar system my footstool, my plaything, or what you will!"

"But"—broke in my aunt.

"Away with your 'buts' and 'ifs'—your general and special qualifiers and detractors—your hipshod halflings, neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring. On this glorious occasion only the round, the full, and the perfect should be permitted to come into existence in thought and find expression in word and action."

"Then, by your leave," said my aunt, as pale as ashes and quivering with a fearful emotion from head to foot, "permit me to repeat what I have said already and to complete my sentence. The baby never can be President of the United States of America, but may be a President's wife."

My father stood transfixed by the intelligence: his existence seemingly suspended, and his body but a standing monument to his departed life.

"The baby is a girl," continued my aunt, with an emphasis of truth in her tone and solemnly affected manner that commanded conviction.

The muscles of my father's jaws relaxed, and his lips parted mechanically. The blood receded from his flushed face, and a perceptible perspiration began to glisten on his pallid brow. He raised his right hand tremulously and slowly to his eyes; and suddenly, his look expressing a suspension of consciousness, he staggered backward, and fell through an open hatchway.

V.

In his fall, the left leg of my father became entangled in a bight of rope which hung from the side of the hatchway, in such a manner as to arrest him in his descent with a twisting jerk by which his back was wrenched or sprained and his left knee dislocated. The nature and extent of the first of these injuries were masked, while those of the second were apparent and notable, inasmuch as they revealed one of the rarest of the several luxations to which the great joint of the knee is subject, a complete external rotary dislocation. This particular lesion can occur only under peculiar circumstances, and as it was the first of its kind ever seen by Dr. Kiskaddon, its causation was investigated by him with professional interest and zeal, as soon as its reduction had been accomplished and the sufferer placed in the most secure position and comfortable condition the circumstances would permit.

At the same time my father, my aunt, and my mother severally were considering the accident from an individual point of view.

My father, as it were awaking from a horrible nightmare, bewildered, excited, and suffering ineffable anguish, was able nevertheless to review fitfully and disconnectedly the causes which brought about his calamity and correctly enough to form conclusions. "Oh, the folly of the false positions I assumed!" he said to himself while he groaned in spirit; "and oh, the folly of maintaining those false positions in the face of the judgment and discretion of a child, until I became a victim of my own deception, a laughing stock to my friends, and a stumbling-block to my own destruction!—nay, to others, perhaps, as well as myself—O agonizing thought! And was

ever punishment so close upon the heels of folly and merited so fully! Fate? No; there is no such thing as fate in the events of existence, but cause and effect in an infinity of interacting forms and combinations and eternal sequences. And therein lies the secret of retribution—of reward and punishment for good and evil actions, without further speculation." Then, after lapsing from a chaotic to a more settled and orderly state of mind, he continued, "I marvel not the immediate and apparent instrument by which a notable event has been achieved, a disaster brought about, a fault, a crime, or a folly committed or punished—the sword of a conqueror, the bludgeon of a murderer, or the knife of a guillotine, has been regarded by mankind with an interest akin to veneration and a feeling akin to awe."

At any rate, if the thoughts here attributed to my father are not in fact those which coursed through his troubled brain while he lay on his bed of anguish, they approximate closely many remarks he frequently made afterward in my hearing; and that they parallel his actual thoughts at the time, may be inferred from the words he spoke when he beheld me for the first time, held above his staring eyes in the hands of my aunt, "Thou newborn Nemesis—thou, innocent and unconscious scourge of the guilty, be thou to me and mine forever deodand!"

Then, observing that while the short fine hair which covered my head was black, there was a singular patch about an inch in diameter of pure white hair directly above the median line of my forehead, he shuddered as he said, "And that blazon on thy brow, my child—none had the heart to tell me of it. It is a sign to see and shudder at in silence. It is a mother-mark of wretchedness a world of words could not express. It is a vital stamp to reäppear in thy posterity perhaps forever—an ineffaceable hieroglyph impressed upon humanity by the horrors of Hawaii. The great priest of nature hath selected thee for a special purpose and hath affixed his mark upon thee that thou mayest be singled out among mankind and achieve the end of thy existence. The suffering thou hast endured before thy birth shall not be without a just and full compensation. Thou art tabu to nature, my child. Thou art doubly deodand."

My aunt was affected greatly by the accident. Sensitive and sympathetic to an extreme degree, she responded quickly and thoroughly to everything she saw and heard; and, experiencing in the rapid accumulation of her sensations and sufferings the second all-involving shock of her life, she underwent a corresponding metamorphosis —the picture of her existence henceforth containing a background of sadness and sorrow as apparent to the observer as the brightest of

smiles and the high lights of enthusiasm and intelligence in the fore. When she saw my father disappear in the hatchway, she screamed; when she saw the coil of rope unwind on the deck with accelerated swiftness, she held her breath and checked the beating of her heart; and when she heard the crash of my father's alighting, and that of the coil of rope drawn down upon him, she groaned in agony. Then, rushing to his assistance, she realized in a mental flash that she was involved in the causation of the accident and necessarily must be in its effects to the end of time, whatsoever they might be. When afterward she saw my father taken up and laid on an improvised operating table and hospital-couch in the chest-room; saw the mixture of ether and chloroform administered to the limp and ghastly being who a few minutes before had been in the perfection of health and vigor; saw the strong canvas bandages of extension and counter-extension applied; the violent efforts of the surgeon and assisting sailors in stretching the contracted muscular leg and twisting it in a direction opposite to the displacement; the fracture-box adjusted and other immobilizing appliances in anticipation of any sudden movement of the vessel at anchor in the harbor; and heard from the lips of the surgeon the gravity of the dislocation and the indeterminable nature and scope of the spinal and other possible injuries sustained, and received from his hands the lotions of lead-water and laudanum, the vials and boxes of purgative liquids and anodyne pills, taken from the medicine chest of the ship, and a bottle of leeches brought from the city of Yokohama, with directions and instructions over and over repeated that they might be fixed in her memory—when she saw and heard all these acts and utterances, colored by an infinity of minor incidents and accompaniments, she suffered the tortures of a self-accusing conscience, pang after pang until the diapason of suffering was exhausted with the effect upon her already mentioned. "Oh, why did I twit and antagonize him in the expression of his noble nature—his good and generous manly nature, dreaming for the best, hoping for the best, till, blinded by the intensity of the sunshine of his vision, he groped and fell, a fool in the eyes of the world, a physical wreck for weeks and months—perhaps forever. Did I not feel that his seeming folly was wisdom; and his extravagance a glorious expression of the freedom of his life, the generosity of his nature, and the great powers of his mind and body ever in a quiver to find ease in action? And feeling it in my heart of hearts, why did I not recognize the fact in my mind and act accordingly, as becomes a woman in the presence of a man whom she admires and loves, free from affectation, free from equivocation, free from falsehood, and alert and apprehensive to the utmost of her nature to

assure his welfare? Oh, why did I not see the precipice at his back? and how could I hesitate and hurl him to destruction? and how can I ever atone for the injury I have done him, my beloved sister, and their ocean-born daughter? But whatsoever measure of woe awaits these loved ones in the threatening future, be my existence from this moment a life of self-sacrifice to soothe and solace, to comfort and cheer to the end!"

My aunt realized the fact that a common destiny dated from the accident, and however mistaken she was in assuming the sole responsibility of it, she was sincere in feeling and thought. And how faithfully and nobly she fulfilled her vow, the events recorded in the following pages may reveal in a measure but never fully save by reading sympathetically between the lines as they are written by my feeble pen.

During the excitement which immediately followed the accident, my mother was left alone with her new-born babe. Naturally of a calm disposition, and having suffered almost to the limits of life in Hawaii, and now being exhausted by the throes of labor, she lay in passive alarm, silently receiving through her quickened senses an infinity of impressions from her troubled environment which were as intelligible to her as spoken words. To my aunt accordingly as she entered the cabin to acquaint my mother with the particulars of the accident and present to her the most hopeful view of the calamity she could conjure up in her agitation, my mother, placidly but with the emphasis of authority, said, "Not a word, my dear sister; I know all. Devote yourself wholly to his relief—JANE JANSEN and her mother are doing well, and send the tenderest sympathies of a daughter and wife in chains in prison to a father and husband in pain and distress in the outside world."

"JANE JANSEN!" came unconsciously from the lips of my aunt.

"Yes," replied my mother, "had the babe come into the world a boy, in accordance with the heartfelt wishes and the heart-inspired expressions of my husband in word and deed, he would have been called Jan Jansen, the sixth in an unbroken line of skippers of that name; but the babe being born a girl, Jane must be substituted for Jan, and everything else be done to lighten the load of his disappointment—for life, perhaps. Now, go to his relief, with words of cheer and kisses of affection and sympathy from Jane and her mother."

A few days afterward, when self-accusation had affixed its seal upon the face of my aunt, and a look of sadness and sorrow was beginning to settle there, my mother said to her, "Do not speak, I see it all. The accident is serious, and its consequences possibly calam-

itous. You say to yourself, ' Had his wife instead of his sister-in-law been in his presence, he would not have fallen,' and you accuse yourself of being the cause of the accident and suffer accordingly. It is true, that had I been present the accident would not have happened—could not, in fact; for the peculiarities of my being so affect Skipper Jansen that in my presence and under my unconscious influence over him, instead of being a tangent running off into the absurdities of thought and action, he is an arc of a circle of humanity, perfect. He needs me and only me to complete his existence. It is that that made us fall in love with each other, mate in love, and live in love to this day. And now, just as extravagantly and absurdly as you believe Skipper Jansen wandered in his dreams and vagaries of the future, you wander, my dear sister, in your recollections of the past and intermingle self-reproach and remorse. No more are you justified in deeming yourself responsible for the accident that has occurred than Skipper Jansen was in assuming so positively that his unborn child was a son and not a daughter. You both in your several characters are wrong and right; and I take a certain pleasure in my bedridden state in being able to discern, more clearly than if I were up and in action, your several noble but incomplete characters, his as a man's and yours as a woman's. Some day, my dear sister, yours will be the serenity of happiness which I now enjoy—when you will have met your supplemental self, and the tangents of your nature bent into arcs, and the eccentricities of your husband and self harmonized in a beloved child as I trust those of Skipper Jansen and your sister are in this little horror-marked innocent asleep on my bosom."

" No, my dear sister," replied my aunt; " you are in the wrong—and yet, in a measure, you are in the right; and I cannot tell where the one ends and the other begins. But what a comfort to me at this moment—nay, in these hours and days of the greatest agony I have ever suffered, is your self repose—your motionless body and placid mind. The only relief I feel—the only surcease from the sufferings I endure, is when I look into your face and partake by reflection of its tranquillity. Then I say to myself, ' Ein feste burg,' and feel that as long as I have you by my side, I have the refuge of an impregnable mountain height against the evil and anguish which environ our existence and ever and anon insidiously are invading it."

" I doubt not, my dear sister," said my mother, " that I am essential to your happiness, or to the perfection of your being at present, if you will; as I know you have been to mine, in the past. There are few persons in the world who are round and full in themselves.

Hence the more we secrete and seclude ourselves from others, in body and mind, the more are we liable to err and evolve into extravagance, eccentricity and absurdity."

"Undoubtedly as individuals we are fragments of humanity," responded my aunt, "and dependent on one another for our perfection, preservation, and perpetuation; but unhappily for me, I lose sight of this philosophic truth the instant I am called into action and pass from the purgatory of folly into the inferno of punishment before I know what I am doing. I have been a continual smile heretofore, and now am in an agony of regret and grief; you have been a perpetual severity, and now, confined to your bed and with the beloved father of your babe in distress beyond your sight and reach, you are at ease in mind and body—incarnate serenity. I do not understand it—not fully, at any rate."

"And never will," said my mother, "until you have, as I this moment, asleep on your bosom, a healthy perfect babe, the offspring of a true and reciprocated love. For then only will you have evolved from the world of fancy into that of fact, and become acquainted with the realities of life as such, including yourself, in yourself an imperfect organism, abortive, tangential into error and accident, and utterly useless, but incorporate in another, a perfect organism, visible, audible, and palpable—or sensuously objective in every way, as a mother recognizes herself in her offspring. Then only will the struggle for existence cease and all the conflicting elements of nature be at rest, for victory will be incarnate in your arms; and so be it, the child survive the deluge, the lives of father and mother have not been in vain."

VI.

The spinal injuries sustained by my father in his fall proved to be more serious than the peculiar dislocation of the left knee. As he lay immobilized on his back a part of his spinal cord became subjected to a gradually increasing pressure; and in consequence of this pressure, he lost all power of motion in his lower limbs. He became dispirited at once. He might as well be wholly dead as half. When my mother was able to come to his bedside, however, he became resigned to his fate and at length began to entertain a fitful hope of recovery. Her snow-white hair, her placid countenance, her grave demeanor, and her imperturbable tranquillity of mind turned the scale in him to the side of health and happiness in the

future; while the uncontrollably demonstrative nature of my sympathetic aunt increased the weight in the opposite scale.

As soon as possible, without endangering the progress made in the restoration of his knee, my father was liberated from his box and bandages and subjected to a careful examination by Dr. Kiskaddon. A slight fracture of the processes of the twelfth dorsal vertebra and first lumbar was detected; and a pressure, sufficient to cause the paralysis, was inferred to be the result of either infiltration or irregular bone-growth.

This diagnosis was revealed to my mother alone and the inability of surgery to afford any relief. "As well cut into the heart with a knife as the spinal cord," concluded the worthy doctor.

"I do not think so," said my mother calmly.

"You speak, perhaps, not from a knowledge of the subject."

"It is true, I speak not from a surgeon's knowledge of the subject, but from a woman's knowledge of a surgeon."

"You have confidence in me, then?"

"I have."

"I do not know that an operation to remove the injured parts of the backbone has ever been performed. The risks run put it beyond the pale of the permissible."

"But not the pale of the possible."

"True; but the risks are not reduced by the assertion."

"They may be, though, by a command of your resources and mine. The surgery of savages has relieved pressure on the brain by trephining, and otherwise, and I cannot and will not believe that pressure on the cord cannot be encountered successfully by the surgery of the enlightened."

"You advise?"

"I do."

"And will assist?"

"I will."

"But he—he is your husband—the father of your babe—he may die from the effects of the operation, and you will"—

"Mourn to the day of my death the loss of a good and great man, cut off in his prime. But, if you do your part as well as I believe you will, and leave the rest to me, he will not die; and you will have the glory of having removed successfully, and for the first time perhaps in the history of surgery, a portion of the backbone, for your reward, and I, a husband with both legs out of the grave, for mine."

"I will attempt the operation."

"You will perform it."

And in due time, (my father having been removed from the ship to the hospital in Yokohama, and put in the best condition possible to insure a favorable issue from an invasion into the life-preserves of the spinal cord,) the skilful surgeon exsected the parts of the two vertebræ of my father which pressed upon the nervous matter of the spine and caused the paralysis of his lower extremities, and in doing so performed one of the crucial operations of the advanced surgery of to-day known as Laminectomy.

My mother assisted the surgeon.

And in due time my father was walking about on two crutches, then with a crutch and a cane, and then with a crutch, and deemed himself able to command "The Whale-Hawk" and go to sea in pursuit of the commercial objects of the cruise.

On the 15th day of March, accordingly—two and a half months from the date of our common destiny, my birth, and the accident to my father—the good ship sailed out of the harbor of Yokohama; and however stormy the sea and sky, the hearts of all aboard were cheered in the hope that in leaving behind them the harbor of Yokohama, as a harbor of horrors second only to that of Hilo, they were leaving behind them a world of woe which they would never enter again.

Their hope was delusive.

In the capture of a large whale off the northern coast of Chosen, or Korea, in the latter part of May, my father, while watching the chase from the deck became so excited that he dropped his crutch and stood without assistance or support for the first time since he fell.

Congo took up the crutch and handed it to my father.

My father took it and hurled it into the sea.

A moment afterward, the vessel gave a sudden lurch, and my father, in endeavoring to maintain his equilibrium, stepped on his left foot; and his left knee giving way under his weight, he fell heavily to the deck, and in his struggles to regain his feet, knocked his weak knee against an iron stanchion at the corner of the try-works amidships so violently that he became limp and faint at once from the pain.

Congo took him up in his arms; and having summoned my mother, told her, as well as he could, what had happened. Then, as directed by her, he carried my father into the cabin and laid him on his bunk.

My mother and aunt applied such lotions and anodynes as they had in store in the medicine chest of the ship, but with little or no

effect in relieving pain and much less in restoring the wounded knee to the condition it was in at the time the crutch was thrown into the sea. The bruise had passed through the skin, and the great processes of the bones which compose the knee joint were affected. Necrosis—decay of the bones—set in; and my mother and aunt, with all their stores and all their sacrifices, were incapable of checking the ravages of the hidden disease.

To add to the perplexities of the situation, the solicitude of my mother so affected the secretion of milk in her breasts, that I was deprived of the natural food of a babe, and soon began to pine and fret, and go from bad to worse, on such sops and soups as my mother and aunt could prepare for me from the variety of food for adults at hand, until, it was apparent to all that if I did not get a supply of milk in a few days at the farthest, I would cease to be.

The nearest harbor was that of Gensan, on the northeastern shore of Chosen; and thither my mother directed "The Whale-Hawk" to be guided with all the speed possible to the excellent sailing vessel.

"But," objected the mate, Jasper Medbury, a well-proportioned and remarkably handsome man of two and thirty, who, like my father, had been a whaler the greater part of his life and a sailor from childhood, "this Chosen, as it is called properly, or Korea as it is known to us, is the most exclusive country in the world. Foreigners of all kinds—Japanese and Chinese, as well as Europeans and Americans, are forbidden to land on any part of the coast; and should they effect a landing in spite of threat and remonstrance, the people of the country are compelled by their jealous government to flee inland and have nothing to do with the intruders under frightful penalties—neither trade with them nor communicate with them in any way. Besides, the people are warlike, bigger in body than the Chinese and much bigger accordingly than the Japanese; and knowing to a man that they are in the last ditch of Asiatic exclusiveness against the invasions of Europe and America, they are jealous in the extreme and not to be trusted. For my part, I would rather trust to a rocky ledge to leeward in a storm at night than these big green-eyed Asiatic monsters."

"Howsoever," replied my mother, "there are fathers and mothers among them, and trusting to the common sympathies of humanity, I do not fear to go among them and do not doubt that I will find a nurse among them for my starving babe, and that without endangering the life of any of us any more than we are endangered severally at present."

"But the people will flee from you, if they do not resist your landing?"

"We will enter the largest town or city we can see on the shores of the harbor and overtake the laggards."

"You will not be able to communicate with them. You do not know a word of their language, nor does any of the crew; and that which is a sign to you for one thing may be a sign to them for another. I know that where we take off the hat in the presence of another, they put it on. Where we shake hands in the expression of friendship, they scrupulously avoid the slightest personal contact. The right hand is that which wields the weapon of offense and defense, and the Korean thinks, perhaps, he might as well throw away his weapon as put his right hand in that of a stranger who to the Korean is always an enemy."

"My baby speaks an universal language and cannot fail to make her wants known—even to the beasts of the field; and if the Koreans resist or run away, somewhere on their shores at a safe distance from them we will see a herd of cattle and may single out a cow and get a supply of milk from her."

"It is true the Koreans have many cattle, but the use of milk is unknown among them as an article of diet. They make use of their cows as beasts of burden only. While coasting along their inhospitable shores, I frequently have seen the gentlemen of the country traveling astride their cows—the peaked and broad-brimmed horsehair hats and voluminous white robes of the men and the great bodies of the cattle making them fantastic and conspicuous."

"If the women flee and the cows are dry, we may find a dog."

"You are right; and that perhaps without much trouble; for the Koreans generally breed dogs for their flesh and hides as we do sheep. All the great divisions of mankind have their several articles of diet; and the saying that what is one man's food is another man's poison is founded in fact. The people of the north of Europe eat the hog especially; the people of the east and north of Asia, the horse and dog; the people of the south of Europe, the ox; the people of the South Sea—the Maori of New Zealand and their kindred around the world—their fellow men; and the negroes, the fatty wild beasts, the elephant and the hippopotamus in Africa and the 'possum and 'coon in America."

From all which information about the people of the mysterious peninsula of Korea, which at that time was an absolutely sealed kingdom to all the world beyond its borders, and from what she learned from others of the crew without questioning my father and running the risk of exciting his apprehensions, my mother determined on a course of action—to go where the danger was the greatest and meet it with the weakness of a woman and the want of

a starving babe. And, knowing the danger of doubt in sapping a determination in the strongest mind, she revealed her plan to none, and began to direct the movements of all in order that she might carry it out.

The sun was two hours high when "The Whale-Hawk" entered the mouth of the harbor of Gensan, and passed the mass of basaltic columns which rises near the entrance, the correspondent in the East of the Isle of Staffa in the West; when a sailor aloft reported a city in the form of a semicircle along the low shore of the southern part of the great harbor eight or ten miles distant, and a large fleet of Korean fishing-boats before the city.

"Steer for the middle of the fleet," directed my mother.

"The low shore indicates shallow water," the mate replied. "A half a mile away—a mile, perhaps, from where a junk floats a ship may ground."

"Go as close to the fleet as you can in safety."

The ship passed to windward of the conical island which rises near the middle of the southern part of the great harbor, and displays two colossal characters composed of stones and shells—a warning expressed in the hieroglyphics known as well to the Chinese and Japanese as the Koreans, and presumably, accordingly, to all the world besides, but happily not to my mother at this critical moment to delay her from the execution of her hazardous enterprise.

Soundings were made continually and at length revealed a dangerous shoaling. The sails were reefed; and at the last moment consistent with the safety of the ship, the great anchor in the bow plunged into the water and the vessel swung round in the wind and stopped at the end of her iron tether. She lay a third of a mile fully from the fishing fleet.

As soon as possible then a whale-boat was lowered and manned, and my mother, with Congo carrying me in his arms, seated in it.

"Through the midst of the fishing-boats, to land me in the heart of the city as quickly as you can," directed my mother.

And in a few minutes the whale-boat was alongside the fleet, and the boatswain in vain seeking a gap in the closely crowded boats which formed a floating wall before the city.

My mother rose to her feet on one of the seats of the whale-boat, and, supported by a sailor, looked to be convinced from her own observations. There was no passage for the whale-boat; but she saw one for herself and Congo by the route taken by the fishermen in going to and from the city and the boats.

She directed the whale-boat to be pulled to the nearest fishing-boat; and while the fishermen were standing motionless in wonder

at the apparition of the white-haired and white-skinned woman and the gigantic negro with the puny babe in his arms, two strongly contrasting representatives from the great unimaginable world around them, my mother, followed by Congo, climbed into the boat, and from it passed to the next, and so on till she came to a long gangway leading from the boats to the shore over a great stretch of shallow muddy water. Thence, stepping up quickly behind an old fisherman with a basket of fish on his shoulder, she followed him from plank to plank till she stepped from the last to the solid ground and found herself not more than twenty-five paces from the first row of houses along the harbor front and before the mouth of apparently the principal avenue of the city, though narrow, not more than fifteen or twenty feet in width. Without hesitation she crossed the intervening space and entered the narrow street and continued in it till her steps were stayed by the solid masses of a strange and wondering humanity which gathered around her and Congo at her heels and packed so closely about her that she could not move without opposing violence to the passive mutes of all ages and both sexes in front of her, behind her, and at her sides. She looked appealingly into the faces of the children, the women, and the men; but she saw only the blank of wonder in their round immobile countenances, and she was at a loss to know what to do in the unlooked for emergency of absolute inaction—the Koreans neither resisting her nor running away from her, but staring and gaping around her in silence like so many fishes fantastically masked and clad as so many human beings.

At length on the outskirts of the crowd in front of her, my mother detected a little agitation in the face of one, who, from his head-gear and dress which differed from those around him, she deemed to be a magistrate of the city or officer of the government. As the agitation increased, the man began to mutter; then to speak aloud; then to speak violently and to gesticulate wildly; and as he did so, several men gathered around him and partook of his excitement.

My mother saw that a crisis was approaching and riveted her eyes on the central figure of the distant group.

Suddenly with a stern determined visage he stepped into the middle of the street, spoke with a commanding voice, and, having joined the palms of his hands in front of him, parted them significally.

The crowd parted in front of him and opened a pathway to my mother.

He entered it; and as he approached her sternly and silently, he made a gesture with his hands and the crowd made a passage

around my mother and Congo, which he took; and as he passed behind Congo, he made a third gesture, and the throng made a pathway to the end of the street up which my mother and Congo had come.

My mother turned as the man in authority passed her. So did Congo; and this placed Congo, with the starving baby in his arms, before my mother; and when the man in authority turned to the strangers to command them with a gesture to return at once in the way they had come, his eyes fell for the first time on the emaciated face of the puny infant in the arms of the colossal negro.

He experienced a novel surprise which may be said to have involved only his head, but at the same time he experienced a novel sensation which may be said to have involved his heart. His emotional nature was awakened. The sternness in his face and manner disappeared. His hand significantly pointing toward the harbor fell at his side. He stood undecided in mind and relaxed in body.

At this critical juncture, the wretched baby in his sight began to cry and to stretch out her little arms and clutch with her little hands; and the man in authority who spoke in gestures understood the starving babe who spoke in the same universal language.

The victory of suffering humanity in the extremity of existence was complete.

The man in authority held a fan before his face to conceal his emotion; and beckoning to his side a woman whom he discerned in the throng, he held a conference with her about the babe which he kept continually in his sight as if fascinated by her misery.

My mother then, taking me in her arms, and making a few significant gestures, indicated that her breasts no longer yielded sustenance and that her baby was dying for want of suitable food.

The woman understood; and as she proved to be the wife of the man in authority, she directed my mother to follow her and conducted her to a large dwelling. Then, by gestures, indicating to my mother that Congo must remain on the outside and suffer himself to be wondered at by the still increasing throng around, she conducted my mother into the interior of the house where a chair and a tiger skin were placed before her—as much as to say take which you prefer. (The Chinese on the one side of the Koreans using chairs, and the Japanese, on the other, squatting on their heels on the floor.)

My mother took the chair and soon was at her ease.

And before many minutes had elapsed, three women, with babes on their bosoms, entered; and from what they severally could spare from their breasts, the starving infant of the strange white-haired

and white-skinned woman from somewhere in the wide wide world beyond the limits of their knowledge and conjecture, was fed till her hunger was satisfied—till she smiled and sank to sleep amid the caresses of her newfound friends in the Forbidden Land of Korea.

In the mean time, a general conference was held among the fathers and mothers who had assembled about the house of the magistrate—or whatsoever man in authority he might have been—and a conclusion arrived at which gave general satisfaction.

My mother, from the treatment she had received, divined the import and acquiesced in what she was directed to do without a moment's hesitation.

This was simply to go with a messenger whom the magistrate presented to her and to whom she saw the magistrate give a letter—presumably a letter of instructions for the person to whom they were to go.

But before my mother parted from the wife of the magistrate and the mothers who gave so freely of their milk to her starving offspring, she gave to the first a silken shawl from her shoulders, and among the latter all the ribbons and wraps which could be removed from her sleeping babe without denuding her, and accepted several little trinkets as keepsakes in return.

The messenger conducted my mother back to the whale-boat in waiting beyond the fishing-boats, and taking a seat by her side, pointed to an indentation in the shore-line about a mile distant. My mother directed the crew to row to the inlet indicated and let them disembark. And in due time the messenger and my mother, with Congo and the sleeping babe in his arms, were put ashore.

The messenger preceding, and my mother closely following him, and Congo, with his precious charge, closely following my mother, the party proceeded inland a hundred yards or so, when the messenger stopped before a patch of recently broken ground over which two posts about four feet in height stood, leaning toward each other and over the broken ground.

At first my mother could not make out the meaning of the signs and symbols before her; but as soon as the messenger pointed out the features of a man and woman rudely carved on the tops of the posts, she saw and felt in an instant that they represented a father and mother bending in grief over the newly made grave of their infant offspring.

My mother wept in a sudden gush of sympathy with the humble parents in their bereavement, as these homely monuments revealed them to be; and when the messenger led them toward a neighboring cottage, she was prepared to meet a father and mother in tears;

either sitting in silence or moping about without aim.

But she reckoned without taking into consideration the exactions of poverty.

She found the father, a sturdy, bushy-haired young man, mending the rents in a rotten net, and the mother, a round-limbed, vigorous young woman, standing before a wooden mortar almost as high as her waist and wielding a wooden pestel fully five feet in length which she grasped in the middle and lifted at arm's length over her shoulder. She was crushing grain for their homely bread; and so urgent was the demand of necessity that she desisted not on the approach of the strangers and seemed to be indifferent to their presence. My mother watched her in wonder and sympathy—the pestel seemingly large enough to tax the strength of Congo, and the poor woman so meagerly clad in a jacket and petticoat that every time she lifted her arm she exposed a bare belt of her body between the two parts of her clothing, while the milk, pressed from her bosom, having saturated the front of the jacket, trickled thence to the ground.

At length the messenger interrupted her and explained to her and her husband the object of the visit of himself and the strangers. The letter was produced and read. A long conference was held by the three Koreans; and at length they stood in silence and looked at my mother.

While this was going on my mother made up her mind to return with both husband and wife if possible, and make a sailor of the one while she retained the other as a nurse; and when she indicated to them that she would take them both and reward them richly with food and clothing, they assented cheerfully, and, after a few minutes' preparation, indicated that they were ready to accompany my mother.

And two hours later, the messenger had been taken back to the city by the crew of the whale-boat, and my mother, with Congo and her baby, and the young Korean husband and wife were safe aboard "The Whale-Hawk."

VII.

At the first faint glimmering of the dawn the following morning, "The Whale-Hawk" was found to be surrounded by a score or more of Korean small boats containing several hundred persons. The alarming situation was reported by the watch and all hands were

soon on deck with their appointed arms to repel the attack which seemed to be planned for daybreak. But the daylight increased and the Koreans awaited seemingly for a signal in silence—their numbers increasing betimes by the arrival of one or more boats till there were fully fifty in a cordon around the ship. The fear of the crew extended to my mother; and while they prepared for battle, she placed herself behind a bullet-proof screen with a powerful glass and scrutinized the inimical circle cautiously. She saw the Koreans were without arms. She reported the fact to the crew. But their arms might be concealed in the bottom of their boats. They were not to be trusted.

At length the day dawned sufficiently for all to see without the aid of a glass, and all were satisfied that the attack might be expected at any moment. Congo armed with a club of a proportionate size and weight to his gigantic stature and enormous strength, crouched by the side of my mother, a perfect Heracles in ebony ready to spring upon another Lernæan hydra in the Korean hosts about to assault the ship on all sides at once.

Suddenly Congo rose to his full height and threw his club on the deck, and, pointing to a shadowy object beyond the circle of the boats, induced my mother to rise also and focus her glass on what he discerned so satisfactorily to himself with his unaided owl-like vision.

"Ah, it is the magistrate of the city," said my mother as she recognized him among the ten or twelve persons in the boat. "We have nothing to fear. Lay down your arms, and prepare to receive on deck the worthy man and his friends in a manner becoming his station in life, and that of his friends, and our appreciation of the heart of humanity which we have found in him and his people. Congo, broach the keg of brandy in my stateroom, and have it on tap to welcome our friends; and bid my sister clothe our new nurse in the gown I fitted on her last night, and Jane in her richly embroidered Japanese wrapper, and herself in the crimson gown she purchased in Rio, and be in readiness to come on deck as soon as possible."

The boat containing the magistrate and his friends passed slowly through the cordon of small boats which had been formed before its arrival, and, in a little while, lay almost motionless in the placid water under the lee of "The Whale-Hawk." My mother showed herself at the side of the vessel; and having directed the lowering of an accommodation ladder in the most convenient place, she pointed to it and beckoned to the magistrate to ascend.

He did so and was followed by nine of the number who had

accompanied him. All were dressed in gaudy-colored garments of the most fantastic patterns, topped out with broad-brimmed horse-hair hats set on the crown of the head and held in place by a ribbon under the chin; except one, a venerable mourner with a majestic port and an intellectual cast of countenance that would command respect in any country of the globe, clad in a voluminous robe of unbleached linen, wearing a drooping brimmed hat so large as to extend over his shoulders, and carrying in his hands a foot-square of unbleached linen bent to two light pieces of bamboo—like a flag between two sticks—which, after recovering from the exertion of climbing the ladder and regaining his composure, he held before his face just below his eyes.

My mother bowed to each of them in turn and stationed them in a semicircle in front of her. Then, summoning Congo with the brandy, he appeared, wearing a long snow-white apron and a huge snow-white Tam o' Shanter, which increased his apparent height and magnitude amazingly and intensified the sable hue of his skin, and carrying a large tray on which were a bottle of brandy and a dozen glasses. The Koreans looked at the monster in self-forgetful awe; and well they might, for he was doubtless the first African any of them had ever seen, and with his tribal scars on his cheeks and his row of artificial warts across his forehead and adown his nose, and his gigantic proportions, was such an extraordinary specimen of the great negro race as to excite wonder even among his own people. Then, turning to my mother, they regarded her with an absolute abandon of their customary gravity and reserve—her white hair and white skin, her feminine apparel and her masculine control of herself, and her apparent command of the ship, striking them as forcibly as the characteristics of Congo.

Paying no attention, however, to their irrepressible curiosity and amazement, my mother poured out a sip of brandy and drank it in their sight to assure them it could be swallowed without fear of poison. She then poured into the glasses as much as she thought a man unused to the fiery liquor could carry safely, and directed Congo to pass them to her guests.

The Koreans put the glasses to their lips, smelled and tasted the contents, and, looking knowingly around at one another, swallowed the brandy at a gulp; and after looking knowingly around at one another again, they held up their empty glasses, as much as to say they were satisfied with the sample and ready for the remainder howsoever much it might be in the ship.

But my mother feigned not to notice the very significant gesture, and directed Congo to collect the glasses and remove them and the

bottle from their sight. She then summoned my Aunt Melissa and presented her in her gorgeous silk gown to the Korean gentlemen who treated her as deferentially as if she were a queen. Her round, smiling, and dimpled face impressed them very agreeably, and wreathed their faces with smiles and brightened their eyes in the expression of the delight they severally felt—the venerable mourner so far forgetting age and grief as to let his face-screen fall to the deck and remain unheeded where it fell.

The baby came next in the arms of her Korean nurse; and when the magistrate and his friends beheld the puny little being whose sufferings had excited the sympathy of all who saw her, they crowded around her without restraint and overwhelmed the nurse with as many torrents of Korean speech as there were tongues among them.

My mother and aunt were affected greatly by this exhibition of the human heart—the mysterious sympathy that asserts itself for the salvation of mankind in despite of themselves in their individual growths—the basis of that reciprocity which universally subsists between men and women, the old and the young, the strong and the weak—that which bends the tangents of individuality into arcs and completes the organic circle of Man.

It was an exhibition of the human head as well, which my mother and aunt did not comprehend until after it had been made manifest to them by unmistakable signs and gestures. The Koreans, knowing nothing of the strangers in the city but what they saw, and being unable to imagine anything beyond the limits of their knowledge of the outside world, were obliged to draw their conclusions from the premises before them; and they were perplexed in consequence to a degree perhaps never experienced before in the legitimate drama of life.

First, there were a gigantic black man and a large white woman, with a baby between them. They were father and mother and offspring, of course. Then the mother's hair was as white as snow and her bosom was without nourishment for her babe. She was apparently old enough to be a great-great-grandmother!

And no sooner had my mother and Congo, with her babe in his arms, departed from the city with the messenger than the report of the invasion of the last of the exclusive countries of the orient by the most extraordinary family of human beings ever heard or dreamed of, was spread far and wide around the harbor of Gensan with the effect of gathering the wondering people in silence around the ship in the night, as they had gathered around the trio in the streets of the city.

My matter-of-fact mother was abashed and disconcerted greatly by the discovery that she was regarded by the Koreans as the wife of Congo and a woman of great age—as old as the venerable mourner in the unbleached linen robes to whom she was likened; and she was not restored to her usual composure until after she had conducted the magistrate and his friends into the stateroom of my father and made apparent the relation between them and the cause of his confinement, and exhibited to them a photograph of herself, taken before the horrors of Hawaii had blanched her hair, in which her locks appeared to be as dark as a Korean's.

But my father, my aunt, and Congo, and all the crew of "The Whale-Hawk," were amused to the point of irrepressibility by the ludicrous mental bewilderment of the Koreans and the discomposure of my mother—she that was marble and granite in the endurance of physical agony and privation. My aunt laughed till the tears rolled down her cheeks; and betimes turning up her pretty round face with its smiles and dimples and sparkling eyes, into that of the venerable mourner under the shadow of his great umbrella-like hat, made him feel too that he was an old, old man only in appearance, and a man of grief, unutterable in words, only in disguise.

At length my mother participated in the general good humor that prevailed, albeit at her expense; and, having summoned Congo, with his tray and glasses and refilled bottle, poured out to each of her guests a double quantity to that first given them, and handed to each his glass herself.

After the second drink, the magistrate, taking my mother to the side of the ship pointed to several bales and bundles in the boat in which they had come, and indicated by gestures that they were for the baby—presents from the fathers and mothers of Korea in token of their sympathy with the ocean-born babe in the extremity of her suffering: a pitiful puny being in distress, albeit the apparent offspring of the most anomalous father and mother their wondering eyes had ever beheld and their unimaginative minds could ever conceive.

At a signal from the magistrate the packages were brought on deck and laid at the feet of my mother and opened before her. The first revealed a well-cured tiger skin of the largest size and brightest colors. This was spread, and the Korean nurse, with the babe in her arms, commanded by the magistrate to sit down in the middle of it to indicate the use to which it was to be put. Then came a screen to insure the privacy of the babe and her nurse, and articles of infantile apparel, of linen, cotton, oiled paper, horsehair, bamboo, and

grass, and toys of tortoise-shell, wood, and bone, and trinkets of gold and jade, and eating utensils of silver, steel, and pottery—enough to stock a museum with curios from Korea, at that time among the rarest articles in the great collections of the globe; and last but not least in the estimation of those who beheld them for the first time, a living pair of the long-tailed pheasant of the country, and another of the beautiful crane, which, under the name of *sru* has been for centuries one of the favorite natural models of the artists of Japan—these in bamboo cages, with a liberal supply of food accompanying.

My mother wept at this evidence of the depth to which the appearance of her starving babe had affected the people with whom she came in contact in her fearless invasion of the unknown terrors of a city of the exclusive Koreans. So did my aunt and Congo—and my father, when he afterward learned what had occurred; but the crew of "The Whale-Hawk" encircling the group around the tiger skin and catching astonishing glimpses betimes of the bountiful and wonderful stores supplied the miserable little being who heretofore had been the cause of all the calamities of the cruise, raised cheer after cheer in the expression of their exuberant reaction of sentiment in favor of the infant—their mascot now; for, said one to another, "Have we not captured more whales since we left Yokohama than we ever did in the same time before? And who ever saw better weather from one week's end to the other? And just see here, going right into the jaws of death and coming out with a new lease of life and a fortune! That baby was born with a caul!—that's what the white spot on her head came from—a lucky caul, or I'm no son of the sea!"

In return for the presents received, in behalf of the baby, my mother gave to each of the Koreans a bottle of brandy; and my aunt observing that one of them scrutinized with especial interest the printed characters and wood-cuts on the paper in which his bottle was wrapped, brought out from the cabin an armful of illustrated newspapers and magazines and distributed them among the fantastically dressed gentlemen. The pictures, and especially the colored fashion plates, at once fascinated them, as they continued indefinitely the series of glimpses into the outer world of which they knew so little and that little so incorrectly as practically to amount to nothing.

Then, at the instance of the magistrate, Congo took me from my Korean nurse, and holding me aloft in his monstrous hands, while walking around the ship, exhibited me to the patient wondering throng of Koreans who crowded round in the small boats. My

mother, escorted by the magistrate, and my aunt, by the venerable mourner, also walked along the side of the ship that all might see them and be satisfied—my aunt, now, being mistaken by the outside horde as the mother of the miserable midget and the probable wife of the gigantic negro, and my white-haired mother as the grandmother of one or the other of the mistaken parents.

In response then to the command of the magistrate, the good-natured staring multitude withdrew from the ship; and a little later, the magistrate and his companions, after bowing profoundly to the baby, my mother, and my aunt, took their departure—the venerable mourner being the last to descend the ladder, and keeping his eyes on my aunt till his enormous hat falling from his head disconcerted him so much that he sank below the rail of the ship in a bewilderment of confusion.

Seeing which, my mother remarked to my blushing aunt, "My dear sister, you have shared with your niece in the conquest of Korea."

VIII.

Cora, as my Korean nurse was christened by my aunt, was a perfectly healthy young woman and a bountiful provider of the natural sustenance requisite for her infantile charge; and in a few weeks after leaving the harbor of Gensan, I was as round and rosy a babe as ever gladdened the eyes of father and mother. Rolling and rollicking on the great tiger skin spread on the deck in fair weather, the sailors gathered round me and were vehement to profanity in their declarations that a more beautiful sight was never seen on the ocean. The fair weather continued, a whale of the largest size was captured, and the little ocean-born was credited with both.

But unhappily, as I improved in health, my poor father declined. The decay of the bones of his left leg continued; the color of health forsook his cheeks; the flesh melted away from his bones; and his prospects of recovering the use of his limb and regaining his usual vigor and vitality were becoming daily more and more hopeless.

At length, with a heavy heart, my mother directed the return of the ship to the harbor of Yokohama; and in due time my father, emaciated and anæmic in the extreme, was removed from the ship to the hospital, and his left leg cut off by Dr. Kiskaddon as the only means known to surgery of saving his life—the ravages of necrosis then having involved the whole of the knee joint and extended up-

ward so far as to necessitate amputation in the upper third of the thigh.

In the mean time, my mother having rented a convenient house in Yokohama, quitted the ship, with my aunt, Congo, Cora, and her husband, and myself, to await the recovery of my father, and then return, as best they might, to America and spend the remainder of their days in their mountain home in Southwestern Pennsylvania; and "The Whale-Hawk," under the command of the chief officer, Jasper Medbury, with instructions to return to Yokohama within six months if possible, was sent to sea to resume the profitable business of capturing whales.

When my father was removed from the hospital to his Yokohama home, he was a human being most pitiful to behold—his left leg wanting, his right, practically paralyzed, his back weak and painful, his mind distressed with evil forebodings, and the sailor's heart in his bosom broken. He could never be fit for service at sea again. His race as a rover was run. He was a wreck, and the world around him was wreckage, and there an end.

Moreover, he was without ready money and all his wealth was in "The Whale-Hawk" at sea. But, for the present, that mattered little; for his honesty and his successful voyages so far were known to many in Yokohama, and without difficulty he secured a loan from the Oriental Bank sufficient to provide for himself and his family for six months at least, which meant fully nine when disbursed by my economic mother.

And while they waited the return of the ship, my mother and aunt, breathing the atmosphere of art which prevails throughout Japan, resumed their studies with an interest and avidity that soon accomplished gratifying and encouraging results—my mother making a specialty of painting portraits, landscapes, and natural objects on silk and chinaware; and my aunt devoting herself to embroidery, which, in its employment of colored silken threads in lieu of paints and the most elaborate designs, is an art in Japan closely allied to painting and a special vocation of honor and remuneration of many gifted persons.

In the painting of portraits, my mother was felicitous from the first and soon acquired a local fame, not only among the fraternizing and partial foreign residents of Yokohama, but also the nationally appreciative natives who are remarkably quick to perceive and acknowledge a special excellence in the arts they love so well. In her own household she had a series of original subjects of which she was practical enough to avail herself and make the most of as soon as she conceived herself able to do them justice—Congo, Cora, and

her husband—or Yalu, as he was known in the family, from the great river of his native country—my Aunt Melissa, and myself. In the cranes and pheasants, also, she found appropriate accessories of great artistic value in her representations of the Koreans; and with her accustomed attention to the minutest details from her observation, she escaped the conventionalities in which these birds are represented generally in Japan, and excited a discussion among the native artists, which, by placing the birds themselves beside their counterfeit presentments, was decided unanimously and enthusiastically in her favor.

Then, as frequently as possible, for the special benefit of my father, excursions in jinrickishas were made to the several places and objects of interest in the neighborhood of Yokohama; my mother, with her pencil and sketch-book in hand, usually being in the lead, drawn by a muscular tattooed man, who could not be induced to wear any other clothing than a meagre loin cloth; my father following, drawn by Congo; then Cora and myself, drawn by another nearly-naked Japanese; and lastly my aunt, drawn by Yalu, the sturdy young Korean. The numerous tea-houses in the country provided us with suitable accommodations wherever we went; and the people, universally courteous and considerate, treated us with exceptional kindness when they saw the helpless condition of my father, and silently wondered at the extraordinary bulk and facial peculiarities of Congo, and the hoary head and hale young body of my mother, and the patch of white hair now conspicuous among the black above my forehead: anomalies of nature to them absolutely beyond the realm of conjecture.

And so they awaited the return of "The Whale-Hawk," but the good ship never came back.

At the end of nine months from the day of her departure from Yokohama, under the command of the chief officer, Jasper Medbury, my father very reluctantly yielded to the opinion of my mother and the majority of their friends in Yokohama that the vessel had been wrecked on the northeastern shores of Asia, or gone down in the seas adjacent, my father's favorite whaling "grounds," and it behooved him to prepare the preliminary proofs of loss and forward them to the International Marine Insurance Company of New York, by which the vessel had been insured, and negotiate a loan on the amount of the policy due my father in case of a total loss sufficient to pay the debts incurred in Yokohama and defray the expenses of the return of himself and his family to the mountain home of my mother and aunt in Southwestern Pennsyl-

vania. A power of attorney also was executed by my father and sent to his kind friend Robert Lindsay, of Philadelphia, which authorized and empowered him to negotiate the requisite loan and transfer to the lender for his security the policy left for safe keeping ashore in Mr. Lindsay's fire-proof vault.

Two months later my father received a statement from the insurance company that the proofs of loss were insufficient and the affidavits of himself and friends revealed a series of deviations or departures from the course of the cruise agreed on, which, in the opinion of their attorney, avoided the policy.

With respect to the deviations, however, the company waived all objections, since the officers of the company were apprised by my father at the time the policy was executed that he would take with him his wife and sister-in-law and enter divers ports perhaps more for their gratification than the necessities of the voyage, and that, as appeared from a memorandum, the policy would be avoided only in case the loss occurred by reason of such deviation; but good and sufficient proof of the loss of the vessel in the cruising seas specified in the policy, north of the latitude of Yokohama, Japan, was required imperatively.

At the same time, my father received a letter from the administrator of Robert Lindsay, ship-chandler, late of the city of Philadelphia, from which he learned that his old friend had died eleven months before the date of the letter, and that my father's policy of insurance was still in the vault among the papers of the decedent subject to my father's orders directed to him.

My father's last ray of hope departed. A physical wreck, a financial wreck, and almost half the girth of the globe between him and a refuge for his family and himself, he was absolutely helpless to do anything for those so near and dear to him and himself.

But not so his family under the masterful guidance of my mother. For some time past by the sale of her paintings and my aunt's embroideries, she had maintained the family in comfort, and presumably could do so indefinitely; but there seemed to be but little hope of ever gaining enough in addition to defray the expenses of the voyage home, either by the shorter but greatly more expensive route by way of San Francisco, and thence overland by rail, or by a sailing vessel around Cape Horn to New York or other port of the North Atlantic seaboard of the United States.

And this little lay in more assiduous labor for years at least by herself and aunt, and by greater economy than they had practiced before; and they sat down patiently to the task of indefinite duration.

The following year, almost to a day twenty-five months from the date of my fateful advent into the world, my mother gave birth to a boy, an infant with an abnormally large head and chest and small hips and legs, an apparent cripple for life; and in the terrible ordeal which she underwent, she received such injuries as to make her almost as helpless in locomotion as my poor father.

My unfortunate brother received the name of Jan from my mother, with the saddest sigh that ever came from her lips. A Japanese nurse was procured for him, and afterward a goat; and, with the tenderest solicitude manifested by all for his comfort and welfare, he grew and thrived, happily unconscious of his affliction.

My mother sat at his cradle and painted from dawn till dusk, repeating mechanically the portraits which had been in great part the means of our livelihood so long in the past and must be in greater part in the future; since my aunt henceforth was obliged to take upon herself the unaccustomed duties pertaining to the outside world which had been naturally my mother's from childhood.

Congo, as a porter, and Yalu, as a stevedore, brought their several earnings and put them into the common fund; but the struggle for existence daily became more trying.

A general sympathy was felt for the afflicted family among the foreign and native residents of Yokohama; and a thousand and one little acts of kindness lightened their load of suffering, while several tenders of money sufficient to take them home, but which my mother and aunt absolutely refused to accept, made them happy in the belief that they were immeasurably far yet from the bottom of the cup of adversity.

At length, five years having passed from the date of our common destiny, my mother and aunt made an agreement with Justin Siebold, the master of a merchant sailing vessel, the "Wandering Albatross," for the transportation from Yokohama to New York of our family and the stores of Japanese art which from time to time my mother and aunt had taken in exchange for their productions or had purchased for the profit they might make on them in the American market. By executing a mortgage on their mountain farm which they held together as tenants in common—my father joining to make the signature of my mother valid—to secure the payment of $900, within sixty days after the arrival of the ship in New York, they secured suitable accommodations as first-class passengers for themselves, and my brother and myself, and engagements for Congo, Yalu, and Cora, by which they exchanged their labor for their passage, and that also of two children born to the Koreans, a girl and a boy, Lily, in her fourth year, and Yoko, (short for Yo-kohama

Ko-rean,) entering his third—Congo, as a galley and table servant, Yalu as a sailor, and Cora as a chambermaid and washerwoman. The ship's cargo was made up wholly of Japanese wares, which was not an inconsiderable factor with my practical mother in concluding a bargain with Captain Siebold; for she recognized it would be greatly to her advantage to make the acquaintance of the consignees to further the sale of such of her art objects as she wished to dispose of and her paintings then on hand or afterward to be made.

We went aboard the ship on the 7th day of January, 1875, and on the following day, the weather being propitious, we bade adieu to Japan—a country to remain in my memory forever, a kaleidoscopic recollection interblending fantastically the first impressions of my childhood, of an indoor world of sorrow and sadness and unceasing labor, in which my father on crutches and my brother supported by pillows, were the centre about which all revolved; and an out-of-door world of ineffable beauty and delight, in which the central figure was ever the symmetric snow-capped volcanic cone of Fuji-yama which is discernible distinctly from Yokohama.

"Farewell, dear old Fuji!" I said with a sigh, as I stood in the stern of the vessel, throwing kiss after kiss with trembling hand from trembling lips at the inanimate object as it sank below the horizon. Then, turning to my mother to hide the emotion revealed in my face in her bosom, I caught a glimpse of her snow-white hair; and with a strange thrill of joy which I had never experienced before, I saw in them the snow-capped summit of the mountain, and cried out in a gleeful surprise, "Oh, mamma, mamma, I see in you my beloved mountain, I am satisfied now to go with you to the other side of the world and think no more of the land I love!"

"My child," replied my mother, smiling more brightly than I had ever seen her before; "I am doubly happy in hearing you say so—happy in knowing that you unite the objects in the outside world which you love and your mother; and happy in learning that the imagination of your Grecian grandmother, lost in your mother, reäppears in you; and that you will be her mental, as you give evidence already of being her physical, counterpart. By patience and perseverance you soon will acquire the knowledge and skill of your mother, and that, supplemented by the imagination you have inherited, will enable you to support yourself—and others, if necessary—in any part of the civilized world."

My practical mother at once appreciated the value of the discovery she had made in me, and hastened to gladden the hearts of my father and aunt with a report of my remarks and the significance she attached to them.

"I know it," said my mother positively. "She has found the fortune of her grandmother, which was buried in me so deep as to be lost to the world. She will redeem herself from the bondage in which misfortune has placed her in childhood, and in removing her chains will liberate us all. Oh, what cannot an artist do that is gifted with the heritage of a Grecian imagination!"

Encouraged by this conviction, my mother devoted herself to the development of what she conceived to be in me, namely, an inheritance of my grandmother's imaginative mind and majestic body; and daily, when resting from the labors of her brush in painting Japanese kakemono, or wall decorations, for the American market, she set me to draw and paint not what I saw about me in the ship but what I could imagine from my life in Japan.

My first attempt included a view of Fujiyama in the distance, over the corner of a Japanese temple in the middle ground, and the back of a bending Japanese woman setting out rice plants in the mud in the fore. In execution, it was crude; but it contained a conception of which my mother availed herself, and before twenty-four hours had elapsed, it appeared in a marketable painting on silk.

My second attempt embraced a view of Fujiyama in the distance, over a row of houses along a village street running obliquely across the picture from the fore to the middle ground, with the figure of a little Japanese girl, with a baby on her back, staring at a Korean crane in a bamboo cage in front of the house in the foreground.

My third represented the interior of a Japanese house, with a kakemono on the wall, an open window revealing a glimpse of Fujiyama, and containing two human figures, a woman sitting on her heels on the floor, interrupted, while eating rice from a bowl, by a little girl at her side, extending a large lily to her to see or smell.

And so my mother and I worked together—my mother suggesting one thing after another to excite my imagination and give to my individual recollections of Japan an artistic expression with pencil and brush, and then incorporate my infantile work with her own in elaborately executed paintings on silk for sale. And one after another, as these pictures were finished they were rolled on a stick and stowed in the ship-trunk of my mother, a hundred of them taking up no more room than a bolt of wall-paper.

Then my mother induced me to keep a pictorial diary or log-book of our voyage. Every morning having called me to her side, she would say, "Now, my dear child, what did you see yesterday that you can see this morning distinctly enough to portray on paper?" The first morning I drew the Captain's cat, "Tom Bowling," which, to my surprise, the day before I had found asleep on

the canvas cover of one of the life-boats of the ship; the second day, I drew the man at the wheel who would not answer my questions and alternately frowned and smiled at me, till the Captain came and took me away, and having kissed me, told me, if he ever caught me talking to the man at the wheel again, he would never let me sit at the post of honor on his left at the head of the table where he had placed me when we came aboard. The third day, I painted a bark under full sail, which we had passed the preceding day; and when I showed the picture to my father and called the object I had painted a "ship," he put his arm around me, and drawing me to the side of his reclining chair, said, "No, Jane; it is a bark. Only little land-lubbers would call it a ship; but you, who are the daughter of the old sea-dog Skipper Jansen, and born at sea, must call it a bark." And thereupon he began to take a novel interest in me to the great delight of my mother who listened to the first lesson he ever gave me, namely, on the distinguishing features of a variety of vessels, including the ship, brig, brigantine, bark, schooner, sloop, junk, steamer, and the like, with infinitely more attention and pleasure than I did; for my father, theretofore having held himself strangely aloof from me, was a mysterious being whom I loved because my mother and my aunt loved him, and was tender and solicitous about only because I sympathized with him in his helpless condition and hopeless misery.

From time to time then, as I drew or painted parts of the "Wandering Albatross," the sailors at work aloft or on deck, and the sea-birds following the ship, my father gently held me at his side and imparted to me so much from his stores of sea-lore that I began to be unintelligible in my speech to my mother and aunt to our mutual surprise and amusement.

But one day, unhappily, after we had been several months at sea, and my father had kissed me for the first time in his life, I ran to him with my book before my mother had seen what I had drawn in it, and experienced such a shock in the anguish which I caused him and the revulsion which he felt for me that we became strangers again in an instant.

The day before, while admiring the infinite interblending of the beauties of curve and color in the wake of the vessel, I caught a series of glimpses or partial views of an enormous shark which followed the ship; and I was able to reproduce its characteristic form with sufficient accuracy for my father to recognize it at a glance and recall in a flash the circumstances which had sunk him from a glorious altitude of physical and intellectual activity and independence to a groveling slough of despondency for the remainder of his life—

all organic in the unconscious child before him!

I ran to my mother in a bewilderment of alarm and grief, crying out, "Oh, mamma, mamma, I have scared Skipper papa nearly to death with a picture of a shark! He will never kiss me again. Oh, he shivered so, he shook me from him! I am so sorry—what can I do—what can I do to make him love me again?"

"Alas! my child, I do not know," replied my mother as pale as ashes. "But come and kiss me, and I will endeavor to explain to you why the picture of the shark made him shiver and shake you from him, as you say; and why I do not know what you can do to make him love you again, to my great grief as well as your own."

My mother then told me what had happened at my birth; but I could not understand why my father was disappointed at my coming into the world a girl and not a boy, and why he did not love me, a girl, as well as he might, a boy; and I was not satisfied with my mother's explanation.

For several days I avoided my father; but one afternoon when he was alone on deck, I felt myself impelled to his side by an irresistible yearning and said to him softly, "Skipper papa, do you love mamma?"

"Tenderly, my child," responded my father; "but why do you ask?"

"She was born a girl, Skipper papa."

My father burst into tears.

"My child," at length he said; "forgive your poor old broken-down father. He loves you dearly, but somehow cannot show it as he should. Come to him, Jane, and teach him how to be to you as he is to your mother."

"Kiss me, Skipper papa," I said to him, putting my arms tenderly around his neck. "There, that will do. Three times to-day, and three times to-morrow, and three times every day till"—

"Well, till"—repeated my father the words on which I suspended in dread of the remainder of the sentence which I felt myself urged to utter as irresistibly as I had felt myself impelled to his side.

"Till you can look at a picture of a shark without shivering and shaking me from you," I said, with something of the tone of my mother's voice in my speech, and something of her manner in my straight-forward delivery, that made him from that moment in a great measure as susceptible to my influence as to that of my mother.

"That I can do even now, my child. The spell of my enchantment is broken."

"Then open your eyes and look at the page before you," I said,

as I opened the book and held it before him.

"But, my child, there is nothing on the page you show me."

"Ah, I forgot, Skipper papa; I washed away the shark with my tears."

The wretched man groaned, but he did not shudder; and, clinging to him, I kissed him back from the gloomy purgatory of self-reproof into a world of brighter sunshine than he had seen for more than five long years.

And soon after, he began to mend in body, and endured his alotment of misery with a cheerful resignation.

His constant companion was my afflicted brother, Skipper Jan Jansen, Junior, he he styled himself proudly, to the great delight of my father during the instant of its utterance: as if he found the realization of his fondest dreams in the words, and lost it in the silence which succeeded them.

Jan, Junior, was a bright precocious boy, with some physical and mental semblances to myself, in his glossy black wavy ringlets, his marble white skin, his big black observing eyes, and the shape of his teeth and finger-nails, while he was imaginative to a great degree—an inheritance through our mother from our Grecian grandmother; but otherwise he was the counterpart of my father, in his structural form and emotional nature, or his disposition in the general acceptance of the word. And, doubtless, had he been born a normal babe, he would have filled to the brim the measure of the ideal Skipper Jansen of the future, of my father's hopes and dreams. There was a secret bond of fellowship between him and the sailors of the "Wandering Albatross," which manifested itself the moment he came among them. With the words, "Shipmates, ahoy!" uttered distinctly and cheerily, he gathered them around him, and made their individual acquaintance in a short time, calling them by their familiar nick-names, "Tom," "Jack," "Shorty," "Stub," and the like, as if he had been one among them for years; and observing their deferential manner toward the master and other officers of the vessel, he imitated them with a gravity that induced the good captain and his mate to return his salutation kindly and promptly and give him his self-assumed title whenever they addressed him.

Happy, happy little mortal! the darling of the ship! Taking in the world greedily and with delight through his abnormally quickened senses, chatting cheerily, and smiling merrily the livelong day; and yet incapable of sitting upright without the support of pillows and bolsters, and moving from place to place only in the arms of another, generally Congo or Yalu, accustomed to his infirmity from his birth.

At length, after a short stop at Lota, in the southern part of Chili, to take in water and provisions, a stormy passage around Cape Horn, another stop for fresh supplies of food and drink at Bahia, in Central Brazil, without accident, and with a clean bill of health, the "Wandering Albatross" entered the harbor of New York, and Skipper Jan Jansen, and his family, including Congo, Yalu, Cora, Lily, and Yoko, disembarked and obtained lodgings in a convenient hotel near the business centre of the great city—the Sailors' Home, on Pearl street.

IX.

The tariff on a number of dutiable articles among the Japanese wares and curios of my mother and aunt having been paid, and the stores brought to their rooms in the hotel, the kind proprietor, in his sympathy for the afflicted family, gave my mother permission to display them for sale in one of the parlors of the hotel, and procured a license for her to do so.

But day after day passed without a sufficient number of sales to pay the current expenses of the family. Personal invitations to call and inspect were sent out by the hundred but with little effect; and small advertisements were inserted in the great daily newspapers, with less.

My mother sat in silent cogitation from hour to hour. She ate little and soon wore a haggard look infectious in the extreme to the anxious ones who gathered in silence around her.

At length she said, "If the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain. With Congo to support me, I can go from store to store and sell our wares. At any risk, I will try. It is the last resource at my command."

She selected her choicest curios, and, having summoned Congo, set out; but before she had proceeded a square, and effected a sale, she sank insensible from the pain she endured from the unusual exertion. Congo took her up in his arms and carried her back to the hotel—everybody, man, woman, and child whom he passed at once turning to stare at the extraordinary sight of the gigantic negro with his peculiar facial adornments, carrying bodily an insensible woman with hair as white as snow, as easily as an ordinary man would carry a two-year-old child; and a rabble, including several policemen, gathered at the door a few minutes after he had entered it.

In the evening following, Congo disappeared.

And one and all felt the keenest anxiety for the faithful, big-hearted fellow who was as dear to us as if he were of our own blood.

The next day my mother advertised the missing man and offered a reward for any information leading to his recovery. She also gave a special description of the giant to the police department of the city, with instructions to return him if found to her at her hotel.

And the following day, my mother was summoned to the head-quarters of the police. She procured a carriage, and accompanied by the officer who brought her the summons and myself, went to the station as soon as possible.

We found poor Congo, hand-cuffed and fettered in an iron cell, in a perfect frenzy of rage, snorting through his distended nostrils, and clacking his great teeth together like hammers, making a peculiarly frightful sound which had never been heard before by any of the policemen present to issue from a human being.

But as soon as he saw my mother and myself, he began to grow calm; and after a while, assured of his sanity by his manner and the statements of my mother, the door of the cell was unlocked and the black giant brought out into the well-lighted corridor, where, stooping down and extending his hand-cuffed arms to me, I put myself in the circle of his arms; and while he lifted me in rising, pressed against his bosom, I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him again and again in a transport of joy.

The officers were affected greatly by the sight and quickly removed the hand-cuffs and fetters from the wrists and ankles of Congo, and gave him a chair to sit on, while I still clung around his neck caressing him lavishly.

It appeared then from the stories told by Congo and the officers, that the gigantic African having cast his eyes upon a comely black wench who passed the hotel in the evening, and received an alluring smile in return, followed her until she was lost to view in the rabble which gathered around him, and freely passed him from one saloon to another to satiate their curiosity on his extraordinary appearance, and in time, by giving him one glass of liquor after another, made him sink insensible to the gaze of the mob around him. Then, his commercial value as a world's wonder being recognized by many, he was put on a stretcher and carried to a dime museum, where, when he recovered his senses the following morning, he found himself strapped and propped upright in a chair on a platform, and on his right an enormous fat woman and a living skeleton man, and on his left, a naked tattooed man, a dwarf in the uniform

of a general, and a bushy white-haired woman with a big spotted snake hanging round her neck, while in front of him stood a roomful of staring, gaping people whom a man, standing on a box by the wall, was addressing—repeating every few minutes, with a ringing metallic voice, "There, ladies and gentlemen, in the central figure on the platform, seated on a crudely improvised throne, you behold the greatest living wonder that has ever been exhibited in America, the king of a race of giants which inhabits the unexplored regions of Central Africa along with the pygmies of whom you have heard and who serve these giants as the jackals serve the lions of the great Asiatic and African wilds. He was captured in battle, it is said by an elephant trained for the purpose to lift the giant from the earth with his trunk and carry him from the combat and hold him in the air until bound hand and foot with lassos; but as to the truth of this story, I cannot say. Step up close, and behold the unmistakable signs and symbols of his royalty emblazoned in his living flesh, a trident of scores on each cheek, and every prong as long and broad as a man's finger, and a row of wart-like elevations, extending from the woolly crown of his royal head, across his majestic forehead and down to the tip of his imperial nose, all of the same size, and each supposed to contain a diamond of the first water of the size of a pea. Step up, ladies and gentlemen, and examine the king of the African giants at your leisure and to your satisfaction. There he is, just imported from the wilds of Central Africa, and now for the first time put on exhibition in any of the cities of the civilized globe. There is no fraud about this world's wonder. Step up, ladies and gentlemen, and satisfy yourselves by the closest and fullest inspection."

But, by the time Congo had heard this oration a score of times, he began to realize that he was bound to the chair in which he sat and exposed as a show to the multitude before him; and not seeing any of his friends in the throng, he began to stir with suspicion and fret in his bondage. At length, his anger becoming fully aroused, he burst the cords with which he was bound to the chair; and rising in his wrath, with the chair in his hand as a menacing weapon, he scattered the freaks on each side and the multitude before him in the wildest consternation. As the excitement increased, the fury of the enraged giant knew no bounds. But happily for the panic-stricken people the big serpent of the Albino snake-charmer attracted the eye of the African; and when it fell from her neck on the platform when she fled in affright, he crushed it with a storm of blows till the chair broke into fragments in his hands. Then, taking the carcase of the serpent in his hands, he hurled it at the showman stand-

ing aghast on his box and knocked him down sprawling among the throng crowding in the fear of death to the doors and windows to make their escape.

At this juncture, a ludicrous sight on the floor of the show-room caught the eye of the ferocious savage and saved the lives of several persons doubtless, by transmuting his rage into laughter. By the strangest good fortune, the living skeleton in descending from the platform fell headlong on the floor, and the enormous fat woman rolling on his legs and being unable to rise securely fettered him sprawling beneath her. The one bawled for help at the top of his voice, and the other puffed and groaned; till Congo's laughter having subsided, and his sympathies being excited by the helpless pair, he got down from the platform, and put his arms around the fat woman, and exerting all his gigantic strength, lifted her to her feet, and held her upright, as greatly weakened now by terror in the arms of her deliverer, as she had been by fear, beneath the uplifted weapon of her threatening destroyer.

In which situation, the policemen who ascended the back stairway of the museum while the panic-stricken multitude descended the front, found the black giant and pinioned him before he could make any resistance and conducted him to the station, where he was locked up for safe-keeping in the iron cell in which we found him.

Upon the receipt of my mother's description of the missing man, he was identified at once, and my mother sent for to make such disposition of the African giant-king as she saw fit.

There was a general laugh when the stories were told of Congo and the policemen who had captured him, with his arms around the fat woman of the dime museum; but there were tears in the eyes of all when my mother revealed to the officers of the law the relations which subsisted between the gigantic negro and herself and family, from the time he had been picked up starving at sea till the time he had taken up her insensible body in the streets of New York, when she sank in her unavailing efforts to dispose of any of her stores of pictures and Japanese curios for the relief of her afflicted family.

But the darkest hour is just before the dawn. Before my mother had finished her story, a number of excited men, in civilians' dress, with pencils and pads of paper in their hands, came hurriedly into the station and listened to every word she said with a peculiarly absorbing interest, in contrast with the semi-perfunctory manifested by the uniformed policemen.

Then she was requested by several to repeat the part of her story

which they had not heard. She did so; and invited any who desired any further information to call at her hotel.

And strangely to me the men with the pencils and paper in their hands wrote while they listened, and so rapidly that I wondered while I watched them; and when I saw what one of them had written, I wondered still more, for I had never seen before the mysterious characters in which human speech is expressed by the ingenious inventions of Pitman and other phonographers.

Then Congo was examined by these eager men, and his height and stretch of arms determined by measurement; and afterward the poor fellow was questioned so persistently and from so many sources at once, about the significance of the scars and warts on his face, and how they were produced, and what he was in Africa, and what in Brazil, and so forth, that he became bewildered and stood mute in a stupor of amazement.

At length, my mother, having obtained permission to take Congo with her to the hotel, bade him assist her to the carriage in waiting and enter with her and myself to avoid as much as possible the stare of wonder of the people and the gathering of another mob at their heels.

The following morning all the great newspapers of New York contained sensational accounts of the adventures of the gigantic African king in Gotham, followed by approximately accurate reproductions of my mother's narrations to the policemen and the reporters, as I learned the rapid writers in the strange characters to be; and before we had finished our breakfast, my mother and aunt were called to our parlor-store to attend to the wants of a throng of purchasers who had gathered at the door.

The tide had turned in our favor; and my mother, recognizing the fact that it was owing wholly to the interest humanity always takes in humanity, when it is exposed in the raw, kept Congo, the hero of the hour, attired in his most becoming dress, that of a servant in white apron and cap, at her side the livelong day, while Yalu, Cora, Lily, and Yoko, in the peculiar garb of Korea, were disposed among the guests as living guarantees of the genuineness of the remotely foreign goods which she offered for sale. As the number of purchasers continued to increase, my mother shrewdly advanced the prices of her diminishing wares, and easily obtained five dollars for a curio which the day before she could not sell for one. And when she saw the bottom of her limited stock and an increase in the number of customers, coming eagerly and going well pleased, she sent for several of the consignees of the Japanese wares which comprised the cargo of the "Wandering Albatross;" and, when they saw the

trade she was carrying on, they gladly gave her supplies from their stores to sell on commission as long as she found it profitable to remain in New York. When, too, she had sold all her paintings on silk, except her samples, she took orders enough to keep her employed busily for a year or more.

The effect of Congo's adventures as an advertisement continued for the usual period of a wonder, nine days; and during this business week and a half, the two sisters, to their great amazement and delight, realized in cash, from the sales of their own wares and works of art in painting and embroidery over fifteen hundred dollars, and, in the way of commissions on the wares supplied them by the outside merchants nearly three hundred dollars more.

Captain Siebold was sent for and paid the passage money agreed on; and, in token of our general appreciation of the many kindnesses we had received at the hands of himself, his officers, and his crew, my mother presented him with a kakemono which represented the whole family, including Congo and the Koreans, on the deck of the "Wandering Albatross"—each in an appropriate attitude or occupation. The good captain was delighted at our success, and affected greatly by the gift of my mother; and having had prepared by an attorney-at-law a proper receipt for the money and an attested authorization of the recorder of the county of Westmoreland, in the state of Pennsylvania, to make a matter of record the satisfaction of the mortgage, forwarded to him from Japan by mail, he gave the several papers to my mother with an order for a portrait of myself to be painted by my mother at her leisure in her mountain home, for which he insisted on paying in advance, one hundred dollars.

"And I will add to it, Skipper Siebold, a picture designed by your grateful little friend of yourself catching the sun in what you were pleased to call your mouse-trap, over the back of Tom Bowling asleep on the cover of the life-boat, and a curious little girl at your side, with a sketch-book and pencil in her hand."

"Aye, aye, my hearty, let me have it," responded the captain; "for between my devotion to Tom, who has been my shipmate for years, and you, who have had the seat of honor at my side during the last long voyage, I do not doubt I have wandered out of my reckoning many a time and prolonged the voyage, and it will make amends for the greater anxiety I felt on your account. Now, give me a good big kiss . . . and another for Tom Bowling . . . and a third for the good ship that brought you safely for so many thousand miles . . . and let me go."

X.

We spent several days in seeing the sights of the great city of New York, and in shopping—that is, my mother, Aunt Melissa, and myself; my father and brother being confined to their chairs in the hotel; and Congo and the Koreans restricted under the strictest injunctions to their own rooms and the corridors and office of the hotel.

At length, our trunks were packed, the hotel bills paid, and we were about to go to the railway station and take the cars to the nearest town to our mountain home, when, sobbing as if my heart would break, I besought my mother to remain another day and let me spend it with her in the Metropolitan Museum among the casts and models and works of art in a style never seen by me before and which to me were the most convincing evidences that I had entered a New World—that of the Greek imagination, to which, in despite of my birth in the waters of Japan and my childhood spent in the sight of my beloved Fujiyama, my heritage inclined me and as irresistibly as that of a newly-hatched duck impels it to the water.

What is bred in the bone will never be out of the flesh.

My mother listened to my incoherent request with surprise and gratification; for through my intermingled emotional sobs and childish pleadings, she divined the deep import of my imperfect speech.

"My child, you shall be gratified," responded my mother. "We shall remain two days longer, and you and I will go to the museum and study and sketch the works of art which attract and please you the most."

"And the first one shall be the Venus of Melos," I cried out, clapping my hands with joy, while the tears continued to flow down my cheeks, but not from the fountain of grief as before but that of gladness.

"But why, my child—why that mutilated figure, without arms and full of blemishes? I do not understand you."

"Oh, I can see the statue's arms, dear mamma, when you cannot; and I can see the perfection of the statue within its imperfections. See, here in the sketch I made this morning—here are the arms and the hands, and the body and face without the blemishes you have seen but which I did not."

My mother took my restoration of the celebrated statue and regarded it for several minutes in silence, but with evident wonder in her eyes and delight in her smiling countenance.

"It is artistic, my child; but where did you get these objects you

have added to the figure, and how and why did you combine them as you have done?"

"Why, cannot you see, dear mamma?"

"I cannot, my child."

"Why, how blind you are! Do you not remember when you laid your sketch-book on the empty pedestal and looked up at the Apollo Belvidere, you held your arms and hands and the book and pencil just as I have represented them here?"

"I cannot recollect the circumstance, my child; and if I did, I rested only a moment with my book on the pedestal."

"But long enough, dear mamma, for me to see that you completed in that posture the broken statue."

"But that is not a pedestal, my child, but a base and section of a fluted column?"

"The pedestal was too high and narrow for my picture, mamma. I took the column from the statue on the right near the door."

"And this shield leaning against the column, and the sword lying at its base, where did you get them?"

"Why, mamma, mamma, do you not remember anything you saw in the museum! I pointed to these objects and asked you what they were, and you told me they were used by men in war, the sword to strike the enemy with, and the shield to protect against the sword of the enemy."

"But why did you combine them with the column?"

"Mamma dear, I am surprised at you. The straight lines of the fluted column must be relieved by the curves of something, and I took the shield as the simplest and the most convenient object. Then I wanted something to relieve these several horizontal lines of the base, and laid the sword a little crosswise as you see."

"You have done well, my child, and much better than you are aware with all your precocity in matters of art. You have made not only a restoration of the statue which is artistically correct in the disposition of the objects represented, but also a composite symbol which admits of a simple interpretation in keeping with the character of the most noteworthy of the works of art of the ancients. The sword lying down and the shield leaning against the column symbolize the battle over, the victory won, and the safety of the country assured; the section of a fluted column upright on its base, the temples of worship and the monuments of glory erected in the highest style of architecture; the stylus and the tablet, the achievements worthy of record during the times of peace and prosperity that prevail; and the figure of the heroic woman, the personification of a heroic country or city. With these several meanings

attached to the several objects in your restoration, let us now read them from above downward and you will understand clearly the consistent story which you unconsciously have told. The woman is Greece, or Athens, if you will, and we will call her Pallas Athene. She is looking straight before her, placidly observing what is going on in the world around her; with her pencil in her hand ready to enter the names of the worthy in the book of immortality before her as they come into being, as she already has recorded the names of those in the past who have erected the glorious piles of the Acropolis and achieved the memorable victories of Marathon and Salamis."

"No, no, mamma dear; you frighten me. There is nothing in my picture but what I have told you."

"You do not know, my child. You cannot see your works as others see them, any more than you can see yourself as others see you. Our labors are ourselves enlarged. And that which we do consciously, compared with that which we do unconsciously, for good or evil, is as one to a hundred or more. Your picture painted by a little girl, represent what it will, reveals a glimpse of a future woman."

"But I do not understand you, mamma."

"No matter, my child; you will some day, and possibly, for anything to the contrary I can say, from the impressions made upon you at this moment. Come, now, we will go to the museum and remain as long as you will. The sprouting grain must have its proper soil and heat and light to make it grow, and a child of art can evolve alone in an environment of art."

At the close of the second day, I was surfeited with the sights I saw in the great museum of New York; and the following morning we set out for our mountain home, where we arrived in due time—the long ride in the railway car being an equally long succession of novel sensations and impressions to me; and the long drive from the railway station—Johnstown—in an open spring wagon, up hill and down hill, through field and forest—the buildings, the fences, the occupations of the people all strange to me—another series to shape and color my existence to the end, I doubt not, though to what extent and in what particular I may never detect.

And awaiting as we found Martin Rogers and his wife, Amanda, with four small children; and Arabella, (now alone in the world, her mother Mirabel having died,) grown to a large and comely woman, and realizing fully the expectations of Congo, to whom her charms had been painted by my aunt in the most glowing colors; and in

addition, the farm in a fairly good condition and a bank account showing a credit in favor of my mother and aunt of seven hundred and eighty-six dollars, which represented their share of the rents, issues and profits of the farm during their long absence, and which, in great part, the sisters had relied on in Japan to meet the obligation which they assumed to secure their return to the country of their birth and the home of their childhood and early womanhood : a sum, too, which enabled my mother, through the agency of her bankers, to repay at once the loan of the Oriental Bank of Japan, to my father, with the accrued interest for over five years.

XI.

We reached our mountain home in the middle of October. The forest was aglow with gorgeous colors, the weather was delightful, and our accommodations in the big stone house were comfortable, though limited, by reason of the number of my father's family and that of Martin Rogers being united for the time being ; the barn and cellar were filled with stores for the winter ; the balance in bank in favor of my mother and aunt was larger than it had ever been before ; and altogether we were in an environment especially favorable to promote the health and happiness of all. My mother regained somewhat of the color which in former years had relieved the immobility of her countenance, but nothing of the freedom from pain and impediment in locomotion which characterized her in her early womanhood ; my father improved in intellectual activity and physical strength, until he was able to take a mental part in everything going on around him, to sit up in his chair and read and talk for hours at a time, and with the aid of crutches move about the house and to and fro along the highway in front of it for a short distance ; and my brother continued to grow and chatter and sing as unconscious of his hopeless infirmity as when a babe—and strangely in his dreamings and imaginings always moving about as if he were the happy possessor of the magic rug of the oriental tale to carry him whither he wished with the speed of thought.

When the holidays came, the parlor was decked with spruce and ground-ivy ; a Christmas-tree set up and burdened with presents for the children ; the side-board opened betimes and its stores of cakes and candies distributed ; and the table set daily with a lavish profusion of steaming meats and appetizing side-dishes, including a wild turkey stuffed with chestnuts, a sucking pig roasted, and ducks

and chickens stewed and broiled and fricaseed without number: the season of feasting and rejoicing not terminating until the evening of the second day of January, the anniversary of my natal day, when the happy part was allotted to me to put the capping-sheaf to the celebration by taking the hands of Congo and Arabella and joining them together, when the Baptist preacher of Ligonier, called in for the purpose, pronounced them man and wife.

The following spring, Martin Rogers removed with his family to a neighboring mountain farm; and two small log houses, having been erected near the stone mansion, the Korean family were housed in the one on the northern side of the highway and west of the mansion, and the African, in the other on the southern side of the road and east of the mansion: at the suggestion of my father to have them respectively starboard astern, in the direction of the north-eastern coast of Asia, and port ahead, in the direction of south-western Africa, while he lay high and dry on the rocks in the ocean of Appalachia with his jib to the south and his keel asleep in the bed of his needle.

And when the glorious autumn came again, my mother, my aunt, and I went to the great Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia and spent a fortnight in staring—in the several departments of the world's show, and the academies of fine arts and sciences, the zoölogic gardens, the parks, and the public buildings of the city—until my poor mother became exhausted and we were obliged to return.

From the effect of the myriad of impressions I received during this visit, I was in a stupor for several days after we got back to our mountain home; and strangely, when I began to tell my father and brother of what I had seen and heard, I found myself speaking as frequently of things which I had observed unconsciously as of those which I had studied consciously and even sketched. Howsoever, in time, while in a great measure I lost the finite in the infinite, I felt that I had received a new impetus in the direction of my natural inclinations and applied myself zealously to the acquisition of the necessary skill with pencil and brush to give a satisfactory art expression to my endless imaginings; and having the assistance and encouragement of my mother at work by my side constantly, I made rapid progress.

The following winter, I was sent to the nearest public school; and among the boys and girls from six to twenty years of age who attended as scholars like myself, by reason of my ability to make a recognizable likeness of any of them in a moment on the blackboard, I was looked upon as a prodigy of art; and happily without

incurring the ill-will or envy of any, possibly because in this I did not compete with any and none suffered by comparison; while in other respects I was of them, puzzled and perplexed oftentimes to tears over my lessons within doors, and racing and romping with the wildest without.

The weeks and months sped joyously—the spring came, the summer, the autumn, and the winter again, when in the month of February, (1878,) when I had entered my ninth year, my father went in a sleigh to Greenesburgh, the county-seat of Westmoreland, to have the satisfaction on the mortgage on our mountain farm made a matter of record and to consult a prominent attorney-at-law, Horace Holland, Esq., with respect to the advisability of bringing suit against the International Marine Insurance Company, of New York, on his policy, and took me along with him to assist him in going up and down steps and to minister to him otherwise in the many ways I was accustomed.

It was a drive from eight in the morning to four in the afternoon, with the mercury below the freezing point; but being protected well with wraps and robes, and getting a good dinner at Youngstown on the way, we made the journey with little discomfort—I sleeping, in fact, nearly all the afternoon.

We lodged at the Fisher House on Main street; and after supper, having requested the landlord to direct us to the residence of Mr. Holland, we set out, under the guidance of a seemingly half-crazy negro as black as soot who responded to the name of Jim Green, to my great amusement: the names of the colors being inseparable from the hues in my mind.

As we passed the office of the lawyer before we came to his residence, the porter, observing a light in the window, opened the door without knocking, and stepped into the room; where, without any recognition by address of anybody within, and without so little of ceremony as the removal of his hat, he turned to my father and said in a loud voice, "Here you are, boss. Step right in."

My father, abashed at the discourtesy of the negro servant, hesitated.

"Come in," said a voice in a thunder-tone that startled my father as well as myself.

We entered; and the negro porter, having stepped behind us went out and closed the door.

The large office was filled with tobacco smoke to such an extent that the gas-jet over the table in the centre of the room and the blazing fire in the grate were dimmed perceptibly in the haze; and combined with the visible smoke was an all-pervading smell which

interblended the odors of whiskey and tobacco and several others equally disagreeable to me from unknown sources.

I was affected with nausea at once; and when I looked around and found myself in the midst of eight or ten well-dressed men with broad and high foreheads, long noses, broad shoulders and big chests, and other evidences of great intellectual activity and physical energy, with cigars and glasses in their hands and the flush of intemperate conviviality in their faces, I was horrified.

"I desire to see Mr. Holland," said my father, raising his hat, and standing on his crutches in a most respectful attitude.

"I am he," said the man at the head of the table in the same thunder tones that bade us enter; and having risen and revealed to me a tall, comely man with a closely shaven hatchet-face from which projected prominently a long curved nose, he assisted my father in sitting down on a strong wooden chair and placed me on another at his side. Then, having resumed his seat, he handed to my father a glass and the bottle before him. "It is Old Monongahela, sent to me by the manufacturer himself, my old friend Abram Overholt. Help yourself. You need not be afraid of it. Fill up, fill up."

"Words unnecessarily spoken to a sailor from his infancy when he finds himself in good company," said my father bowing, with a distinctness of utterance I had never heard in his speech before and in a commanding tone that seemed to belong to one of the strangers around me rather than my father.

He filled his glass to the brim, and, holding it before him, said, "Skipper Jan Jansen salutes you, and drinks your individual healths." He then drank the liquor, and brought the glass down on the table with a startling whack.

I stared at my father in a stupor of wonder and horror.

The lawyer and his friends returned the salutation; and one after another, the loud and deep-voiced man presented them to my father. "This is Judge Blake, one of the most distinguished of the Frosty Sons of Thunder—otherwise Blue Rats—who have come down from the heights of our neighboring county of Somerset to drive the water-breathing tadpoles and polliwogs of humanity out of the swamps and ponds of the valleys of Old Westmoreland and convert them willynilly into air-breathing toads and frogs of respectability. And this is the great Dr. Johnson—not the Leviathan of Literature of Boswell's limning, but the Atlantosaurus of Science whose biographer has not appeared yet in the world of letters and will not till the Recording Angel comes down and takes up the pen of a scribe in human guise. And this is General Cutler, who has done more fighting and said less about it, than any soldier of the

late war. And this is the Reverend William Donald Meredith, a doctor of divinity, and a superlatively good fellow in despite of it, an orator, a poet, and a philosopher. And this is Surveyor Hopkins, who has eaten at more tables, I dare say, than any man in the county and with less benefit to his bones. Look at him! You could study anatomy even through his clothes. But somehow, he has the biggest heart of the party and such bowels of compassion as to incapacitate him for the bench. And this is Editor Conway—strange to say, a man whose character for truth and veracity has never been challenged since I came to the bar. And this, Sheriff Grimes, who has been running for one office or another since he attained his majority, and kissed all the babies born in the county, and a few perhaps just over the border, during the past twenty years—a man with a glass in his hand, to be loved for his virtues and respected for his wisdom, but with a writ in his hand to be shunned as a demon of destruction. So, you see Skipper Jansen, if I am to be believed, you have not fallen among thieves. But," turning to me as he was about to resume his chair, the thunder-voiced voluble lawyer said, "who is this grave little woman with the eyes of Sappho in the head of Hera at your side?"

"Ah," replied my father somewhat startled, as if he had forgotten I was with him, and looking at me with an expression of mental discomposure in his face now aflame from the effects of the liquor he had taken; "this is—speak for yourself my daughter, and tell the gentleman who you are."

"I am Skipper Jansen's daughter, Jane," I replied; "and I thank you, Mr. Holland, for the compliment you have paid me, for I love Sappho and admire Hera."

"You love Sappho and admire Hera! Why, my grave little woman, you speak of these Grecian dames of two thousand years ago, as if you knew them as familiarly as your schoolmates."

"I have drawn and painted them both a hundred times, partly from the conceptions of others, and partly from my own."

"You are an artist, then."

"I hope to be, some day. I am now only the pupil of an artist."

"Your father?"

"No; my mother, the daughter of an artist, my grandmother, who, I have been told by my mother and her sister, my Aunt Melissa, belonged to a family of artists."

"You have inherited then the artistic talent of the mother's side of your house?"

"So I have been told, and I believe it; for I am like my mother in many ways, and unlike my father, as you may see."

"I can believe that and readily, my grave little woman; for you have the manner and speech of a matron, while you are but a child in years. How old are you?"

"I was eight on the second day of January."

"I can vouch for her years," said my father, interrupting the dialogue between the lawyer and myself; "for on the day of her birth I met with the accident that wrecked me for the remainder of my days; and as to her matronly ways and speech, you must know, Mr. Holland, that, like the mythic sage of China, she came into the world hoary-headed."

As he said this he lifted my hat from my head and displayed the patch of white hairs surrounded by the black above my forehead.

"An inheritance, too, from her artistic mother?" enquired Dr. Johnson, coming forward and taking my head between his hands to turn it as he saw fit during his examination.

"No," replied my father; "not an inheritance in the usual acceptation of the word, but still an inheritance since it came to her through her mother. It is the effect of an impression made upon my wife two months before the birth of the child, which blanched the whole of the head of the one and as much as you see of the other."

"A night of horror?"

"Seven ages compressed within as many days and nights."

These words of my father were followed by a profound silence. His emotional nature had found an utterance between a bubble and a burst, which, combined with the appearance of his crutches, rising and falling on his heaving breast, excited in all immediately a sympathetic response.

Soon after, he related circumstantially the horrible experience of my poor mother in Hawaii; and while he was telling the story which I had heard many times before and the lawyer and his friends were listening with profound attention, I began to look around me through the haze of the tobacco smoke.

Above the mantel-piece, a symmetric pair of the wide-spreading antlers of the American elk, burdened with bows and arrows, pipes, tomakawks, and other relics of the aborigines of the country, attracted my eye, and in their artistic arrangement relieved somewhat the disgust and disquietude I felt in my incomprehensible situation and surroundings.

Against the long wall of the office on my left, at right angles to the mantel, a book-case filled with books; and on the top of it a number of busts of men and casts of unknown beasts and birds: following which with my eyes, I was induced to turn my head.

Against the wall opposite the fire-place and the elk-antlers, another book-case surmounted with busts and casts and at the end of it a peacock in full plumage, mounted so naturally with glistening glass eyes, an easy pose of the head and neck, and a perfect balance of the body of the bird and its long drooping train of eye-spangled feathers, that while I sat in silent admiration of its graceful figure and beautiful plumage, I thought it might be living and looked till my eyes were weary to see it move. But it did not; and I turned my eyes for relief to the faintly perceptible grotesque shadows on the wall of the lawyer and one or two of his friends who sat before the fire and intercepted the light of the blazing coals more luminously apparent than the gas-jet depending from the ceiling; and lowered them down, down, till they rested in awe on the silent, motionless figure of a staring negro man, with his arms stiffly extended, standing rigidly erect in the angle formed in the corner of the room by the two big book-cases. Was he living, or was he dead—like the peacock, and stuffed and mounted in a manner so natural as to deceive? Or was he only a statue—like the busts on the book-cases, made of plaster and paint, with glass eyes set in his head, and wearing clothes to complete the deception? Or was he only a shadow? I strained my eyes to detect the slightest motion in his eyes or frame, and to discern every detail of his immobile face and person. But I could see not the slightest tremor in his outstretched arms, nor the slightest movement in his eyes and chest. And yet the figure was so life-like, in its unnatural posture, I knew it was not a shadow—I knew it was not a statue painted and dressed—but whether or not it was a dead man stuffed and set up like the peacock, or a living man standing for some reason unknown to me and in an attitude impossible to me but for a few minutes, I could not determine. I began to feel my blood run cold. I could not move. I lost consciousness of all that was going on around me and yet I was conscious of staring at the horrible figure of the negro in the corner—that my terror was increasing—that my breathing was becoming more and more rapid—that I must cry out—

And scream I did; fortuitously in the lull of horror which followed the completion of my father's narration; and the eyes of all taking direction from the fixed stare of the little screamer, the standing figure of the negro at once became the focus of general observation.

My father in alarm attempted to rise, and, staggering in his crutches, was on the point of falling, when Mr. Holland and Dr. Johnson caught him and re-seated him on his chair.

"Do not be frightened, my grave little woman," said the lawyer to

me; "and do not be disturbed, Skipper Jansen," he added to my father. "The negro in the corner has been mesmerized by Dr. Johnson to convince the skeptical among these gentlemen of the extraordinary power of endurance of the hypnotized subject.

"Some time before you came into the office, the doctor put the young man under the influence of his great subordinating will and set him up in the corner as you see, to remain in the unnatural position for an hour; and when you entered, we were waiting the expiration of the time, smoking and cracking jokes between drinks; and ever since we have been oblivious of the negro in our interest in you and your daughter and your harrowing story of your good wife's sufferings in Hawaii.

"Now, Dr. Johnson, if you please," continued Mr. Holland, looking at his watch, and turning to the man of science; "your subject has been standing in the position you placed him exactly one hour and fifty-one minutes; and I dare to say that all are satisfied with the exhibition. Let him lower his arms and nurse a paper baby, take the bumble-bees out of his hair, get drunk on water, kiss a book for his sweetheart, or do what you will, to amuse the grave little woman and make amends for the fright you have given her."

Dr. Johnson then went to the negro and spoke sharply to him and made him go through a number of strange performances before me; but I could not get over the nightmare of seeing the negro standing so long in the corner like a dead man stuffed, and the more I saw that was strange to me and unnatural, the more I shuddered and shrank away from everybody in the room, not excepting my father in the strange character he assumed to me, aroused by the intellectual men around him and stimulated by drink.

At length, while Dr. Johnson was engaged in waking the negro from his mysterious sleep, the front door of the office was opened and closed, and a well-dressed slender boy with a pale studious face appeared in the haze of tobacco smoke—the light of the fire and the gas-jet combining to illuminate his person distinctly and surround him with a halo. My whole being underwent a change the moment I beheld him in the peculiar blaze of glory formed by the bright light and the tobaco smoke, and I sat in an ecstacy of happiness, where a moment before, I had been in indescribable misery, feeling a loathing I had never felt before.

The boy stood looking about him with his bright eyes as if vainly endeavoring to infer from the circumstances what had been going on in the office, when Mr. Holland, observing him, said, "Ah, my son, I am glad you have come. Take this grave little woman down to

the house, and put her in the care of your mother. Show her all your butterflies and other curiosities and make her as comfortable as possible. Jane—I beg your pardon, my grave little Grecian goddess—Miss Jansen, let me present to you my son, Master Philemon Holland, or Phil, for short. I think you will get along very well together, for however old you are, my little woman, by reason of your birthright and its blazon on your brow, he is at least ten years older than his father in dignity and deportment, and freedom from the waywardness and wickedness of such old boys as you have been surrounded with this evening."

I extended my hand to the boy, who, fully head and shoulders taller than myself, seemed to me to be about twelve or thirteen years of age; and when he took and shook it, and was about to drop it, I held fast to his, saying, "No, not yet, Master Phil, if you please; not until you have presented me to your mother."

We went out of the office hand in hand together. I was weak and faint from the effect of the vitiated atmosphere I had been breathing so long, and sick at heart; but when we got into the crisp night air beneath the cloudless firmament of sparkling stars, I revived in a few minutes and became giddy in the intoxication produced by the influx of the cold pure air into my lungs, and clung to Phil for the double purpose of supporting myself and expressing my confidence in him and my kindly feeling for him.

I do not know that either of us spoke during our walk from the office to the residence of Mr. Holland, nor how long we were on the way; but I do know that the time spent was a heartbeat of the most delirious joy, and that it marked an epoch in my existence.

We found Mrs. Holland in the parlor, sitting in a rocking chair with her feet on an ottoman, reading a magazine by the light of a pink-shaded gas-jet at her side. A lady of six and thirty, or thereabout, she was dressed in heavy black silk which rustled with every movement, trimmed with a profusion of laces, and adorned with diamond brooch and ear-rings. In size she was under the medium of American women, with a heavy head of auburn hair, blue eyes, a pink-tinted complexion, and sharply-chiseled shapely features—a lady somewhat pretentious in her dress and formal and undemonstrative in her elegant manners, but prepossessing in the natural charms of her person.

Without rising from her chair, she extended her left hand to me and drew me gently to her side; when, detecting the odor of tobacco smoke on my clothing, she pushed me as gently from her, compressing her nostrils and elevating and lowering the tip of her nose to a degree that surprised me, in her facial expression of detestation.

"Ah, my dear child, you have been in that horrid office," she said to me, as she turned partly toward me and raised her eyes to the level of my shoulders, where the appearance of my scarf lying loosely around my neck and hanging over my shoulders arrested her upward glance. "Let me take off your wraps and lay them aside till they are rid of their abominable odor. And such a beautiful scarf to be polluted, it is a sin and a shame. Why, my dear child," continued Mrs. Holland, removing my scarf and holding it in the bright light before her in admiration—her curious eyes evidently having got the better of her sensitive nose, "the needlework in this is really exquisite and the design singularly beautiful."

"I am pleased to hear you say so, Mrs. Holland," I replied, "for the work is my Aunt Melissa's, a New Year's gift to me, and the pattern mine, from a study of several of the beautiful ferns of our mountain home."

"Your aunt then is a marvel in her way, and you, my child, a prodigy in yours."

"Oh, no, no, Mrs. Holland, not that. A prodigy is a little boy or girl of three, or four, or five years of age who astonishes everybody in composing music, or in playing on some difficult instrument, in learning languages, in acting on the stage, in solving mathematic problems, and the like; while I was nearly eight when I made this, and I have been learning to draw and paint from my mother ever since I became big enough to hold the pencil and brush in my hand."

"Then, you are a genius," said the formal lady, drawing me to her and looking carefully at my whole make-up and scrutinizing my face.

"Not that either," I replied.

"But probably you do not know what a genius is?"

"Yes, I do; for I have been working and studying incessantly for over three years in the hope of meriting some day the glorious distinction of being a genius."

"And what or whom, pray, do you consider a genius?"

"It is a man or woman who sees something nobody else sees, and then makes everybody else see it in wonder in a work of art."

"And who, pray, in your opinion is worthy of the name of genius?"

"I used to think the greatest genius that ever lived was Hokusai."

"Dear me! I never heard of him in my life. Hokusai? Who was he?"

"He was the most distinguished of the artists of Japan—a per-

fect wonder in his way. I have three big volumes of his works, and have copied them all, several of the most grotesque many times. But I do not like him now—indeed, I cannot bear the sight of the works of any of the characteristic artists of Japan."

"And what has changed you, my child?"

"I do not know; and my mother says she cannot account for it, for she is devoted to Japanese art and so skilful in imitating the style of the best artists of Japan that her work commands a higher price in the market than that of the Japanese, by reason of her attention to detail and the delicacy of her touch; but my father says it is because blood is thicker than water: that, while I was born in the harbor of Yokohama and my first impressions of art were received in Japan, I was born the image in mind and body of my mother's mother, who was a Greek by birth and lineage and an artist by profession."

"Then, in your estimation now, the greatest genius the world has ever seen was not the Japanese Hokusai, but the Greek"—

"Phalanx of sixteen thousand, followed by the Legion of the Romans and the Army of the Moderns marching in the foot-prints of their predecessors," I replied without hesitation; for I had had frequent conversations with my mother and aunt on the very subject, and simply uttered what I had formulated before.

"Well, my child, if you are not a prodigy and not a genius, you certainly are an interesting child to me as an object lesson in inheritance and education in accordance with it; and I will profit by it by permitting my son to follow the natural bent of his mind and body in opposition to the wishes of his father and myself. He takes strangely to philosophy and poetry, which of all the tendencies in this practical money-getting age are the least likely to secure him a competency and honorable distinction."

"I do not think so," said the boy, who, having gone out of the room while his mother and I were discoursing, returned with his arms filled with glass-covered boxes. "Goethe was a philosopher and a poet, and no greater name perhaps appears on the beadroll of fame of the nineteenth century; and Bacon was a philosopher and a poet, and I am sure, mother, in your estimation he was the greatest genius that ever lived; for I have heard you say a thousand times that you believed he was the only man in the world who could have written the plays usually attributed to Shakespeare, and that he must have been their author."

"Well, well, my boy; I will not discuss the matter with you. When your father, with all his force of character gives you up to your natural inclinations and calls you a self-willed cast-iron devil,

there is little use in my putting in a word."

Whereupon, Mrs. Holland, showing a little displeasure and disappointment in her face in despite of an effort to appear cheerful and disconcerted, resumed her reading; and the willful boy with the gentle manners, having beckoned to me with his head over the boxes in his arms to follow him to a corner of the room, I did so, and we were practically alone in the large room.

"Now, Miss Jane, take down these boxes carefully one at a time and lay them on the floor. Then I will light another gas-jet at hand, and show you some of the most beautifully painted objects in the world which I know you will appreciate, for, from what I overheard you say to my mother, you can draw and paint and have an ambition to be some day an artist worthy to be called a genius."

The boxes were laid on the floor, the gas was lighted, and the boy and I sat down on the rug.

"Call me Jane and I will call you Phil," I said to him in a whisper, laying my hand on his; having looked, however, first over my shoulder and found that his mother could not see us by reason of an intervening centre-table with a large vase of ornamental fern-fronds and grass-plumes on it.

"With pleasure," replied the boy.

Then one box after another, he showed me his collection of butterflies which was contained in them, and told me their common and scientific names, and how he had caught some with his net and raised others like a brood of chickens from little eggs, until, after a series of moultings or changes which he called metamorphoses, they came out perfect moths or butterflies; and how he had killed the insects and stuck pins through their bodies and spread their wings and dried them and arranged them in his cork-bottomed glass-covered boxes; and how much pleasure he took in studying nature in the raw before it had been cooked by bookmakers and mashed and spiced and displayed in big and little dishes to suit their artificial appetites; and how he was saving all his dimes and quarters to buy a microscope; and what he was going to do with it—when he was interrupted by his mother, and the delightful dream I enjoyed in looking at him and listening to the simple story of his pursuits and hopes, was at an end.

"Phil, my boy, your dog is sniffing at the door. Do let him in to say good-night, before he begins to scratch off the paint. And look to your boxes that the dog does not set his paws in them—put them up in the corner."

I arranged the boxes and Phil went to the door and opened it, and with a bound the dog came in.

"Oh, you beauty! you perfect beauty!" I cried out in a burst of enthusiastic appreciation when I beheld the animal, a white and black greyhound of the largest size.

"You lovely, lovely creature!"

Phil put his arms around the neck of the long and tall graceful animal to check his course across the room lest he might tumble me over.

"No, no, let him come, Phil. He will not hurt me. And I must put my arms around him, too. Oh, I used to think that next to man and woman the most beautiful of living things was the horse, but I shall never think so again, having seen this perfect embodiment of grace and beauty! Do let him come!"

The boy released his hold; and keeping close to his side, and saying in his ear, "You must be good and not put your big dirty paws on the young lady who admires you so much," the boy and the dog approached me and stood in front of me so close to me that I could have put my hand on the head of the animal; but I did not, so engrossed was I in regarding him with the sense of sight that the sense of touch was wholly in abeyance.

The dog looked up into my face, and when our glances met, I felt that he and I were the best of friends from that moment; and when he suddenly reared on his hind legs and towering above me laid his fore paws gently on my shoulders, I stood firmly and supported his partial weight easily and relieved Phil of any further anxiety about the dog and myself. Then he got down and laid his head against my breast, and I hugged him and caressed him to my heart's content.

Mrs. Holland, having risen when the dog came in, kept her eyes on me and showed in her countenance a little disquietude; but suppressing a yawn now and then, I believe she wished to retire, but felt obliged to remain in the parlor in charge of me until sent for by Mr. Holland.

At length, taking out her watch and looking at it drowsily in the light of the fire, she said, "Dear me, Phil, it is midnight. You must go to bed; for you must be up at your usual hour in the morning and be off to school. Miss Jane will excuse you, and lie down on the sofa at my side and await the call of your father."

The boy, bowing to me, excused himself and went out of the room. I released my arms from the neck of the dog and listened breathlessly and with a sinking heart to Phil's footsteps going up the stairs in the hall. Would I ever see him again? I never felt so lonely in my life; and I did not realize until he was severed from me, by the command of his mother, how deeply interested I was in

him and how necessary he was to complete my existence. I forgot the dog—I forgot his mother—I forgot everything in the world in the realization of the fact that I was parted from the only boy I had ever met whom I affected.

I obeyed his mother in a stupor which possibly she attributed to drowsiness; and lying down on the sofa at her side, with my hand on the big dog's head lying on the floor between us, I closed my eyes, sighed, sobbed, and fell asleep.

XII.

The following morning, when I awoke, I found myself alone in a big bed in a large richly-furnished room. I sat up and looked around me at the pictures on the wall, at the furniture, the bric-a-brac on the mantel, the fire in the grate, the rug with an Italian rural scene depicted somehow on it, and the rose-patterned velvet carpet on the floor; but I saw nothing I had ever seen before except a pile of my familiar clothing on a chair near the bed. I tried to recall the circumstances of the night before; but the more I perplexed myself the more vividly did I recall the fiery visage of my father at the moment I felt the peculiar chill of estrangement course through my blood, and the figure of the negro with his outstretched arms as he stood in the corner of the smoke-beclouded office, and I wondered in horror whether he was living or dead, stuffed and mounted, with artificial eyes in his head, and set up like the peacock on the case above him. The sun was high in the heavens. I knew the morning was far advanced. And impelled and directed by the sight of my clothing, I arose and began to dress; when hearing a sniff under the door, I recollected instantly the sniff I had heard the night before, and all that had happened before and after; and, having run to the door, I opened it and received in my arms the neck of the beautiful dog. And how glad he was to see me! As soon as I released him, he sprang around me, and crouched and rolled over; and, at length, wagging his tail and whimpering, he tried his best to talk to me as I talked to him and return the pet names and endearing phrases I lavished on him.

Presently a tidy maid with an embroidered pinafore came into the room and assisted me in making my toilet, and afterward conducted me to the breakfast room where I found in waiting the negro George Lee, in the dress of a table-servant and radiant with smiles, apparently the happiest mortal in the world.

Evidently my breakfast had been kept for me while I slept; for there was only one plate on the table and one chair beside it, and on looking up at the big-faced clock against the wall, I saw it was half-past ten. I thought of Phil—I was on the point of enquiring for him a dozen times; but I recollected what his mother had said about going to school and said nothing.

I relished my breakfast greatly, for I was hungry; and the big dog laying his chin on the table at my side, I gave him alternate bites with myself, and remained at the table fully three-quarters of an hour: telling George how he had scared me the night before, and all about Congo and Arabella, and how I would like to have a dog just like Phil's if there were another in the wide, wide world, which I doubted.

At length, I concluded my repast and chattering, when George, taking a letter from the mantel-piece, and making a grand display of his beautiful white teeth while he rolled his yellow-tinted eyes in his head, handed it to me.

I read the address on it,

"Miss Jane Jansen,
Care of Mr. George W. Lee,
To be presented after breakfast."

With a little agitation I opened it, and read,

"Dear Jane:—In token of my regard, please accept as a present from me the dog which you admire so much. I call him Garm; but if you do not like the name, you can christen him again. George will give you a collar and chain and put him in your sleigh for you, and you will not have any trouble in taking him home. If you do not go before noon, I will see you on my return from school; but if you do, I hope it will not be long until we meet again.

I am, your friend,

Philemon Holland."

The tears started to my eyes and I was about to burst into tears, when, looking up into the face of the good-natured negro, I was checked by the contortions his whole body was undergoing in his endeavor to restrain his emotions while I was reading before him the first epistle I had ever received addressed to me, and that from a boy whom the negro believed to be interested as deeply in me, as he and everybody else could see I was in him.

"Yes, he likes me, George, and I like him," I said to the negro gravely, to the relief of my rising emotion; and since you have been let into the secret by him and myself, you must not say a word about it to anybody for the world; and when we get a few years older, and he will come to the mountain to see me, you must come

with him, and Congo will catch a 'possum and Arabella will stuff it and roast it, and Aunt Melissa will bake pies and cakes, and we will fill you so full of good things, you will want to stay with us forever."

The maid came into the room then with my wraps, and having put them on me, directed George to take off his apron and conduct me to my father at the Fisher House.

On our way thither, George, in order to get the chain and collar of the dog which were in the office, took me into the chamber of horrors of the night before; and while I recognized every feature of the room, I scarcely could believe my senses that it was the same apartment, so clean and bright and cheery was it in every particular, since the smoke had been succeeded by sunshine, the air renewed, the strange gathering of half-drunken intellectual men scattered, the negro wide awake and in the merriest humor, and the token of Phil's regard for me in the beautiful big dog at my side.

On arriving at the hotel, we found my father awaiting us seated in the sleigh at the door. His face was still fiery and I saw that he trembled, and I shuddered to approach him.

"Get in, my child. The snow is melting fast and we must be off. And that is the dog the lawyer's son has given you? Well, he is a superb creature for a verity. And a man need not be much of an artist to see his beauty and grace. But get in, my child, get in. We have not a minute to lose. Here, put the dog where he can find my crutches rather than my leg, if he should want to nip me on the way; and sit down and hold fast to the chain, while these good men tuck in the robes around us."

But while this was being done, I burst into tears, crying out between my sobs, "I cannot go until I have thanked him for the dog. You will not—cannot Skipper papa, make me seem so rude. Oh, he has been so kind to me—if you only knew; and I know dear mamma will thank you as well as I myself if you will wait only a few minutes longer till twelve o'clock."

My father began to soften; and the negro assuring him that he would bring Phil out of school in a few minutes, ran up the street and out of sight, and in a little while returned with the boy, his face in a glow from running and his striking features revealed to me for the first time.

How my heart beat as he approached! I thought my father would hear it. And when he took off his hat and thanked my father for the great kindness he had done him, I saw with pleasure and pride, that the boy had won his esteem by his open-heartedness

and gracious deportment; and when he lay back the robes and took the dog by the paw and said in a perceptibly husky voice, "Good-bye, Garm: be a good dog to your new mistress, for your old master's sake," my father was obliged to turn away his head and cough to conceal and suppress his emotion.

I was affected greatly too; and realizing that in depriving the boy I loved of his dog, I was causing him grief and pain, I said at once, "O Phil, how can I take your dog and make you so unhappy! I must not; and I will not. Here, Phil, take the chain. I will not cause you an instant's suffering for all the dogs in the world."

"I thank you, Jane, for your open-hearted confession of concern for my happiness," replied the manly boy; "and when I assure you that however unhappy I am in parting with my old playmate, I would be infinitely more unhappy in taking him back from you, I know you will accept him as freely and as gladly as I have given him in despite of the emotion I have felt in saying good-bye to him. So, give me your hand without the chain in it."

I transferred the chain from my right hand to my left, and taking his extended right in mine, I shook it and pressed it gently as we said "Farewell" with our lips and eyes at once.

With his uplifted hat in his hand, Phil stepped aside; and my father, having cracked his whip, the horses started on our homeward way, and I was again alone in the world, as I felt myself to be when parted from the boy I loved.

I held on to the big beautiful dog during the whole of the long afternoon's drive, for the triple reason that I shrank away from my fiery-faced father, and that I loved the dog for his own and his master's sake.

We reached the Gleason House in Ligonier at nightfall; and after supper, I saw the dog well fed and littered with clean straw where he was chained for safe-keeping in the stable of the hotel; and at daylight the next morning, I had my arms around him and we had a romp together in the stable, around the hotel, and in the street in front of it until breakfast was announced. Then, after breakfast, we got into the sleigh again, and at ten o'clock reached home, where our new acquisition to the family was hailed with general joy.

It took me a week to decide on a name for my beautiful dog, with the assistance of my father, my mother, and my aunt; and of all the names suggested, and tried by sound and considered with respect to their associations, none satisfied me nearly so well as that by which the faithful hound of Odysseus was known; and when my mother, having finished the first large portrait of the dog, prepared to subscribe a name, I said, "A name of five letters," and as

I pronounced them one after another, my mother painted them; and my beautiful souvenir of Phil's regard was christened anew, "Argos."

XIII.

During the following spring and summer my poor little afflicted brother, Skipper Jan, Junior, wasted gradually in flesh until he became wax-like and seemingly translucent, while his big black eyes seemed to be increased in size and more brilliant than when in health. Essentially there was nothing left of him but a pair of monstrously large and lustrous black eyes, an articulate voice between gasping and coughing, and an immaterial spirit of unrest pervading the whole and affecting sympathetically his surroundings.

My father and mother hung over his crib within doors and his ginrickisha without in silent solicitude, gradually wearing away themselves to shadows; and every day when the weather was favorable, we all gathered together on the highway in front of our mountain home, the weak and the strong, the wan and the ruddy, the crippled and the agile, to receive and give comfort as best we might in the little world of our own on the summit of Laurel Ridge.

My poor little brother, in the extremity of his weakness and helplessness, existed seemingly to order and command and put all around him in action while he remained a quiescent and observant centre; and whenever it was possible, all the hale and hearty were marshaled as soldiers before the immobile fantasy of humanity, propped up with pillows in his little carriage, and drilled by the scarcely audible word of command that came from him in broken whispers.

We constituted a grotesque company of soldiers, sufficient to afford amusement to the most insensible of reviewers; and I frequently suspected that a part at least of the interest my bright-eyed brother took in us was on account of our incongruity and bizarre appearance: as usually we were arranged in the following order and manner—

First, Congo, the gigantic negro, with a colored horse-blanket thrown over his shoulders and buckled in front, carrying a rake for a musket.

Next, Arabella, his wife, with her head enveloped in an orange turban, carrying the oven-peel.

Then, Yalu, the Korean, without any artificial covering to his

shocky head of black hair, carrying the pitch-fork.

Then, Cora, his wife, in a white jacket and gown, not very unlike the garments worn by her in her native country, carrying a hoe.

Then, my Aunt Melissa, in a sun-bonnet, and a black-figured lawn gown which was very becoming to her, carrying a broom.

Then, myself, wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat and a long gingham pinafore over a gingham gown, with one of my father's canes.

Then, Argos, with a flag tied around his neck.

Then, Lily, with a fire-shovel.

And last, little chubby Yoko, carrying a corn-stalk twice as tall as himself.

At the word of command we marched around the ginrickisha of my brother, and my father and mother standing at his side, the one on crutches and the other leaning for support against him; then, after halting, we formed in a line, and presented arms and shouldered arms and loaded and fired at an imaginary enemy; and, after all our imaginary ammunition had been expended, we fixed bayonets and charged on our imaginary foes, and drove them across the highway; thence returning victoriously in disorder, those of us who were human cheered and hurrahed and he among us that was almost human barked and ran around in circles in delight to the great consternation of little Yoko who occasionally was tumbled over by getting somehow or other in the way of the bounding beauty.

Poor little Jan, fixing his eyes usually on Congo, followed us in our movements and smiled on hearing our several acclamations of victory.

But at length only the big black lustrous eyes of my brother looked, and we went through our evolutions at the command of my father in a feeble husky tone between sobs, and the responsive smile to our rejoicings appeared not on the pallid face in the midst of the pillows in the little carriage; and the following day, when we were drawn up in martial array as usual, tears stood in the eyes of all as we waited for the word of command, but it came not; and looking through our tears we saw the lids of my brother's big black eyes closing as if in sleep . . . and we heard a low deep moan from the breasts of my father and mother . . . and we knew one and all without exchanging a word that the end of our little general had come in the midst of his mimic field of battle, as silently and peacefully as a planet sinks behind the hills in the western sky.

We lay down our weapons silently and gathered around the scarcely living and the dead; and after a general outburst of grief,

we all went into the house; Congo and Yalu, supporting my father; my aunt and myself, my mother; while Arabella and Cora brought in the ginrickisha containing the wax-like corpse of the little invalid, followed by Lily, Yoko, and Argos, seemingly equally affected either from a glimmering consciousness and comprehension of what had happened, or by sympathy with the sufferings of their superiors in intelligence and development.

And six weeks after the burial of my brother, my poor dear mother, lying motionless on her bed, whispered to me, and in whispering breathed her last, "Take my place, Jane, at your father's side and cheer and comfort him till death. Kiss me. Farewell."

And ten weeks after the burial of my mother, my miserable father, so long broken in body and spirit, passed away almost as imperceptibly as my brother—his parting breath leaving half-spoken the name of his beloved son, the image ever before him of the hopeless wreck of his gloriously free and happy life on the rocks of a moment's folly.

XIV.

My Aunt Melissa now found herself alone in the world, with the families of Congo and Yalu, (the first comprising two children, a boy, Zambesi, or Zambie, for short, now in his third year, and a girl, Melinda, now in her second; and the second comprising, besides Lily and Yoko, another pair, Minnie and Chang, about the ages respectively of the African children,) besides myself, depending on her for the means of supporting life; for while I was of some use to my mother in designing in a crude way for her skillful pencil and brush, I was of none to my aunt in her embroidery. She could not maintain us all by her labor alone, in addition to that which our mountain farm yielded; and realizing this fully and clearly from her past experience, her visions by night and day were filled with misery and misfortune, and she soon began to look haggard and distressed. One night when I lay abed and she doubtless thought me asleep, I heard her cry out in her anguish, "Oh, what shall I do to find them all in food and clothing!" A few minutes after, I heard the clock strike two; and opening my eyes and raising my head, I saw my aunt plying her needle and thread in the flickering light of her expiring lamp.

I did not let her know that I had heard her and seen her at work; but when she came to bed I clasped her in my arms and soothed her

to sleep with caresses.

The next day I wandered about in perplexity, asking myself, "What shall I do—what can I do to relieve my poor aunt!" My pictures were not marketable—I was too familiar with the exquisitely finished work of my mother and grandmother, not to see that my pictures were little more than charcoal sketches—imaginings of merit perhaps but imperfectly bodied forth; and I could not expect to fill the orders left at her death and still coming betimes from her eastern correspondents, until I had attained approximately her skill: as I replied to all.

And from wandering about the house in perplexity, I wandered around the farm, accompanied by Argos; till getting tired and hungry, I got into the highway for greater ease and expedition than I could find in the woods and fields. And as I walked along brooding over our straitened circumstances, the thought flashed into my mind that I was a traveler, trudging along footsore and hungry, and I could not find a resting-place, and food, and shelter for the night until I reached the village in the valley several miles away; and hard on the heels of this, as the big stone house of our mountain home came into view, came another thought, that there stood a good hotel in the very place I wanted it, and others, doubtless, who passed it daily.

My heart began to throb; my steps became quicker and lighter; and when I neared the house, I began to run; and the front door by chance being open, I did not stay my steps until I had come to my aunt and thrown my arms around her, saying between my kisses and gasps for breath, "I can help you, dear aunt! I can keep a wayside inn. Arabella can cook; Congo can wait on the table; Yalu can take care of the horses and carriages of the travelers; Cora can be chambermaid; and I can be the landlady and see that everybody is accommodated as well as any reasonable person could expect on a mountain-top, and keep the accounts of the travelers; while you can sit and embroider without any disturbance and without any further distress on our account. Will it not be grand! And Argos shall earn his living, too. He will drive away the thieves and robbers and make the most disorderly of men behave themselves as they should in a mountain hotel kept by a little girl."

"Your suggestion is good, my child," replied my aunt; "your plan feasible; and we will begin at once to put the house in order to entertain your guests in a manner to make them one and all advertisements of our hotel whithersoever they wander ever after, and bring you a continuous stream of custom. Yes, my dear child, we will begin at once; for you have lifted a crushing weight from my

shoulders and I cannot bear up under it again. But your hotel, like a man or woman, should have a name, my child, that it may be spoken of in accordance with its deserts—have you determined on a name yet for yours?"

"I have thought of one, but I will not determine until I find one which you heartily approve. It is 'The HEART OF APPALACHIA.' What do you think of it?"

"I am satisfied. It is appropriate in every way. And if you keep a good hotel as I believe you will, you will make the name a valuable property to yourself and your successors indefinitely."

But day after day came and went and scores of travelers passed eastwardly and westwardly without stopping. At length, one evening, when I was walking in the highway, so discouraged that I was on the point of giving up the idea of keeping a hotel and adventuring in something else, an old Jew peddler, bending beneath the weight of his pack, approached me, and tipping his hat, politely enquired how far it was to the next tavern.

"Twenty yards," I replied; and turning to Argos, who was sniffing about the stranger and curling up his lips in disgust, I bade him desist and get behind me.

"But I see no sign?" queried the peddler.

"Good wine needs no bush."

"Then who is the landlord?"

"There is none."

"No sign, no landlord, a strange hotel—who keeps it?"

"A little girl. This is The Heart of Appalachia and I am the hostess, Jane Jansen. Step in if you desire either food or lodging, or both."

"I will, with pleasure; for I am ready both for my supper and bed, being hungry and tired."

I preceded the peddler to the door, opened it, and bade him enter. Then calling Congo, I directed him to undo the traveler's pack; to conduct him to the back porch, and brush off the dust from his clothing and shoes; to take him to No. 5, and see that he was provided with water, soap, and towels; and then, when I should ring the bell, to show him the way to the dining-room.

Happily, when I went to the kitchen to inform Arabella of the arrival of our first guest and direct her to put clean linen on the table and all the recently-polished silverware, I found her preparing chicken and waffles for our own supper and I was satisfied that, with the addition of an extra jelly or jam, our guest would get a good supper and be delighted with our board.

And the man was delighted.

Several times during his repast, I slipped to the partly-open door of the dining-room, to see that everything was going on well, and noted with pleasure the severely fixed features of the old man relaxing more and more, till he sat surfeited, with a smile on his face that seemed in my fancy to reflect the circles and congeries of curves in the surplus of waffles piled before him, and a look of abstraction in his gaze into the darkest corner of the room that seemed to go back to the days of his childhood when the first want of his organic nature was supreme and food and good were synonymous. With Congo, in his white turban and apron, towering behind him, he presented a particularly pleasing picture of satisfaction.

The following morning, I was up at daybreak to arouse Congo and Arabella, and have the house in readiness to receive our guest at any time he saw fit to rise and request his breakfast.

And again I had the pleasure of seeing the picturesque old Jew smile over a surfeit of omelet, buckwheat cakes, and maple molasses, fried potatoes, a pitcher of cream, and a fragrant pot of freshly-made coffee.

And when he had finished his repast and was ready to take up his pack, I handed him his account, in which in lieu of his unknown name, I had inserted a sketch of himself smiling.

The old man took out his spectacles, carefully wiped the glasses, and, having adjusted them over his nose, scrutinized the bill with a look that rapidly passed from perplexity to pleasure, and read—

"THE HEART OF APPALACHIA, 2 May, 1879.

Mr. [Portrait inserted.]

	To JANE JANSEN,	Dr.
1879, 1 May,	to supper for one,	$0.50
" " "	to lodging for one,	0.25
" 2 "	to breakfast for one,	0.50
	Total,	$1.25

" Yes, Mr. Gershom Pearlesteine," he continued, regarding the picture of himself; "I know him well; but for many a long year I have not seen him look so happy and so handsome." Then turning to me, he added, " Ah, you cunning little witch of a landlady, you can touch the heart of an old, old Jew; and she that can do that, has the touch of Midas, and the wealth of the world at her command. Here is a five-dollar gold piece—please take out of it $1.25 in payment of your bill, and accept the remainder in return for this revelation of Gershom Pearlesteine unto himself, which has added to his happiness and should be paid for and well. Please receipt your bill."

"I will receipt your bill; but I cannot accept your money above the amount of your bill. I have not earned it."

"You have, my child, and well. This picture of myself I shall prize as a treasure."

"But I will not. The picture is but a trifle, and I will accept nothing but a trifle in return. The heart may be touched, but it must not be turned to gold."

At length, after a half hour's wrangling the old man accepted the change I tendered, and opened his pack, and I selected a brush and comb for No. 5, which I considered a sufficient remuneration not only for the picture of the Jew but also for one of Argos and myself which I added.

Then observing several embroidered handkerchiefs among his stores, I sent for my Aunt Melissa to come with samples of her work; and, in a few minutes, I had them pricing each other's wares excitedly and making exchanges, until lo! for the labor of an evening or two, my aunt had a store of orange and red bandana handkerchiefs for Congo and Arabella, Yalu, Cora, and Lily, and pins and needles, tape, thread, shoe-strings, hair-pins, pens, and other useful little articles, sufficient for us for many months. And when they parted, my aunt had also an order from the old Jew which she considered among the most profitable she had ever received. It was for the finest and most elaborate work she could do. The Jew evidently could sell again in a market unknown to my aunt.

The following evening about sunset a carriage was driven hurriedly to the door and an orotund voice cried out, "Hello! landlord!" so lustily, that we were all startled—Arabella, in affected fright, getting behind the kitchen door and hurriedly adjusting her new orange bandana around her head, and Argos barking.

I sent Congo to the door; and when he opened it, I heard one of the men exclaim—

"Great Cæsar!"

"No, sir; Congo—that's my name! at your service, sir," responded the gigantic negro.

Upon which a second voice became audible in a loud and long scream of a peculiar character which made me tremble and caused Argos to bristle up and bark and show his teeth so ferociously as to alarm me still more.

"Stop, stop, your infernal Indian whooping!" said the first voice in a rebuking but good-natured tone. "These good people here will think you a raving maniac whom I am taking to an asylum. Stop! or I will get Congo to throttle you!"

Assured now from the tone of the first voice that the two strangers were making the uproar simply in the expression of exuberant good-nature and eccentric hilarity, I ventured to the door, holding fast to the collar of Argos, who, still bristling, accompanied me, and introduced myself to the strangers as the hostess of the inn, the accommodations of which were at their service.

The strangers were abashed greatly by my presence and address, and blushing, stammered out a variety of beseechings for pardon which were more or less mock in their grandiloquence and facetiousness; the possessor of the first voice, a large, florid-faced, blue-eyed and yellowish-haired man of thirty-five, neatly dressed in a business-cut Scotch plaid, laying the blame on his companion whom he called betimes the Sinner and the Whooping Comanche; and the possessor of the second voice, a tall and slender, sallow, hatchet-faced man, with black hair and eyes, of five and forty, perhaps, and dressed in a business-suit of a becoming gray, laying the blame on the other whom he styled variously, the Saint, his Pard, the Hypocritical Goody-goody, and the Sunday School Superintendent.

At length, Yalu having approached to take charge of the horses and carriage, the strangers were diverted from their apologies and excuses to me to indulge in a rattling discharge of exclamations and enquiries upon and about the shocky-haired Korean, among which I distinguished the following, from one or the other, "Holy Moses! Did you drop or come up? Geewhilikins-ginger! 'Bless thee, Bottom; bless thee! thou art translated!' 'Oh Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo!' The saints preserve us! we are somewhere, but where, for the life of me, I cannot tell from the inhabitants!"

"Step in, gentlemen, and I will tell you where you are," I replied to the last; and as they entered the wide hall with their satchels in their hands and traveling coats and rugs over their arms, I added, "You are in the Heart of Appalachia. Will you have separate rooms or one with two beds?"

"One with two beds, if you please, my little landlady; for it will take us all night to compare notes on the extraordinary features of this hotel if they continue to accumulate much longer, and we must be where we can talk—or die," said the Sinner, sobering down to a quiet, affable gentleman.

"Congo, after wisping the dust from these gentlemen on the porch, take their baggage, and show them into No. 3."

I then went out to see that Yalu properly put the carriage on the barn floor above and the horses in the stable below and gave them a generous supply of water, oats, and hay for food and clean rye straw

for bedding.

At supper, my aunt and I were seated with our guests, who, in our company, were models of propriety in their manners, easy and graceful, and very agreeably entertaining in their conversation; seemingly having a familiar acquaintance with everybody and everybody's business in the outside world. They were commercial travelers, or drummers, of exceptional intelligence and refinement, and as full of romping, rollicking fun as two boys of ten or twelve.

They were the best of medicine to my dear aunt, compelling her to smile and talk in 'spite of herself, and before we retired for the night, to laugh and antagonize them in raillery, till fitful flashes of her former mirthfulness appeared in her face; and oh, what kings of good fellowship they were to me! I looked and listened—taking in every movement they made and every word they uttered in a happy conscious dream.

The next morning, while I was waiting for my guests to rise, I recollected the success I had achieved in making out the account of the unknown Jew by inserting a picture of him instead of his name, and prepared similar bills, adding an imperial to the mustache of the rather broad-faced Saint and mutton-chops, or side-whiskers, to the hatchet-faced Sinner.

And when they saw them, they roared with laughter and capered around in the wildest glee.

"But I have no mutton-chops," said the Sinner, "and the Saint has no imperial, why in the world have you given us these appendages?"

"Cannot you see?"

"No—not I."

"Nor I."

"Well show them to your sweethearts when you go home, and if they have the eyes of artists in their heads, they will tell you these appendages are all that is necessary to make you perfectly——"

"Say the word, if you dare," cried the Saint, holding out his arms to me, "and I will carry you off into perpetual bondage in 'spite of Argos and Congo and the unkempt Korean!"

"And I shall be obliged then to run off with your charming aunt; and whew! what a row No. 1 will kick up before she betakes herself to the divorce courts of Chicago!"

"Handsome!" I said boldly, and running around the big centre-table, easily avoided the grasp of the overgrown playful boy.

"Now, my gracious little hostess, you must tell us who made these very creditable pictures," said the Sinner, who could not take his eyes from his likeness which he held in his hand, even while he ad-

dressed me and capered around; "your aunt or yourself?"

"Your happy little hostess," I replied.

"Then draw me a picture of your charming aunt and charge me for it what you will in your bill."

"No, I will not—I will not make a commodity of my dear aunt in any way. She is not one of the belongings of the hotel; but I will draw for you either Congo, or Yalu, or Argos, or myself, and charge you only—with remembering the Heart of Appalachia and its little hostess."

Strangely, however much the travelers were impressed by anything they had seen or anything that had occurred since they came, the sentiments which I uttered in my last remarks—the natural outgrowth of my past familiarity with my mother's paintings for the market and my present conviction that my drawings were not in reality of any commercial value—affected them the most; and they gave expression to their responsive feelings with such volubility and vehemence as to overwhelm me with confusion.

To escape from which, I took up my pad of drawing paper and pencil and made a picture for each, containing an outline of the old stone house in the centre, with the face of Congo on the right, that of Yalu on the left, that of myself above, and the head of Argos below; and presented them to the travelers with my compliments.

They accepted them with many thanks; and having paid their bills and placed their receipts carefully in their side-pocket leather-backed paper-receptacles, they bade me good-bye with a thousand well-wishings—the Saint turning as he was about to get into the carriage, and saying, "I see, my dear little landlady, you have no sign on your hotel. You should put out one at once."

"I am putting out two even now, as I put out one yesterday morning, the old Jew peddler, whom you met in the valley and who directed you hither. Saianara."

I uttered the last word—the Japanese for farewell—more from habit than intent; but it caught the ear of the Sinner who was sitting then in the carriage.

"And do you speak Japanese, too, you little wonder?" he enquired in surprise.

"I was born and lived for several years within sight of Fujiyama. Let me have your pictures again for a moment, if you please."

And after including the groups I had made within the faint outlines of a Japanese fan, with the merest suggestion of the summit of dear old Fuji above the white patch on my head, I returned them with the remark, "Now, they are complete, with Japan in the background. Saianara."

I watched them till they passed out of sight, returning the waving of their handkerchiefs with the hearty freewill of childish innocence.

When I re-entered the house, I found Cora, the chambermaid, holding in her hand a letter addressed—

"To our gracious little hostess of the Heart of Appalachia," and on opening it, I found the cards of the gentlemen which I keep among my treasures to this day, and four one-dollar bills, and a note in pencil on a scrap of a newspaper margin, "Please give to your four servants, one apiece, for us, and oblige us greatly."

And so my career as a landlady of a mountain wayside inn began, to acquaint me with many persons of as many peculiarities in a comparatively short time, to educate me in the great school of the world by coming in contact with it daily in an infinite variety of ways, and to assist materially in maintaining our family of twelve persons—or a baker's dozen, including Argos—in comfort.

XV.

In the month of May, 1884, five years after the opening of the Heart of Appalachia to the public, I was practically a mature landlady, familiar with all the details of the business of a country hotel, and, having a good run of custom, was in well-to-do circumstances, happy and contented. Suddenly I became possessed with a strange timidity in the presence of my guests, who generally were men in middle or past-middle life, and felt myself moved mysteriously in 'spite of myself, into a general condition of mental and physical agitation, which gradually increased to pronounced discontent with myself and surroundings and disquietude and uncertainty in my actions and movements.

All the enchantments of childhood vanished; for the innocence and simplicity of childhood had become conscious in the budding woman.

I was suspicious of all, including my dear Aunt Melissa, who observed with sadness the strange reserve and reticence I assumed in our most confidential and private relations; indeed, of all around me, I shrank from and shunned my dear aunt the most, for I saw that she more than all the others together regarded me with an anxious eye.

I moped about moodily, frequently going alone into the great gloomy garret of the old house, to sit in abstraction awhile, and then rise in tears, without knowing why; and I stole away even from

Argos out of doors, aud wandered in the loneliest parts of the mountain forest surrounding, gathering the beautiful wild-flowers around me betimes, but only to throw them away a moment afterward.

I was unhappy, and yet I was aware of nothing that distressed me—no misfortune had befallen me, and none had been unkind to me; I was weak and unstrung, and yet I was free from pain and apparently in rugged robust health, of surprising stature for my years but still of girlish shape.

And strangely an image haunted me continually, in my dreams by day and night, the image of Philemon Holland, the boy who had impressed me so deeply when I was a little girl six years before; the boy who had given me the treasure of his boyish heart, his beautiful dog Argos; the boy, whom I had thought of in kindness and talked of with the freedom of a child ten thousand times during the past six years, but whom I never mentioned now; the boy, whom my facile pencil heretofore could limn in an instant on my thumb-nail, the corner of my cuff, a scrap of paper no larger than a postage-stamp, but now could depict no longer satisfactorily—no longer agreeably—no longer recognizably. That boy must now be a young man of eighteen or nineteen; and the face that haunted me could not be his.

And heretofore when I could depict his familiar lineaments so accurately and so rapidly, I always thought of him as I had left him in health in Greenesburgh; but now I was asking myself continually, "Where is he? in sickness or health? alive or dead?"

On reflection, too, I shuddered to think that of all the names I had heard uttered by travelers in their casual conversations in the Heart of Appalachia, I had never heard the name of the distinguished lawyer, the father of Phil. What had become of him? and my father's business entrusted to him? He certainly cannot be in Greenesburgh or any of the neighboring towns and cities. He must have died, like my poor dear brother, mother, and father; or moved with his family, as Skipper Jansen did with his, somewhere—

And when I recollected how long it took us to come from Japan, I realized the immensity of the world, and the hopelessness of imagining the place among an infinity where a loved one might reside.

But the most harrowing thought that came to my troubled mind was that the boy so dear to me and now a young man might have forgotten me and love another!

Secretly I wrote scores of letters and notes addressed to the young man, before I finished one that satisfied me; and enclosing a picture

of myself in the dress of a young lady, with Argos at my side, and the lock on his collar represented in the shape of a heart, I addressed it, "Mr. Philemon Holland, care of Horace Holland, Esq., Greenesburgh, Westmoreland County, Penn'a," and carried it to the village postoffice myself to be sure of its being mailed.

Five weeks afterward I received my own communication from the dead-letter office, marked "Not called for."

XVI.

The most joyous month of the year was at hand: beauty, melody, and fragrance vied with one another for supremacy in the fields and forests around me, but I was an unimpressionable blank to the world around me—restlessly, aimlessly groping about in an increasing gloom—yearning for something so vague and uncertain as to evade definition—something without a circumference but with a fitful centre in the haunting image of Phil.

I wandered farther and farther in my restlessness and disquietude from the insupportable confinement of the old homestead and the loathsome labor of my neglected calling; and one bright morning in June, with Argos almost as melancholy as myself at my heels, I walked so far to the eastward in the highway, that, unconsciously responding to the weariness of my limbs, I sat down on a log in the airy shade of a scented birch by the road-side and laid my hand on the neck of Argos, sitting sympathetically silent and motionless at my side.

Suddenly I was awakened from my aimless reverie by the movements of Argos—raising his head, pricking his ears, and looking keenly in the direction of a dense mass of undergrowth about eighty yards distant on the southern side of the highway. I heard and saw nothing to attract his attention, and was about to press my hand on his head in the expression of my assurance that we were alone, when a large doe bounded into sight from the thicket and sped like a flash in a course parallel to the highway, and in the direction of the Heart of Appalachia; and in an instant Argos was in pursuit—and out of sight on the heels of the fleeing deer.

I was in a quiver of excitement—in my fear lest the hound with his savage instincts aroused might catch and kill his natural prey, the harmless deer, and in my intense appreciation of the indescribable beauty of the deer and dog in the exercise of the powers with which they were gifted superlatively, I got on the log and stood on tip-toe

to catch another glimpse of them ; when, doubtfully hearing a muffled cry for help issuing from the undergrowth from which the deer had bounded, I held my breath and looked in the opposite direction to that of the fleeing animals.

I heard the cry repeated; and seeing a cloud of dust and smoke arise in the direction from which it came, I hastened to the spot.

I found a partly burnt pile of logs in a clearing just beyond the thicket, which, from a sudden rolling together had taken fire anew, and was burning freely in several places; and half concealed in the smoke, with his legs securely held between two logs near the top of the pile, I saw a man struggling violently to extricate himself—now pulling, prying, lifting, and tugging to separate the logs; now, with his soft hat in his hand, reaching down into the pile and extinguishing the glowing points of fire beginning to increase in number and size within his reach with alarming rapidity.

At a glance I saw that he was a stranger—a young man of goodly size and shape, and of great vitality and vigor—his hair auburn, his face ruddy, and his muscular arms appearing below the roll of his shirt-sleeves as white and hard as ivory. I saw also that although he was dressed in the limited summer garb of a mountaineer, he was not to the manor born and bred, and the agonizing thought flashed through my brain and daggered my heart, He might be Philemon Holland !

I was about to ascend the pile to his side to add my strength to his, when he prevented me, in the most commanding tone I had ever heard ; warning me of the danger of being caught like himself by the logs the instant they would be put in motion, and magnanimously declaring that he would rather die a thousand deaths than have me run the risk he knew too well it to be.

And having yielded to his commanding tone and manner—more perhaps than to his words and their meaning—in this instance, I passively obeyed him in his subsequent directions. I handed him a handspike which was leaning against a tree hard by ; and while he pried and pushed with it, I grappled in vain with a pronged stick for his axe which had fallen from his hands into the pile when he was caught in the awful trap. I then tore up the ferns around about and threw them between the logs to smother the fire as well as I could with the soil attached to their roots ; but, unhappily, not removing all the fronds, as they became dry in the forest furnace, they flashed into flames and kindled sparks higher up in the pile, igniting the young man's clothing in several places, causing him to drop the handspike and extinguish the flames with his hat ; which, in a little while, burning itself in many places, fell to pieces from his singed

and scorched hands. The wretched man uttered a half-suppressed shriek of despair, and settled, from his frantic efforts to extricate himself from the log-pile and save himself from the tortures of the increasing fires around and beneath him, into a silent resignation to meet his glaringly inevitable fate as became the commanding man he seemed to be.

I stood paralyzed by his inaction and silence, until, seeing a spark alight on his shoulder and start a widening circle of flame, which, as it revealed his scorched skin, and singed the hair of his head, I suddenly found myself liberated from the enchantment of his command, an independent being to think and act as it had been my habit from childhood, as it seemed best to me alone. I took off my jacket, which happily was a summer-weight flannel; and, through the smoke cautiously ascending the pile to the young man's side, I extinguished the circle of fire on his shoulder and put the jacket into his passive hands, with an injunction to use it; realizing, as I uttered the words, that he was in a semi-unconscious condition. Mechanically he grasped the jacket and held it—looking at me unmeaningly through his smoke-filled watery eyes, until, (while I was descending the pile,) he sank insensible—happily falling backward, with his back against the log above him, and his mouth open toward the sky to catch of whatsoever of fresh air might be wafted over the fire before his death.

A flash of hope came to me from this circumstance: If I can keep the slowly burning logs in check a little longer, I may be able to part the pile and save the unknown stranger yet. I tore up ferns again, and, removing the earth attached to their roots, I piled it on the most threatening points of fire within reach. I worked with all my might, until, exhausted, with nails torn, fingers bleeding, and eyes aching from the heat and smoke, I realized that I was gaining little if anything of mastery over the fire and must resort to other means, or see the wretched man burn howsoever slowly, to a crisp.

Water! water! I heard it tumbling over the rocks a stone's throw away. Water! water! I fancied I could see it dimpling and smiling in the familiar pools below the falls! But how to get it? How to carry it from the mountain stream, to revive the fainting man and extinguish the fatal fire?

I ran to the stream. I put my bleeding hands into the water—I snatched at it in my despair to hold it and carry it in any available quantity. I was about to turn away and return to the burning log-pile, when, slipping on a stone, my foot went into the water, and I thought of my shoes as water-vessels—sufficiently large to carry

enough to dash in a fainting face and allay the pangs of a parched mouth and throat.

And to and fro I ran, carrying water in my shoes and pouring it on and about the unconscious man; until, the water betimes dripping on my gown and becoming heavy with the increased saturation, I thought of it as a more capacious vessel than my shoes and put it into use as such immediately.

And to and fro I ran, carrying nearly a bucketful of the precious fluid in my flannel gown, keeping the clothing of the imprisoned man saturated, and gradually extinguishing the fire around and beneath him, until I thought I could venture safely on using the handspike as I had seen the stranger use it and part the pile sufficiently to enable me to drag him from his perilous position.

Heeding also his words of warning, I went about the work very cautiously, ascending the pile at an end whence I could jump out of danger the instant I felt the pile move beneath me. I was not only without shoes but almost without stockings, and I ran little risk of slipping; and having begun to pry in what I considered an advantageous position, I became more and more insensible to the danger of the situation I was in until I ceased to think of it altogether.

Presently the pile yielded somewhat to my efforts—the slow fire having gradually diminished parts of the opposing logs and made the parting possible to my feeble strength; and not appreciating any greater danger to myself with the encouragement I received from the slight motion I had imparted to the pile, and that which I received also from a sign of returning life in the unknown man, in the expression of his upturned face, I renewed my efforts, exerting myself to the utmost.

Again the pile began to quake. And suddenly the logs began to part and roll, and I was thrown down and from one to another, until, amid a stifling cloud of ashes, dust, and smoke bespangled with glowing sparks, I found myself lying face downward with my arms tightly wedged between two logs, and the handspike, which I had held in my hands, and which had been rolled along with me, alone preventing the logs from crushing my limbs into shapeless masses.

The accident the stranger had warned me against had happened with the result he foresaw from that which had befallen him.

I realized my fate the instant I found my arms immovable; and, looking toward the part of the pile where the stranger had been to learn what had become of him, I saw that he had been cast from the pile and was lying on the ground presumably out of danger.

The muscles of his face twitched—his right hand closed and

opened. I saw that he was still alive, and I was satisfied—yes, to die for him, I thought; but, I must say, that I scarcely realized what was involved in the thought.

I had a fairly good view of his shoulders, neck, and face; and while I could not distinguish any of the remembered features of Philemon Holland in him, I would not admit to myself that it might not be he.

Near his head, I saw my wet shoes; and through the crack in which my arms were held, I saw in one place the smouldering remains of my jacket, a black curling mass on which two porcelain buttons appeared, giving it the appearance of a monster's head with staring white eyes; and in another, my wet gown, just beginning to burn in places where it came in contact with living coals, and emitting the peculiar odor of burning wool. And strangely, for the first time, I realized that I was in dishabille in the presence of a young man who might be the object of my adoration and affection for years—aye, not only in dishabille, but begrimed with mud and smoke from head to foot, and in a most unseemly position on the top of a log-pile in a mountain clearing. With a sickening sense of shame, I arranged my bedraggled skirts as well as I could with my feet and by shifting my body from side to side, and then cuddled into the smallest compass possible.

As yet, the heat was not great and I suffered little pain from the compression of my arms; but presently, with the rekindling of the smouldering logs after their last adjustment, the heat where it reached my body through the cracks became a torture; and the smoke betimes curling in little clouds in my face made me cough and choke and breathe with such difficulty that I lost all control of myself in a feverish frenzy. My thoughts came and went with marvelous rapidity and with the awful ghastliness and oppression of nightmares. My father, mother, and brother appeared to me in agonizing situations, and I, bound hand and foot, must see them suffer without being able to afford them any relief. So the living, my dear Aunt Melissa, Congo, Yalu, and their families, Argos and the fleeing deer, and the Philemon Holland of my recollection, and the Philemon Holland of my conjecture were so many fearful and fantastic factors in the kaleidoscope of my awful visions.

At length, after ineffable physical and mental anguish, a calm succeeded the storm; and as I lost consciousness, I seemed to sit again by the side of my mother on the deck of our outgoing vessel from Japan, watching with tearful eyes dear old Fujiyama descend and diminish toward the hazy horizon and finally disappear in darkness and tears. . . .

As I learned afterward, the fleeing deer, having left the thicket by the side of the highway, entered the open road and continued on it till she came to the barn-yard. Here, seeing the young cattle pass into the cow-stable at the beck of Yalu, who stood by the open door with his hand upon it, bounded among the calves and entered the stable with them. Whereupon, Yalu, to secure the deer, pushed the swinging door; and just as the iron bolt reached the middle of the opening, Argos, coming like a thunderbolt on the heels of the deer, struck it with his head, crushed his skull, and fell dead at Yalu's feet.

Congo saw the accident; and realizing with his big spmpathetic heart the overwhelming effect the death of my dear dog would have upon me, at once set out to find me and break the news to me as gently as possible.

Taking the direction from the course of the dog and deer, he hurried along the highway until he passed the limits of my usual walks, calling my name loudly and frequently; and meeting no response, but an echo of his voice betimes or the cry of a startled bird, was about to return to the inn and raise the alarm of my possible bewilderment in one or other of the almost inextricable thickets of rhododendron to be found on the flats and in the gulches of the mountain, or enter the forest on either side at random and continue his solitary search; when he saw and recognized my hat where I had laid it aside when I stood with Argos by the log.

Satisfied that he was not far from me, he ran here and there from the hat as a central point, shouting and hallooing in various ways to take advantage of the most penetrating sound, till he approached the bounds of delirium in his excitement.

Suddenly he sniffed the odor of burning wool—that arising from my burning jacket and gown; and following the significant scent with renewed vigor and restored judgment, he soon came to the slowly burning log-pile and discovered the stranger, smoked, scorched, and disabled, lying on the opposite side of the pile to that on which I lay, and gesticulating in such a frenzied way that he seemed to Congo to be insane from his sufferings and sullenly speechless.

Overcome by this last disappointment, and disturbing element to his reason, poor Congo mechanically drew the stranger to a safe distance from the log-pile, and, moaning in his anguish, was about to set off again in his search of me, when he saw my well-known shoes, wet and muddy, on the ground before him; and, having his wandering senses recalled by the familiar sight as they had been, a few minutes before, by the familiar smell of burning wool, he con-

cluded from the circumstances by a jump of his peculiar intellect that I had wet my feet and clothing in the stream hard by, and having come to the log-pile to dry my clothing, had taken off my shoes; and, having climbed upon the smouldering logs, had been caught and burned, before the scorched and disabled stranger, who having heard my cries, and come to my relief, could extricate me at the imminent risk of his life.

Whereupon, shrieking with horror, he turned to the pile, and peering through the cracks soon espied my slowly burning gown, and at once began to tear the logs apart with his hands in order to drag out the smouldering mass.

At this juncture the stranger, by a supreme effort of his almost exhausted powers, dragged himself to my shoes and took one in his hands. Then, having dragged himself to Congo and clutched him by the leg, he restrained him sufficiently to attract his attention to my shoe. This done, he cast the shoe over the log-pile, and pushing Congo in the direction indicated by the flight of the object, succeeded in diverting him from his violent efforts to get at my gown, and inducing him to follow the shoe.

Congo ran to the other side of the pile; and having caught sight of me lying near the top, the faithful giant was at my side in an instant with his strong hand on the handspike projecting near my arms; and in another, was on his way cautiously descending the pile, with the lever in the grasp of his right hand as a staff and my limp and apparently lifeless body in the clasp of his left.

XVII.

When I recovered my consciousness, I was looking up into the face of Congo, moaning piteously over me and weeping like a child, his tears falling on my forehead and cheeks like great drops of rain.

I was lying on the ground near the stream from which I had dipped the water with my shoes and gown; and as I heard the gurgling of the mountain stream, I realized presently where I was and what had happened before I succumbed to the heat, smoke, and noxious gases of the burning log-pile.

My first enquiry was about the stranger; and as I learned from the excited and incoherent speech of Congo the particulars of his condition, commingled with an account of the fate of Argos and my deliverance, I was tossed in a tempest of emotions. I could not rid myself of a recurring thought that the stranger might be Philemon

Holland.

On attempting to rise, I found my arms were so benumbed as to be powerless. Soon, however, with the assistance of Congo, I was on my feet; when seeing myself smoky and muddy and disordered in the extreme from head to foot, and without my usual outer garments of hat, jacket, gown, and shoes, I sank again to the ground in a confusion of shame and fear lest the stranger might recover sufficiently to crawl within sight.

Assured by Congo, however, that the poor fellow was unable to drag himself away from the log-pile, my sympathy was aroused again for him, and I forgot myself in the engrossing nature of my impulses and endeavors to assist and relieve him.

I directed Congo to carry him another hatful of water and bid him be patient in his sufferings. I directed him also to get my shoes and adjust them on my feet as well as he could. They were as limp as rags and felt very disagreeable; but the soles were good, and would protect my feet from thorns and stones in walking home for help.

Again assisted to my feet by Congo, I bade him remain with the stranger while I returned to the house.

Before setting out, however, I could not resist an encreasing desire to see the stranger again and satisfy myself as to his condition and determine if possible his identity.

This I was enabled to do by availing myself of the undergrowth and brushwood around the log-pile, while Congo attracted the stranger's vision to himself. But I saw only to be aroused to greater exertion in the stranger's behalf, holding in abeyance his identification till a favorable opportunity. The poor fellow was sitting apparently immovable with his back against a tree, the pallor and expression of his face indicating that he was very faint. And this Congo observing, the kind-hearted negro laid the sick man prone on the ground, and raised and lowered his arms to restore as rapidly as possible the circulation in his brain.

I avoided the highway by following familiar byways and paths, stealthily inspecting the open spaces in the thickets before venturing to run across them; and when about half way home, I heard Yoko calling me from the summit of a huge mountain boulder to which he had climbed in an evident search of his missing mistress. Summoning him to me, I briefly told him what had happened and directed him to run to the village of Jennerstown and bring Dr. Mansfield at once to the inn.

Leaving abruptly the path which I was following, the Korean boy was soon out of sight; and I on my way relieved and refreshed by

the performance of a part of my mission.

At length, having come to the rear of the old homestead, and avoided the barn-yard lest I might be overcome by the sight of the body of my dear dog, I darted unobserved through an open door in the back part of the house, up the back stairs, and into my room; where, happily, I found my aunt and Arabella in a state of bewilderment on account of the death of Argos and my unaccountably prolonged absence.

The sight of my dear aunt in tears and confusion affected me greatly, and I met her looks of amazement at my plight amid kisses of endearment and sobs of lamentation, with a gush of tears.

This over, in a few minutes I told my aunt and Arabella what had happened, and directed the latter to bid Yalu hitch the horse in the wood-sled, and, having filled the bed with clean rye stray, go as fast as he could to the log-pile in the new clearing on the Belleview tract and bring the injured man on it to the inn. "And tell him particularly, Arabella, to be careful in lifting the man on the sled, and in driving over stones and ruts and ridges on the way," I added with so much concern that I revealed to my aunt a solicitude in the person of this stranger suspiciously at variance with my declaration that he was unknown to me.

I saw the point of an interrogation in her eyes; but good and trustful woman if ever there was one in the world, she gave it no expression in words.

I felt myself blushing in her gaze, however; and stammering in confusion, I asserted positively that I did not know him; and adding, that he was a young man wearing the dress of a woodman and having an axe with him, but having the voice, the bearing, the language, and the consideration for others which characterize the well-bred for generations, I seemed to give her a sufficient reason for my especial solicitude in his behalf. I kept from her, however, my suspicion that he was Philemon Holland; and feeling guilty of concealing anything deliberately from the good woman who found the fulfillment of her dearest hopes in me, I sank in shame and contrition into her arms, and my bosom heaving with an emotion I never experienced before, I confessed that I had concealed from her the thought that possessed me—the remote possibility that by dint of recurrence in the midst of my exciting experiences had passed the stage of probability, and become a fact in its effect upon me.

"Beware, my child, beware!" replied my aunt, with profound sympathy and solemnity in her voice and manner. "You are not so much your matter-of-fact mother, that you are wholly unlike your father, whom a fancy wrecked in the heyday of his life. You wish

this stranger to be the friend of your childhood, and the wish of your heart rises to a thought in your head that he is. You cannot rid yourself of the wish, and you cannot rid yourself of the recurring thought. Both are intensified by the trials you have had to-day, exciting your feeling and fancy to the highest pitch. Unconsciously, too, you are affected by the accidental association of the dog and the stranger: the latter alarming the deer; the deer separating you and the dog, leading you to the log-pile to be involved with the stranger in the extremities of danger and distress, and hurrying Argos to your home to alarm us in his death and bring you and the stranger a timely deliverance."

I was relieved somewhat by the confession to my aunt, but not released from the tyranny of my apperceptive prepossession; and the more my dear aunt endeavored to drive the thought from my mind, the more she embedded it in my being; and when at length, washed and dressed anew, and my bruised arms saturated with arnica and camphor, I was left alone, I betook myself to a window whence I could see the farthest in the direction of the accident and await the coming of the stranger on the sled in the care of Congo and Yalu.

Yes; I admitted to myself, as I peered through the open window, I wish the stranger will prove to be Phil.

And well I might; for I had revealed that much of my secret self to my aunt, while, in fact, my whole being yearned for that happy termination of the trials of the day.

XVIII.

In a few minutes, after taking my position at the window, I saw the familiar head of the farm-horse, Jerry, coming over the hill, then Yalu at his side leading the horse, then the head and gigantic shoulders of Congo walking behind the sled, and, at last, the form of the stranger lying on the straw in the bed of the sled.

My heart beat tumultuously. He is coming! He is coming! Oh, what can I do for him!

I hurried to the room I had designated to my aunt and Arabella for his reception; and having seen that bed, bureau, washstand, chairs, rugs, blinds, bric-a-brac, and pictures were in faultless form, I was about to descend to the front door when a glance at a drawing on the mantel suggested a substitution of one which I had framed and hung in a conspicuous place in my own chamber and regarded

with daily devotion for years—a sketch of myself and Argos as we came from Greenesburgh years ago, surrounded with a fantasy of faces in every conceivable position, and all of them revealing the features and lineaments of Philemon Holland as I could review them at will at any time afterward with the distinctness of the reality before me.

In a few minutes, with the assistance of wondering Arabella, the exchange was made and I was at the front door, to welcome the guest of all guests that comes never more than once to a woman's door.

The stranger, raised to a sitting posture in the sled by Congo, saw me in the doorway, and recognizing me at a glance, bowed and smiled and smiled and bowed and looked up into my eyes; while I stood in a stare of ineffable satisfaction, realizing that he was not so dangerously hurt as I had imagined; that he appreciated all I had done in his behalf; that he rejoiced in my escape without any appreciable injury; and that—a fitting capping-sheaf to the shock of happy determinations—there was nothing in his features, form, or manner to disturb in any way the idea that engrossed me as to his identity.

With little difficulty he was carried upstairs on the back of Congo and laid on the bed, as Dr. Mansfield, with Yoko by his side in the buggy, drove up to the door.

"Well, well, my young lady," said the facetious old physician, addressing me as he got out of the vehicle, glancing at me betimes while he watched Yoko tying his horse to the post. "Caught in a trap, I hear. And a trap baited with a young man, too. A little sooner than I expected. But the sooner, the better; so be it, the young man prove worthy the prize. Tut, tut, my dear, do not blush; you know, I have said a thousand times that there are only three perfect women in the world and one of them is a little—I beg your pardon—a big blushing—There, Yoko; that will do; and the next time you get the measles, I will double the dose of castor oil in the expression of my appreciation of your skill as a hostler. In the meantime, take this and buy yourself a jack-knife and carve yourself a fortune out of any suitable timber you can find in the neighborhood. Now, Miss Jane, if you please, roll up your sleeves and strike—not me, but an attitude, and say, 'There, disciple of Æsculapius, Galen, and Hippocrates, if you do not believe I have been caught in a man-trap, behold these black and blue bruises, here, there, everywhere'—What! you cannot raise your arms? Well, really, I did not think from your appearance, the matter was so

serious. Permit me."

Evidently the worthy physician had come to the conclusion on seeing me in the doorway, apparently uninjured, that Yoko had magnified the accident to him, and that his services were required now merely to relieve the reaction of intense excitement and apprehension: to accomplish which a smiling face and a pleasant word are more potent than potions and pills.

Somewhat abruptly, however, I informed the good physician that I had sent for him to relieve not myself but a more seriously injured stranger, who, having been removed on a sled from the log-pile to the inn, was then speechless and helpless in bed. And as I spoke, I conducted him upstairs to the door of the chamber in which the injured man lay. The doctor opened it, and closed it behind him in silence, and I went to my room to await in a state of anxiety bordering on distress the physician's possible recognition of the stranger and the result of his examination of his injuries.

At length, after an hour's weary waiting, I heard the physician descending the stairs; and no sooner had he reached the floor of the hall, than I was at his heels a living earnest interrogation, utterly oblivious of self, that must be answered.

"I hope he is not hurt badly."

"His legs have been pinched terribly, my child; but neither flesh has been cut nor bone broken, and I have no fears of his ultimate recovery in this particular. The paralysis is muscular rather than neural, arising from the pressure of the logs without and the engorgement of the blood within, and will disappear gradually without leaying any bad effect."

"But"—

"His voice will come back to him, too, by degrees. I feel no anxiety on that score. Irritated by the dust, smoke, and heated air of the burning pile beneath him, and congested by coughing and calling, the parts of his larnyx involved in uttering sounds are inflamed and swollen; and doubtless, they will resume their normal condition and function in a few days, if"—

"Do not stop. Tell me all; for I am interested deeply in him."

My candor overcame the doctor and he continued.

"If the more delicate membrane which lines the large and small cavities of the lungs, has not been irritated to the point of inflammation by the heated air, and noxious gases, the product of combustion, which necessarily must have entered his chest betimes during his long confinement in the situation you have described: a puff now and then when he could not refrain from gasping for breath between his spells of coughing. In that case"—

My aunt coming into the hall interrupted the physician.

"I was about to say, Miss Graham, that, in view of the seriousness of the young man's injuries, his friends should be informed at once."

"But he is an absolute stranger to us," interjected my aunt.

"A stranger to you!" exclaimed the physician in surprise. "And to you, too, Jane?" he enquired, a little quizzically, looking into my eyes as if he expected a reply which he was to construe by the rule of contrariety usually applicable to a woman's answers to queries about persons of the opposite sex in which she is interested.

"I may have seen him before to-day," I replied without hesitation; "but I cannot say, until I have learned his name."

"Well, this is strange—strange indeed! I thought, Jane, you and he were acquaintances at least. If not, how came you to meet away off in the woods? By chance, eh? And get yourself into a burning log-pile to get him out? By chance, eh? No matter, however; the world is full of wonders wherever there are young women and young men, and old people can do nothing but stare."

Accustomed to badinage and jests of this kind from the good physician—and many others, for that matter, including casual guests at the mountain inn—I was not affected by it; and avowing the truth of what I had said, I requested him to tell me the name of the stranger if he knew it at all, which I began to suspect from my prepossession as to his identity.

"Well, well, since it is necessary to inform his parents of his condition at once. His name is Robley Benham. He is the only son of Henry Benham, the wealthy coffee-merchant of Baltimore. He is a student of medicine and a great lover of out-door life; and his father recently having purchased for him the Belleview tract of land —in part adjoining the Graham tract, I believe—the young man has come out to spend the summer as he likes, knocking about as a mountaineer, roughing it with the natives, hunting, fishing, and, according to latest reports, trapping—I beg your pardon, Jane; but the fact is, I cannot resist it. The circumstances are so significant—catching you and being caught himself at the same time in it. There, now, do not hang your head, my child, and turn as pale as ashes; for from my knowledge of him and his father, he is a worthy young man in every respect—a noble fellow, with a head and heart in keeping with his fine physique."

But while the physician spoke, the walls of the hall began to revolve around me. A strange darkness enveloped me. I seemed to be sinking to the floor and floating in the air at the same time. I heard distinctly every word that was uttered; until, at length, the

sound of the physician's voice died away, and I floated through the open door and along the highway till I strangely vanished to myself as I approached the log, where I had sat in the morning with Argos by my side.

XIX.

With the utterance of the name "Robley Benham," the bubble of my heart-hope burst. My strength left me. My muscles relaxed. My senses swam; and I sank in a swoon.

I was prevented from falling to the floor, however, by my dear aunt, who, having divined the effect the physician's revelation would have on me, was quick to observe the blanching of my face and took me in her arms at once. I was laid then on a sofa in the parlor by the twain; and the blood soon returning to my head in a recumbent position, I recovered my consciousness at the same time.

The doctor was on the point of going home. I heard him say, "Poor child, the strain has been too much for her to-day, healthy and hardy though she is. But have no anxiety about her, Miss Graham; she will be up tomorrow morning as bright as a sunbeam and as cheery as a chipmunk. And with respect to the telegram—I will attend to that myself. Expect me at nine or ten to-night—as soon as I can get around from old 'Squire Biddle's—you know, perhaps, his eldest daughter, Susan, is not improving—lung trouble—inherited, you know. Beautiful evening—glorious weather, this. Good-bye."

The clatter of his horse's hoofs and the rattle of his buggy died away in the distance, but his words "Poor child" were repeated in my ears till I grew weary of their recurrence and turned my head to rid me of them.

Poor child! poor child!

As long as I was possessed of the idea that the stranger might be Philemon Holland, I was a woman, to do and endure all that a woman can and will for the man she loves—to suffer the tortures of the burning stake to save him from harm, and die the most miserable death to save him from destruction. But now that I was dispossessed of my exalting and expanding dream, I was a child again—a poor weak child—pitifully weak and fearful, weeping for I knew not what.

"Kiss me, aunty dear. There is nothing left me in the wide, wide world but you."

"And Congo, dear," added the good woman, between her kisses.
"And Yalu."

And so she went on enumerating the members of our mountain household and kissing me, until she had included all, down to the latest arrivals in Congo's family, Timbuctoo, or Tim, for short, and Dido, when I felt encouraged to dry my eyes, sit up, and look around me.

I saw the parlor was dark with the shades of evening; but in the gloom I soon discerned in a silent cluster around me, Congo and Yalu, and their respective families, almost breathlessly awaiting my recovery. They had stolen in with a common sympathy as intense and sincere as perhaps only children and the undeveloped of mankind can feel.

I responded at once to this natural expression of affection from those who, while they looked upon me as their mistress rather than my aunt, yet considered me a companion, entering into all their schemes and pursuits with a sympathetic heart as well as a directing head, and sharing their joys and sorrows as if I were one of them in the fullest sense of the words.

I called the youngest of the black and yellow toddlers to me; and having knelt on the floor in order that they could reach my neck, I bade them put their little arms around me and kiss me; and in assuring them that I was better and would soon be well, I really became stronger and reassured that the world was not the void I believed it a little while before.

At length, the elder persons having gone out of the room to attend to their several duties, the children were left around me; and one after another, and all together betimes, began to talk and gesticulate; their long-suppressed beings finding expression in a babel of words and a bee-swarm of pantomime around me: the subject of all which was the loss of Argos which they shared with me, the captured deer which they had seen through the cracks in the hay-mow above, and the burial on the morrow of the body of Argos in a box for which Yoko already had made the measurements.

For the time being, my individuality was lost in that of the group; but after supper, when I was left alone in bed, I reviewed the events of the day, again and again, with increasing grief and gloom, in which the loss of Argos involved the loss of Philemon Holland forever. Until at length, after a gush of tears, I fell asleep and did not awaken until all were astir in the morning.

XX.

In fact, when I came down stairs, I found in waiting Yalu, with all the little folk huddled around him, to apprise me at the first opportunity of an event which had taken place in the night and filled them with the greatest wonder and concern.

The doe during the night had given birth to twin fawns and then died. Yalu found the little orphans when he went into the barn; and having called and consulted his wife, he put them in a large basket lined with a soft blanket and brought them into the house to await my inspection and wishes with respect to their further disposition.

My sympathy for the motherless fawns took complete possession of me at once; and in contemplating them in the basket, and considering them from every point of view in consultation at breakfast with my aunt, I was relieved of my distress over the loss of Argos; and after learning that Dr. Mansfield, when he left the house about midnight, had reported Mr. Benham out of danger, I was no more interested in him than if he were an ordinary guest in the inn. After assuring myself that he had every attention paid him by Arabella and Congo, I rejoined the children and lost my secret self among them again in preparing for the double burial of the dog and deer, the pursuer and the pursued, the prowler and the prey.

Yoko was the carpenter of the party, and to him fell the task of making the coffins out of old boards from about the barn and his hoarded stock of bent and rusty nails; while Zambie, assisted by the smaller boys, dug the graves on the summit of a shapely knoll in the forest a few hundred yards from the house; and all the girls gathered piles of moss and flowers to deck the graves.

At length, these labors having been performed, Yoko and Zambie put the bodies in the coffins and nailed the lids; and Yalu, having brought out Jerry hitched to the sled, to serve as a hearse, the coffins were placed on it side by side. It was arranged then that Yalu should lead the horse to the graveyard; that the new-born fawns, as the chief mourners, should be placed in the back of the sled; that I should walk next behind the hearse, and the others follow in single file in accordance with their respective heights.

This done, the funeral set out: the beautiful little orphaned animals in my charge, and the diverse moods, actions, and expressions of the children in the procession, diverting my mind from the loss of Argos and the disappointment of the day before, and enabling me to bear lightly a burden of grief which otherwise would have bathed

me in tears and sunk me in the deepest melancholy.

As the procession passed the inn, my Aunt Melissa, Congo, Arabella, and Cora stood with uncovered heads on the porch—all silently regarding us except tender-hearted Congo, who could not suppress his sobs and ejaculations of sorrow. As I afterward learned, too, Dr. Mansfield and Mr. Benham, supported by the physician, looked down on us through the open window of the latter's chamber; and both were affected deeply by the exhibition, for they saw in it infinitely more than any of us could divine.

With the fall of the first shovelful of earth on the lid of my dear dog's coffin, however, I burst into tears; and not being able to recover my composure, I begged Yalu to take me home on the sled with my tender charge.

And the only solace I found in my wretchedness during the long summer's day and evening was in brooding over the fawns; calling Arabella to my side every half hour to feed them diluted cow's milk or fondle them to sleep; for I was unable yet to move my hands and much less raise my arms without suffering great pain.

The following morning, I stole off to the woods alone and approached the newly-made graves with a heavy heart. And again my thoughts were diverted and my feelings relieved by an unlooked for circumstance.

Astride the graves stood the crudest of wooden effigies representing the animals beneath them. They were strangely readily recognizable as a dog and a deer—nay, more than that, a dog closely pursuing a deer; for the smaller and longer-tailed effigy was close behind the larger and shorter tailed.

They were evidently the work of Yoko, provided with a saw with which he cut large and small saplings into proportionate bodies, legs, necks, heads, ears, and tails; an auger, with which he bored holes into the bodies and heads for the insertion of the legs, necks, ears, and tails; and a hatchet with which he fitted the latter for insertion into the former, rough-hewed the bodies and heads, blazed the well-known spots on the dog, and marked the mouths, nostrils, and eyes of the twain. To my artistic eye, trained from infancy to observe and delineate form with the most scrupulous exactness, these images were the ultimate of grotesque caricature and shocked me not only as barbarous monstrosities but also as mockeries of my misery. This sprawling simulacrum, the poor panic-stricken doe, that pursued by my dog sought a sanctuary in my own home, and, dying from exhaustion, left her tender offspring in my care! And this, Argos, the living link that connected me with Philemon Holland—the symbol of my happiness in the past and hope for the

future! This, the centre about which my being revolved!

The contrast between the figures before me and the images in my mind could not be greater. Iconoclasm and satire could go no further.

I turned from the fantastic firstlings of the young Korean's art in a stupefaction of revulsion—my fancy and feeling annihilated.

On my way home, I met Yoko.

He had seen me emerge from the forest and come out to receive my felicitations on his achievements—a suppressed smile being apparent in his chubby cheeks, and the light of looked-for joy in his bright black eyes.

Innocent boy! the very embodiment of good-will toward me and zeal in my behalf! little did he dream that in erecting his rude images of wood, he had torn down mine constructed of the finest fibres of my existence.

"Oh, Yoko!" I exclaimed, with rising emotion, in a struggle to conceal the hurt he had inflicted unconsciously, and reveal my appreciation of his intent; "I have seen the dog and deer which you have made and set up on the graves of dear Argos and the poor mother of my little pets."

"And did you know without anybody telling you which was the dog and which the deer?" asked the boy eagerly.

"Oh, yes, Yoko; the dog was behind, with a longer tail and shorter legs than the deer, and spotted."

The boy fairly glowed in triumph at this recognition of his ideas in his work, and added in ineffable satisfaction, "There is still another way by which you might know the dog from the deer, and make no mistake."

"What is that, Yoko?" I enquired, looking up in surprise.

"And did you not see?"

"No; I assure you I did not," I replied with increasing surprise and interest.

"Well, Miss Jane, I thought you would see it right away. The dog is made of dog-wood, and the deer is not."

My sense of the humorous and the ludicrous got the better of my injured feelings, and I resumed my walk to the house and the charge of the fawns in a veritable suspense between smiles and tears.

XXI.

About a week after the occurrence of the events which I have related in the past several chapters, I received a letter from the father

and mother of Robley Benham. It was a most affecting expression of the tenderest parental gratitude for the preservation of their son through what they termed in various sentences "my self-sacrificing spirit," "my most heroic act," "my brave deed revealing a noble spirit," and "my glorifying instrumentality," which, as I read them, made me shrink from myself as from an intruding stranger, and put such a serious aspect upon the accident that I felt a new alarm, which, however vague and indefinite, caused a slight sensation of chilliness to pass through my body and my hands—now free from numbness—to tremble. A postscript added, "In token of our heart-felt appreciation of the inestimable service you have rendered us, and as a slight recompense for all you have suffered in consequence of your heroic deed, please accept the enclosed, with our best wishes for your welfare now and hereafter."

I opened the sheets of the letter and found between them a New York draft for a thousand dollars, papable to my order.

I looked at it for a moment in amazement and horror.

I enclosed it again between the sheets, and, looking cautiously around to see that none observed me, I folded the letter, and thrust it in my pocket, and sought the seclusion and gloom of the garret to contemplate what had happened as evidenced by the letter and its enclosure, and what would happen in consequence, in all which I was involved in a great measure unconsciously, and, in a manner, accordingly, to excite my keenest apprehensions.

And doubtless the causes that compelled me to seek the seclusion and gloom of the garret to consider the situation, compelled me to decide on a line of action in a very few minutes—namely, to continue in seclusion, as far as my secret self was concerned.

I went to my chamber at once; and having written a reply to the letter I had received, thanking the grateful parents for their kind words and good intentions and declining to accept any reward or token of a money value for anything I might have done or suffered, I enclosed the draft and sealed and addressed the envelope. Then, realizing the value of the enclosure, and the better to keep my own affairs as much as possible to myself—even from my dear aunt—I put on my hat and set out to the village postoffice to mail my letter myself, and had it registered properly, that I might be assured of its reaching its destination in due time.

In the meantime, Robley Benham had been recovering gradually the use of his vocal organs and legs, until he could express his wants and wishes in whispers, and with the aid of crutches and the assurance of Congo at his side, move about in his room, and,

to relieve the monotony of his confinement, hobble and shuffle along the upstairs hall, enter the unoccupied rooms, and amuse himself with their several displays of paintings and drawings made by my grandmother, my mother, and myself, embroideries made by my aunt, and curios in wood, stone, bone, shell, cocoa-nut, bamboo, silk, ivory, and bronze collected principally in Japan, Korea, and the Hawaiian islands. In this way, and from the remarks of Congo, in explanation of the articles examined, he became acquainted in a great measure with the history of the family and evinced an especial interest in everything that pertained in any way to me individually that gratified Congo greatly, as he reported to me in confidence.

At length, the eleventh day after the accident, he was able to converse in a husky voice and come down stairs and go about the house and sit down at the table with little or no assistance. But in despite of our thrilling experience together and all I had learned about him since, he seemed to me to be more of a stranger than when I saw him in the burning log-pile. In his faultless city dress, he presented a very different appearance from that in a mountaineer's, begrimed with the smoke and ashes of the forest furnace. The effects of his exposure to the sun and fire had passed away, and the fairness of his complexion shone in the glistening skin of his face, neck, and hands, as I had seen it in glimpses below the roll of his shirt-sleeves and in the fiery circle on his shoulder during his confinement in the log-pile. But it was neither the change in his dress nor that in his complexion that estranged him; it was a certain mutation that had taken place in myself.

I avoided him as much as I could without revealing my secret intent to do so; and busying myself with my pets, my pencil, and the business affairs of the mountain inn and farm, I succeeded in keeping aloof from him without exciting any suspicion.

Gradually, however, I was moved by his genial open-heartedness, his courteous and considerate demeanor, and the sympathetic interest he took in the affairs of one and all; and when by chance one day, on my return from a brief visit in the village, I found him feeding and fondling my dear little fawns, I entered his presence without reserve and never afterward felt any shyness or timidity in his company.

And soon I learned how we happened to meet at the burning log-pile. Several days before, the woodmen employed by Mr. Benham in making the clearing, having drawn the logs together with oxen and piled them lengthwise, set fire to a dry hollow log in their midst, trusting to the flames to spread thence to other dry logs here

and there in the pile and consume the green with themselves. This was done to some extent, leaving great gaps and openings in the pile between the partially burnt green logs; and when Mr. Benham visited the pile on the morning of the accident, with his axe on his shoulder, he thought from its appearance that the fire had burned out by separating farther and farther the surfaces of the green logs until they ceased to give one another the necessary heat to effect combustion, and sat down on a projecting butt to enjoy the delights of his wildwood environment. While sitting thus in silence, the doe came into the clearing, and catching sight of Mr. Benham, bounded off toward the highway where I sat with Argos; and in the excitement of the moment, to follow the flight of the animal with his eyes as far as possible, he mounted the pile, stepping hurriedly from log to log, and in doing so set them to roll together inwardly and entrap him in the manner already described. At first, though most painfully pinched by the charred surfaces of the large logs pressing against his thighs, and coughing violently on account of the dust and ashes which he inhaled from the rising cloud around him, he thought little of the matter; but when he found that he was held fast by the logs and that there were hundreds of living coals in the ashes making their appearance in the pile beneath him and glowing with increasing brilliancy every moment, he realized that, unless rescued in ten or fifteen minutes at the farthest, he would be burned. He then called for help as lustily as he could in the intermissions between his coughing; his cry reaching my ear as I stood on the log, and taking me to his side at once, as I have related.

XXII.

During the next four years—or until I was far in my nineeenth year—Mr. Benham was an inmate of the Heart of Appalachia: several months of the first winter and spring excepted, when he attended his final course of lectures at the Georgetown Medical College in Washington and received his degree as a Doctor of Medicine. He had rooms in the big stone house for himself and two of his employees, a gardener and fruit-grower from Rochester, New York, Hiram Dalby, and an experienced stock-breeder from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, Thomas Mooney; and a great part of the barn set apart for such horses and vehicles as it was convenient for him to have near his place of abode. His father and mother, moreover, visited him betimes, and lodged in the mountain inn. I became

most intimately acquainted with him, his employees, and his parents; and in a very great measure, in consequence of this intimacy and association, my life was an uninterrupted succession of happy experiences, pleasant achievements, and gratifying successes in a hundred ways. In fine, at the age of eighteen and a half, the horizon of my existence was as extended perhaps as that of any young woman in the land.

When Dr. Benham—or Robley, as I soon came to call him familiarly—learned from his father that I declined to receive any gift or token of any money value in return for any service I might have rendered him, or in alleviation of any suffering I might have undergone in consequence of my imprisonment in the log-pile, he refrained from alluding to the subject and endeavored to do all he could for me and what he was pleased to call frequently my tripartite household of Europeans, Asiatics, and Africans, in a way I could not object to. He did this, too, I am sure now from my intimate knowledge of him, not so much as a matter of deliberation and design, as an expression of his sensitive nature and innate consideration for the feelings of others. I soon realized the effect of his actions, and recognizing gratefully the many kindnesses and benefits of a more substantial character I was receiving at his hands, I accepted them and enjoyed them fully.

One day, soon after his recovery, to my surprise an upright piano of the finest make was set down on the porch by a teamster from Johnstown. Dr. Benham had sent for it to keep in practice, as he said, while in the country; and since his room was crowded with furniture already, he begged it might be permitted to stand in the parlor, where others, if they saw fit, might make use of it as well as himself. I was caught in the trap before I realized I was in any danger; and in due time, though not endowed with even an ordinary ear for music, through the patient and persevering instrumentality of Dr. Benham, I learned to play an accompaniment to his favorite songs and even join him in a few duets. Betimes, too, guests were in the house who danced, and, in consequence of the music in the parlor and the necessity of taking in even the absolutely uninstructed to complete a set, I was led to take the first step in dancing, and to continue until I had learned all the square and round dances known to the guests.

Unknown to me, too, Dr. Benham had sent to his address the leading daily newspapers of New York, Baltimore, and Pittsburgh, half a score of magazines, including the best home and foreign art journals, as many more periodicals, relating to his special pursuits, and box after box of books, which generally were adapted to my

growing comprehension and expanding life; and under divers pretexts, I was induced to read them. Thus I acquired a variety of knowledge which otherwise I perhaps would never have gained in the seclusion of my mountain home, and lived as closely behind the ever-moving line of the times as if I were in the heart of a great city.

Then along betimes came in-door and out-door games and sports, cards, chess, croquet, lawn-tennis, and the like; and I was led into one and another of these social diversions by my kind and considerate master until I acquired sufficient knowledge and skill to play a commendable game with him and others, chance guests who were more expert.

But however much I profited by and enjoyed the musical instrument, the papers, magazines, and books, and the games which Dr. Benham provided, I was interested infinitely more in his diversified pursuits; for, the necessity of providing for my numerous household being constantly pressing and increasing with the growth of the two quartettes of children, Yalu's and Congo's, I was ever on the alert to make money and put it to the best use for our mutual good. I am convinced, too, now in reviewing all the circumstances, that Dr. Benham having observed my daily struggle to provide profitable employment for all, embarked in the business he did, seeing that it would be the best in many ways for me to engage in in connection with my wayside inn.

At any rate, after securing for himself the services of the experienced fruit-grower and gardener, Hiram Dalby, and the stock-breeder, Thomas Mooney, he induced me step by step to follow in his footsteps, and, without any additional expense to him, avail myself and dependents of the opportunity of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the two great occupations which can be carried on remuneratively on a mountain top where tilling the soil for grain is barely profitable with the best of crops that can be grown. When, accordingly, he prepared the ground for an orchard, vineyard, berry patch, asparagus, and rhubarb beds, and truck garden, I did the same by exchanging the labor of Yalu, Yoko, and Zambie for the knowledge and superintendence of Mr. Dalby; and when he sent his order to one of the leading nurserymen of the country selected by Mr. Dalby, mine was included at the lowest wholesale rates. In fine, whatever Dr. Benham did—in going into every detail of the business, reading the best books on the subject, discussing this method and that variety with each other, and referring to Mr. Dalby as an infallible arbiter, and assisting in divers ways in our several grounds, I was his constant companion. And eventually, in the direction of

gardening, I went even farther than he, but not without his hearty coöperation. This was in erecting a greenhouse for the cultivation of early vegetables for the table of my mountain inn, and in making a large mushroom bed in a little used cellar of the big stone house.

At the same time, while we were making the vegetable world as subservient as possible to us on the mountain, we were engaged, at greater expense and consequently with greater care and consideration, in making the animal world minister to our immediate wants and yield a certain revenue for future contingencies. In this we were guided by Mr. Mooney, and soon met with a most gratifying success. At the end of this period of my life of which I am writing now, I was the happy possessor of a beautiful thoroughbred Kentucky mare, Lady Lexington, and two of her fillies, Bessie and Fannie, a herd of seven Jersey cows which supplied the inn abundantly with the richest cream and butter, a score of Jersey heifers, a fold of Shropshire ewes, a pen of Cheshire swine, a hutch of lop-eared rabbits, a kennel of rough-coated collies, and a family of Persian cats; also, a yard of white Langshan fowls, a coop of Lady Amherst pheasants, a loft of Jacobin pigeons, and flocks at large of the European swan, the great bronze turkey, the black-shouldered peafowl, the white chinchu goose, and the Peking duck—all commanding the highest price for full-blooded stock and fancy fowls; and in addition a large pond and the stream above it stocked with the native brook trout, a smaller, enclosed with wire netting, filled with snappers from the valley streams, and thirty colonies of leather-back and five-banded Golden Italian bees.

In the management of this great variety of vertebrate and invertebrate stock, the labor was distributed among my dependents under the supervision of a triumvirate comprising Mr. Mooney, Dr. Benham, and myself—Mr. Mooney, attending especially to the mating of the mammals and birds to preserve their purity and vigor, Dr. Benham, (in whose name the business was advertised in the live-stock and poultry journals,) the boxing and shipping, while I carried on the correspondence, kept the books, and, with infinite satisfaction, every six weeks or so deposited to my credit in the village bank the excess of receipts over expenditures. I also personally assisted Yoko, who manifested a special aptitude in the management of the apiary; and when I appeared before Dr. Benham, with my veiled hat on my head and patent smoker in my hand, I was addressed invariably as the crowned and sceptered Queen-bee of Appalachia—a title which I took good care to assume at once and threaten drones with annihilation.

During this busy, successful, and happy period of my life, too, to

meet the demands of an increasing custom of the Heart of Appalachia as a summer resort, I found time and money enough to add a third story to the big stone house, to enlarge the barn, to build an ice-house near the fish-pond, and enlarge and beautify the grounds around the several buildings. The last was comparatively inexpensive, but it made the greatest of all the improvements to the eye. Five-foot lengths of huge hollow chestnut-tree trunks were procured, hooped with wire, and set up at artistic points to simulate natural vases, their cavities filled with forest soil, and set with ferns and other suitable native plants. The Virginia creeper was trained over the several walls of the houses and barn ; and the gorgeous trumpet-creeper over the high barnyard gateway and about the log-cabins of Yalu and Congo. Vistas were cut through the surrounding undergrowth, exposing here and there a moss-mantled cabin-boulder, a symmetric sugar-maple, a grove of hemlock, and the pearly lakelet of the fish-pond. Clumps of rhododendron and other mountain shrubs were given suitable shapes. The inequalities of the intervening spaces were adjusted by cutting and filling, and grass seed sown. Rude bridges were erected over the brooks, and rustic benches placed in shady recesses along the several paths into the forest and near the croquet grounds and tennis court.

In all which I exercised to the fullest my sense of the artistic, designing on paper every alteration and addition before execution, and studying the effect of every detail in the general view. Indeed, in every department of my diversified occupation, my eyes were perhaps as useful and effective as my hands. In distinguishing the characteristics of the different varieties of vegetable and animal stock on the farm, I was quick and infallible; and I took great delight in putting them on paper and comparing my drawings with the standard types in the books to silence my coadjutors who affected to doubt to have an opportunity to approve and admire. The decided bent of my being, however, was to give expression to my recognition of every shape and form I observed in an artistic reproduction on paper or canvas; and as I expanded from day to day, this dominant faculty became more and more the essential characteristic of my individuality among my acquaintances and friends, and mine hostess of the Heart of Appalachia, the fruit grower, the stock-dealer, the queen-bee, and divers minor facets of my many-sided life were all merged and lost sight of in the Artist.

My art was not without a money value, too, in my diversified vocation; for having prepared a catalogue of the variety of stock owned by Dr. Benham and myself, embellished profusely with drawings from life, it was, when photo-engraved and printed by Dr.

Benham as his share of the expense, the means of effecting many sales for our mutual benefit as the correspondence of purchasers evinced.

XXIII.

During these four years, I was daily in the company of Dr. Benham, excepting the winter months of the first year when he was attending his final course of lectures in the Georgetown Medical College, as I have said, and an occasional fortnight spent with his father and mother in Baltimore; and I regarded him as a companion in everything I did.

We read and studied together; we played and worked together; and we shared our several joys and successes which so far outnumbered and outweighed our sorrows and reverses as to obliterate them entirely. Betimes afoot we climbed the mountain sides and penetrated the fastnesses of the forest for miles around, or on horseback galloped to and from the surrounding villages on the slightest pretexts, to mail a letter, to buy a paper of pins, or the like; and as regularly as the autumn came with its agricultural expositions, we visited together the fairs of our own and surrounding counties to mingle generally with the masses in their common jostling, jesting, and sight-seeing, to meet and greet old acquaintances and friends, and especially to inspect the stock exhibited and purchase such as we desired, and as well to distribute our catalogues among the exhibitors and effect a sale now and then. So we attended together the social picnics of the people of the valleys on each side, to the east and west of us, the great political conventions in the neighboring towns, the teachers' institutes, and several balls and notable plays by actors of repute in the several county seats. In fine, we were associated as intimately and agreeably as we were constantly—in fact, in our persons, and in fancy, in the minds of all our friends and acquaintances. We were mated for life, I heard in one form or another almost daily—so frequently that I accepted it with as little thought and feeling as I would have done a remark that some day I would die.

At length, however, in the spring of 1888, when I was in my nineteenth year, and as a woman perhaps as fully developed mentally and physically as Dr. Benham was in his twenty-fourth as a man, I was compelled to give the matter my serious consideration by the persistent pleading of Dr. Benham himself to name the happy day

of our union as man and wife.

At one time I said to him, "Robley, we are too much alike to love each other as a man and woman should who hope to wed and live happily together. We are equally able to support ourselves and our households alone, without the other's assistance. We are naturally companions and may be friends through life in the fullest sense of the word. We engage in the same pursuits—read the same books, race, ride, and romp together from morning till night; and yet while we are side by side we are independent of each other, as if we were two men of the same years and habits of mind and body, and not mutually dependent, or supplemental to each other to form a perfect whole, as a man and woman who cleave together in love to afford each other the assistance necessary to enable them to live comfortably and happily. Our marriage would be a partnership and not a union; an indefinite extension of our present business and social relations with a risk of rupture which we avoid as we are. So, my best of friends—the kindest, cheeriest, and most companionable companion ever woman had in a man, say no more about changing the name of our partnership without altering its nature—at any rate, not till we get back from our gallop this beautiful evening to Rattlesnake Ridge. Come, here is Zambie, with our horses; and see, I am in my saddle with a bound without so much or so little as an offer of assistance from my would-be cavalier."

And away we went, over the hills to our favorite turning point, chatting merrily when our horses came together about anything in the world of possibilities or probabilities save our marriage.

At another time I said to him, "Ordinarily, it is true, Robley, as you say, that when a young woman saves the life of a young man, she becomes his wife; and since I had the good fortune, albeit at the inestimable price of the loss of Argos, to prolong your precious existence, I have heard the remark so frequently that I have been forced to investigate its pretentions to truth and consider its consequences to all concerned in the present instance. And the conclusions I have come to as a social philosopher are these. Pay attention, please. You have counted the eye-like spots in the semi-circular spread of the peacock's plumes before; and if you let my pet crow peck at the trinkets on your watch-chain without keeping an eye on him, you may lose the charm I gave you and which I have heard you say often you would part with only with—the rascal has it, as sure as his name is Muggins; and away he flies! and you will never see your talisman again until you have found the cavern of the night-plumaged thief in some hollow tree-top. No, no; it is

too late now to lament; so listen and hearken well to every word I say. When a woman risks her life to save a man from drowning, drunkenness, or cremation in a log-pile, if you will, she does so because she is the woman-half of the species Man and sees in the destruction of the man-half the extinction of herself and kind. She is impelled irresistibly by her feminine nature, nine hundred and ninety-nine parts of which when moved act independently of her will and annihilate for the time being the single part that is under her conscious control. She is then practically an irresponsible creature, and immediately should have a committee of discreet matrons of years and experience, appointed by the Court of the county in which she resides, to take charge of her person and estate. For having had her feminine nature aroused once to this extreme, or suicidal point, by the extremity of the man, she is moved the more easily in that direction afterward by the real or assumed distress of the man whom she has saved; as a person who falls in an epileptic fit under certain circumstances will have a recurrence of his convulsions under similar. Now, in conclusion, if you will prove to me beyond a reasonable doubt, first, that it was I indeed who saved your life, and not the deer that put you in jeopardy, or the dog that in his death excited Congo to search for me in the direction of the course he had come, or big-hearted and big-bodied Congo who extricated me and took the necessary charge of you in your precarious condition, or a combination of the four of us, deer, dog, Congo, and myself; and second, that you are in similar circumstances of danger and distress, and that you are not malingering as perhaps only a physician of four and twenty can—well, I might have another fit, of course; but until you have satisfied me on these two scores, the ebb and flow of the tides are not more regular than my inhalation and exhalation—I thank thee, Dr. Benham, for teaching me these words; the ticking of my grandfather's clock on the staircase is not more uniform than the diastole and systole of my heart—I thank thee, Jew, again; and the summer skies of the sunny South Sea isles we read of are not more serene and suggestive of infinite and eternal happiness than that intangible and imponderable and at the same time very considerable part of me as a fully-developed woman—get out the tablets of your memory, Robley, and mark it down in never-to-be-forgotten red—my mind. Now, let us inspect our stock on the two farms and determine what is best to be done. Oh, for paper and pencil to fix forever that look compounding delight and disappointment, like a sniff combining the odors of attar of roses and castor oil! But, never mind, I can reproduce it accurately from memory, when I fail to make you smile otherwise. No; let us walk

and climb the fences wherever we happen to come to them. Have you salt? No; then wait while I run to the house and back—or, let us go together, if you will."

At a third time—or, perhaps, a thirtieth; no matter—I said, "No, Robley, no! And that is the twentieth time, one more than the proverbial nineteen naysays of a maiden that go for naught; and accordingly, a positive, absolute, and all-involving negation, denial, and refusal of your solicitations, importunings, pleadings, arguments, or howsoever your acts and addresses to make me your wife may be designated. I do not love you, however much I esteem, admire, and honor you, and prize your friendship and company as the greatest good fortune that could have come to me during the past four years. And that this is a fact you cannot dispute, I ask you in all confidence, have you ever detected the slightest symptom of love in me for you? In writing to Tom, Dick, and Harry about Cheshires and Langshans, have I ever written unconsciously, Dear Robley? Have you ever seen or heard of me blushing at the mention of your name, or in the discussion of you and your present, past, or future? Have you ever known me to mope and mumble in your presence? or misunderstand you about trifles? or beg your forgiveness about unintentional acts and remarks which you never observed? or weep without knowing why and thank you for the comfort you always give me? or fly up in a pet and call you cruel when you have been kind? In fine, in the long course of our intimate association, have you known me to be other than I am at present—too hale and happy to suffer the pangs of love for a moment, however sweet. And by the same tokens, I believe you do not love me as you profess. Your appetite is too good. Your cheeks are too ruddy. Your pulse—yes, let me have your wrist: not your hand; now, flex your hand a little, if you please—there—your pulse is too regular, strong, and resilient. Away! dissembler, and get dyspepsia or melancholia or something at least akin to love before you come into my presence again! What! you will not? Then—Hark! I hear Zambie hallooing to Yoko that No. 19 is about to swarm. Come, and assist in hiving it: I will lend you my veil, and you can hold the smoker. You will not? You will follow me through figurative fire and flood, but not through a real swarm of bees! Ah ,me! a maiden of eighteen summers and alone in the world! how the breed of man has degenerated from the good old days we read of when love made an invincible hero of even the veriest varlet whose previous autopsy would have revealed both a white liver and a chicken heart! What! you have changed your mind and will take the veil? Well, I will borrow Yoko's; and together we shall share the dangers and delights

of housing comfortably a colony of leather-backs."

But Dr. Benham believed that I loved him in despite of my protestations to the contrary, and bore with my raillery, rhadamontade, and facetiousness as the usual preliminaries of a maiden before yielding with a yes. He based his belief on our intimacy during the past four years, and a difference in our dispositions which I would not admit and which made our company mutually agreeable —unified us, as he was wont to express it, by comparing us to the organs of vision in one's head which however alike in general yet look at the same object from different points of view and compound the different impressions on the two retinas into one image in the mind. We were mated then, in his opinion and argument, as naturally as our eyes.

But it is a long lane that has no turning. At length he affected to acquiesce in my desire to continue indefinitely in the future as we had been in the past, the nearest and dearest of friends, model brother and sister, but nothing more. "Well, well, Jane; have it your way, if you will. We shall live together and yet apart, like the celebrated lovers among the Economites, Jacob Henrici and Gertrude Rapp—until you change your mind."

XXIV.

And day after day came and went without a word from him on the subject of matrimony; and he seemed to be so contented and happy from morning till night, cheerily engaged in this or that pursuit, and chatting agreeably with every man, woman, and child that came in his way, that I began to note the fact curiously in my mind, then covertly wonder, and finally vaguely fear, without admitting it to myself, that he would never broach the subject again. Slowly and insensibly but surely I became anxious and ill at ease; and lest he might detect my worry without any apparent cause, I avoided his company more and more, till at length I actually spent a whole day without seeing him, except through the blinds of my chamber window, when, after arranging divers matters about the barn—possibly to conceal his anxiety about my absence—he mounted his horse, and singing merrily rode away in the direction of Laughlinstown.

What—or whom is he going to see there? I asked myself and answered, in surprising vacillation, It is nothing to me, and It is all the world. And seriously I began to ask myself, If I ever could

love him? then, If I did? and finally, If I did not?

Strangely, too, to add to my mental bewilderment and incipient emotional disturbance, the form and features of Philemon Holland began to reappear in my visions as they did some time before and especially in the morning of the eventful day I was associated so strangely—so intimately—so happily—and, perhaps, so opportunely with Robley Benham. I endeavored to blend the images of the two into one; but the more I thought about compounding and confounding them, the more distinct they became in my mind. I put my fancies on paper—I drew with the ease of writing my name the familiar features of Philemon; then, I modified the lines into a likeness of Robley. But I was not satisfied; and half unconsciously and half intentionally, I covered a sheet of paper with alternate pictures of the boy of my childhood's dream and the man of my womanhood's reality; and on the approach of my dear aunt, I folded the sheet as if it were a finished letter, and blushed for shame when I realized a moment afterward that I was practicing deception on the good woman whose sole solicitude was for my welfare and in whom I could confide more safely than myself.

"Ah, you are busy, I see, my dear. I am sorry I disturbed you."

"No, dear aunt, I am not busy—far from it; for when I am busy, I am happy."

"And you are not happy? Why, what in the world has happened?"

I then revealed to my aunt fully and freely the dilemma I was in, between my prepossession for Philemon Holland, with increasing intensity from childhood albeit with nothing but imaginings to feed on, and my present, intimate, happy, and inevitably entangling relations with Robley Benham.

My dear aunt evidently had foreseen for a long time that in the event of my attaining womanhood in the agreeable company of the latter, I would have more or less of a conflict in the arena of my heart between the opposing forces of the past and present, and had determined definitely what to do and say in the crisis; for no sooner had I concluded, than she sat down on the easiest chair in the chamber with so much composure and deliberation as to calm my agitation at once and render me more impressionable to what she had to say.

And from the first word of her studied preliminary, to the effect of what I had heard from infancy but which I never comprehended fully or felt appreciably, that I was in mind and body to a remarkable degree a reproduction of my Grecian grandmother, to the last detail of the history of that unhappy woman which I had never

heard before, I listened with a fascination that pervaded my being ; as if I felt my fate physically in her words as fully as I comprehended mentally their meaning.

In conclusion, she said, "Now, my dear child, you know your danger and may avoid it. It is within you and not without—an inherited susceptibility to be affected more by the creatures of your fancy than those of the world of fact around you. The Philemon Holland whom you love is a fiction of your heart and head—a wish idealized and idolized—a self-conceived spectre, which if not laid now in the heyday of your health and vigor, from day to day hereafter will rise in increasing opacity between you and happiness even in the heart of a perfect paradise and drag you down to an untimely and most miserable end. There are demons of destruction, and this beautiful vision of yours—this anthropomorphosed dream, endowed with all the graces, accomplishments, and virtues of man of which you can conceive, and accidentally denominated Philemon Holland, is to you the arch demon of all. But how, you may ask—how can you escape this demon that has been born and bred in your very being? I will tell you, my child. Look outward, not inward. See the real around you, not the ideal within. See the good man at your side with whom you are associated daily and separate him at once and forever as a substance of good in the glare of the sunshine of to-day from the shadow of evil that pursues you in the increasing gloom of the past. Regard his person—is he not handsome in form and feature? his health and vigor—is he not the equal and probable superior in strength and agility of any of our mountain athletes? his habits and morals—are they not excellent, as evidenced in his daily life in an infinite variety of circumstances? his inherited tendencies—are they not to be trusted, from your knowledge of his most estimable father and mother? Consider too, in the light of day, the objective evidences around you of his intelligent, far-reaching, and agreeable devotion to you during the past four years—has he not had your welfare at heart in the past in such a way that you can rely upon him without the slightest tremor of fear in the future? You cannot but answer these several questions in the affirmative; then, at once and forever, by the decree of your will, divorce your womanhood from the demon to whom you sold your susceptible childhood for the price of a beautiful dog, and marry the man with whom you have been associated intimately and happily for the past four years, and who now asks you to become his wedded wife. One word more. Avoid seclusion. Keep in the company of some one who is agreeable to you as long as you are in this troubled state—Robley himself, I do not hesitate to suggest. Your demon is not an

exception—he will suck your heart's blood only when you are alone."

XXV.

My dear aunt's discourse had the very opposite effect on me of that intended. She understood my nature better perhaps than anybody else could, from her knowledge of my inheritance from my mother and grandmother as evidenced in me in a thousand ways from infancy; but she did not appreciate fully the impression made upon me by Philemon Holland under the circumstances which I have related. He was a reality and his surroundings were substantial as far as I was concerned when a child; while to my dear aunt, who had never seen him or anybody connected with him, or anything belonging to him except the dog Argos, he was a name, a myth, a creature of the fancy, and nothing more.

In fine, when my aunt ceased to speak and went down stairs to resume her household duties, I was apparently calm but in reality in a stupor compounding amazement, despair, and horror.

The first chapters of the story of my grandmother's life seemed to me to be but a variation of my own. She saw; she loved: so did I. The one whom she loved passed from before her eyeballs, but the image of his personality remained behind, stamped ineffaceably on the coin of her being. And, accordingly, would not her unhappy fate be mine—whithersoever I might go and whomsoever I might wed to mitigate my misery, albeit he might be Robley Benham, as unexceptionable a man in every way as my worthy Scottish grandfather, Alexander Graham? Was I not doomed already!

Then to have the cherished image of my beloved metamorphosed into a demon of destruction was horrible in the extreme. I shrank from the conversion as I would from the most foul and forbidding fiend I could conjure up in my excited imagination. Oh, no, it cannot be! The beautiful face I see and the gently thrilling voice I hear, are not the belongings of a haunting werewolf with fearful jaws and horrifying howlings! Never! never! the presence that pervades my being in dreams like the fragrance of the trailing arbutus in the early spring, is not that of a vampire crouched on my breast, fanning me gently with his bat-like wings of filmy loathsomeness, while he greedily and gloatingly battens on my heart's blood! How could my dear, dear aunt ever fancy such a mutation of the beautiful, exalting, ennobling, and purifying, into the mon-

strous and debasing in the extreme! How could her life of love ever give expression to such a sentiment of mockery unto itself! Is constancy to an absent lover or friend to be condemned? Is faithfulness a fault of our being? Is memory an organic curse? Are ideals of beauty, truth, and love, and images of those whom we cherish simply idols set up and worshiped in objective attestation of our innate savagery and brutality? I cannot believe it—I will not! Come what may come, I will uphold the image of Philemon Holland in my ardent gaze as a symbol of salvation, and never! never! of destruction!

With this determination, I rose to my feet; and having expanded my lungs to their full capacity, I walked across the room defiantly —the inside world in which I lived a life of the purest bliss with my ideal lover against the outside world in which I encountered mockery and misery—woe upon woe to an untimely end, as had been the fate of my grandmother and mother before me, and as certainly would be mine. After a turn or two in the room, however, my step became slower and weaker, till wearily I resumed my chair; for as I paced the floor, I began to think that I was laboring under a delusion in my servility to the image of Philemon Holland, and that if I was not then in the incipient stages of insanity, I would be soon if I permitted it any longer to subordinate my existence, by withdrawing me from the world around me—blunting my recognition of my relations with realities and confounding finally and forever my faculty of discerning any difference between the objective thing without and the subjective thought within. Seized with a vague alarm, then, I said to myself, My dear aunt is calm while I am disturbed; and she is disinterested while I am involved—she is reposing on the river bank while I am struggling in the stream. She must be right and I wrong; she sane, and I mad. She loves me with the tenderest, the truest, and the most unselfish love ever foster-mother in an aunt had for an only child. I must trust her and believe that she advises me for the best. I must go out and seek the company of some agreeable person to absolve me from my secret self and release me from the baleful powers of the foul and forbidding fiend that pursues me in the disguise of a fancy-formed Philemon Holland. I must go and look out and see this man and that man—and reach out and take this man by the hand and that man by the hand, until, seeing and feeling sensuous and substantial men in the world in which the sun of to-day is shining, I may find some one who happily will melt and mint again my being and give it currency among the coins of a happy humanity, stamped with another image than that it now bears—Robley Benham's?

Perhaps; I cannot say.

Again I paced the room with the strength of a determination; and again I sank into my chair in the weakness of indecision, as I said to myself, Why Robley Benham's rather than any other man's. There is no good and sufficient reason beyond our intimate association and his agreeable and unexceptionable personality to me. I am under no obligation to love or marry him. I have never accepted anything from him except on the basis of business and a fair exchange of the benefits of friendship: keeping accurately balanced books in the one and capping in kind every kindness, courtesy and consideration not only to my little or single self, confined within the circle of my waist-band, but also to my considerably bigger or multiple self, comprising my dear aunt, and our dependent families of Congo and Yalu. I have helped him and he has helped me. I have made money for him and he has made money for me. I have enjoyed his company and he has enjoyed mine. We met as equals, woman and man; and we have lived together for four years as equals; and should we part to-day forever, the one going east and the other going west, we should bear equal burdens of benefits arising from our happy association, and owe each other nothing save a natural outgrowth from this association of mutual regard and esteem. But instead of parting, he comes forward manfully and extends to me his hand with his heart in it; and what shall I do? what can I do? Alas! my heart is not in my hand to give at will, and I must halt until it be, before I extend it to him in the highway of honor. Then, oh, then, the spectre of my childhood will be laid and I shall have perfect peace and happiness. To-morrow I will spend the livelong day with Robley—here, there, anywhere—and foster every feeling that may be awakened in the direction of the end in view.

XXVI.

The following three days from morning till night I spent in the company of Robley. I permitted myself to be as passive as possible—following rather than preceding in our diverse undertakings and doings among our mammals and birds and in traversing the two contiguous tracts of land, and listening rather than talking.

Robley was in the best of spirits, glowing with health and fervid with hope; and taking my dear aunt's advice literally, I looked at

him at every opportunity and dwelt in admiration on his beauty and grace not only from the point of view of an artist but also from that of a young woman who in the course of her business as an innkeeper had observed and studied critically every young man who came into the circle of her vision. I set myself purposely to divine the motives of his actions; and, to my great delight, I concluded that his exterior was an absolute exhibit of his interior—his movements so responsive to external relations—his replies so ready and direct to all my remarks—as to preclude the possibility of his giving in them an expression to any concealed intent or hidden desire at variance with that which was visible to the world in the glare of the sun.

When we parted at nightfall the first evening, he said to me, with a facetiousness that could have come only from the encouragement he had received from my manner, "Jane, as your physician and friend, I feel it imperatively incumbent on me to warn you against the invasion of an insidious affection of profound gravity, the first symptoms of which I have discerned in you to-day, in an unusual absent-mindedness, a remarkable indifference to the details of your work, and an occasional sigh. Let your thoughts and dreams to-night run in another channel than that in which they have coursed to-day, or to-morrow you will require more heroic treatment than words."

When we parted the second evening, he continued in the same vein of pleasantry, "Jane, dear Jane, although I am a physician of exceedingly limited experience in cases similar to yours, I am satisfied from the symptoms which I have observed to-day in a general pallor relieved occasionally by a perceptible flush, in a passive acceptance betimes of a helping hand, as in crossing the slippy log bridge below the Cobweb Falls and in clambering over the rocks beyond, and in a partial loss of your faculty of appreciating the lapse of time and the immensity of space, that you have been invaded by the dread affection of which I spoke last night—in fact, that your system now is pervaded by its virus. Accordingly, you must follow the directions of your physician implicitly, if you have life enough to enable you to aid the disease in happily running its course. The first medicine which I shall prescribe for you is called Elixir vitæ. It has been compounded *secundem artem* and may be taken *ad libitum pro re nata*—or freely, whenever the opportunity occurs. I have it here in a portable form on my lips. Permit me, Jane, to administer it."

I turned away and ran upstairs.

"Well, well," I heard him say as I retreated from his proffered

kiss, "it is the function of a physician to prescribe for the best in accordance with the circumstances; and if his pills and potions be thrown out of the window, he should not be blamed for his patient's suffering."

The third day over, as we sat together in a favorite retreat in the gathering gloom of evening, and Robley had concluded a most affecting appeal to me to accept his love, I was moved by an irresistible impulse to refuse in the most positive manner to consider any longer his proposition. I said to him, "Robley, prudence, duty, and honor compel me to close my ears to you as a lover. In listening to you, I may seem to be pleased when in fact I am not; and I must not be put in a false and compromising position. In so doing, also, I may jeopard the happy relations of ourselves and families, which it is incumbent on me to perpetuate by every means in my power. And finally, I am convinced from a study of myself during the past three days and nights of mental and emotional excitement, that I do not love you now, and, in all probability, never can. To this you may say, as you have already, that whether or not I love you in my sense of the word, you are satisfied, from our association during the past four years, that I love you in yours, and will marry me in absolute confidence that our future will be certainly as happy as our past, and in all probability as happy as ever falls to the lot of man and wife. That may be, but I doubt it; and I give myself the benefit of the doubt. I cannot lie; and I will not say at the altar that I love you when I do not. The falsehood and hypocrisy, known perhaps only to myself, would make me wretched to the end of my days and most deservedly, and involve you necessarily in my misery. No, Robley; I am too true a friend to you to cause you knowingly an instant's suffering. So, I implore you, by our happy relations now, which I know you prize as highly as I do—I implore you to receive this refusal of your suit, which has stirred me to the profoundest depths of my being, as final."

The grand man endeavored to conceal the pangs of a rejected lover; for he was too honorable to reveal his suffering to excite my pity or affect me through sympathy. He was not able, however, to prevent an appreciable hesitation in his manner and stifle a certain huskiness in his voice, when he said, after a few moments' silence, "To-morrow, Jane, we shall go about our work as usual. Come, take my arm, and let me conduct you to your aunt. Good night."

XXVII.

The crisis was past. The agony was over. I breathed freely; and as I hastened up the stairs, I observed that my step had regained its elasticity; and when I encountered my dear aunt in my chamber, I threw my arms about her neck; and having kissed her affectionately, I told her freely and a little cheerily perhaps all that had transpired in the last three days in consequence of my following her advice.

"And aunty, dear, I have come to the conclusion," I appended to my narration, in a surprisingly confident tone so soon after my troubled and distressful, "that the mistake my grandmother made was, not in treasuring to the day of her death the memory of the man whom she loved, but in marrying my grandfather. We never might have come into existence in that event, perhaps; but something might have happened had she remained single by which she could have married the English officer and lived to a good old age, the happiest woman in the world. At any rate, come weal or woe, I will treasure the image of Philemon Holland until I shall have learned for a certainty of his death; and I will never marry another then, until I shall have forgotten Phil, and may be able then to love my husband with my whole heart and being, rendered all the more worthy of a good man's affection by my constancy and silent suffering for years. So, wish me a happy dream of Phil, aunty dear, and kiss me good night."

XXVIII.

I slept well—too soundly to dream; and the next morning, I arose early, refreshed, and donned my clothes, alternately singing a merry song and mimicking the chattering and scolding of a familiar red-squirrel on a limb projecting toward my window, running to and fro and flirting his tail at every turn with a comical air of saucy defiance.

At breakfast I greeted Robley in a cheery mood; and Zambie having reported the sight in the early morning of several deer in the neighborhood of the graves of Argos and the mother of my pets, (now running at large and practically as wild as their associates to everybody but myself,) I set out alone to give them salt and keep them accustomed to my person and voice as much as possible, if I found mine among them.

Long since the rude effigies of Yoko's manufacture had lost all semblance to the animals intended, by the falling out of the pins which represented their tails, necks, and ears, leaving the bodies supported on their rickety legs; and these, at my suggestion, were hollowed by Yoko on the upper surface and converted into shallow salting-troughs to entice my pets, when they began to run at will, to return betimes to the grave of their mother and receive my caresses.

I soon saw the deer—five in number—near the troughs, and fancied I recognized an old buck among them as one of my pets and a young buck as one of the offspring of the other, a doe, of the preceding year—the latter buck an especial favorite on account of his exceptional confidence in me, taking salt from my hand, and permitting me to scratch his head and put my arms around his neck when the others scarcely would suffer me to come within twenty, thirty, or sometimes even a hundred yards of them.

On this occasion the herd was unusually timid and shy; and retreating before me farther and farther from the inn, I found myself at length by the side of the log where I stood, four years before to the very day and at approximately the same time in the morning, when I saw the living link Argos that connected me with Philemon Holland pass out of sight forever in pursuit of the deer, and when, a few moments later, I became associated with Robley Benham seemingly never to be separated save by death.

In remarking mentally the coincidence of the date and time of day, I sat down on the log; and forgetting the deer, I sat perhaps as motionless as a statue as I reviewed all that had taken place during the past four years, and especially the culminating period which had come to an end the past night.

An end? I asked myself in 'spite of myself.

But the doubt was of short duration.

An end. The very agony I have suffered in rejecting Robley is of itself enough to convince me that I love Philemon Holland with my whole heart, and that I cannot love another as long as there is the slightest hope of our meeting again.

The tongue of my favorite deer upon my hand, which contained a lump of salt, awoke me from my reverie. Emboldened by my immobility and silence, he had come stealthily to my side and was under the influence of his early subjection to me before either of us was aware of it.

"Ah, Billy, you rogue, to run away from me and pretend you do not love me," I said to him, as I gave him the salt with one hand and patted his head and stroked his neck affectionately with the other. "Then to lead me so far away from home—hither and

thither through field and forest for hours—until you have brought me to this most significant spot to both of us, where so much of our several lives has been determined. What motive had you in your roguish heart? What trick to play on me? or trap to catch me in? and leave me ever after half convinced you are an accomplice of Fate?" with a scarcely coherent chatter besides intended to convey my affection for the beautiful animal rather than the rambling of my self-considering thoughts.

Suddenly the deer sprang from my side in alarm; and looking up, I saw a stranger on the road—perhaps twenty feet from me—in a respectful attitude, with his hat uplifted, as if he awaited the termination of my interview with the deer to address me.

He was tall and spare—or, to be more exact in his portraiture—he was stooped somewhat, but nevertheless noticeably above the average of men in height, and gaunt to a degree approaching rawboned; while his face was pale and of the type significantly called hatchet: his features strongly marked: the ridge above his keen grey eyes prominent to an extreme degree, his nose, though shapely, remarkably large, and his mouth and chin disproportionately small: the expression of the whole being rather repelling than attractive.

He was dressed from top to toe in an English outing suit; and he carried a tourist's bag, loosely slung over his left shoulder.

His age was doubtful from his stoop and pallor—from twenty-five to thirty-five or even forty; and while he was not a handsome man from an artistic point of view, he was in his totality a striking and impressive personage.

The first thought that came to me when I saw him was—A big raw-boned American student of some sort in an English outfit; but on hearing him utter his first sentence, I set him down, from the tone of his voice and the accent and rhythm of his speech, as an out-and-out Englishman by birth and breeding.

"I hope you will pardon me for driving away unintentionally your beautiful pet; and if a stranger may be permitted to address you in the way of making an enquiry, I beg you will inform me if you can where I can find a certain Dr. Robley Benham. He is engaged in breeding thoroughbred stock; and as I have been informed, he resides in this neighborhood."

"The land on the opposite side of the road belongs to him; but he resides in the inn, the Heart of Appalachia, on this side of the highway, nearly a mile distant in the direction you are traveling," I replied; adding in the same breath, with the freedom of one accustomed to converse with strangers, "I am going thither myself; and if you will accept my company, I shall be happy to go with you

and give you any further information you may desire."

"I accept your proffered company and services with many thanks. Permit me, if you please."

He extended his hand to me to assist me in stepping over a little ditch by the roadside which otherwise I would not have observed at all, for it was but little larger than a wagon rut; and he did so so spontaneously and gracefully that I recognized the act as an expression of a naturally courteous and well-bred man.

What inconsiderable trifles affect us! I took his hand, and stepped over the ditch, indicating my appreciation of his kindness by magnifying the barely possible danger of stepping into it with a perceptible display of caution; while I smiled at the absurdity of his assisting me, who, in racing along slippy logs, in clambering up and down rocky steeps, or in leaping over brooks, could get along perhaps with more safety than he. Robley, familiar with my independence of action in mountaineering, would have been as indifferent to my stepping over a ditch of many times the dimensions of this as to my walking along a smooth and level path at noonday.

"By chance I picked up a copy of Dr. Benham's catalogue in the reading room of a hotel in Harrisburg, and, having read it from cover to cover and dwelt in admiration over the artistic drawings from life with which it is embellished so liberally, I conceived a great desire to make his personal acquaintance. I imagine from the scope and character of his occupation, and the happy way in which he comes before the public, that he is a gentleman of rare ability, with a kindly nature that knows no bounds, and an innate love for natural history, who, in early life having amassed a fortune, is, in the glorious autumn of his life, spending his money freely and his days happily in following his natural inclination. He has business ability and habits certainly; and only in the character which I have given him can I account for the sympathetic love he reveals for his beasts and birds in his writing, and a certain correspondence between an expressed admiration in the text of their several exceptional beauties of form in motion and at rest and a perfect delineation of the same in his artistic engravings. I humbly beg your pardon in advance, if I go too far or too wide of the mark in what I am about to say—but, from your outward appearance and the revelation of your inward nature in your occupation when I met you, I infer that you are a daughter of Dr. Benham?"

"Oh, no, no;" I replied, with a smile of amazement and amusement on my face which I could not repress at the divergence so glaringly apparent to me between the facts and the stranger's fancies and inferences. "Dr. Benham is a young man—now in his twenty-

fourth year."

"Then certainly a brother of yours, with most exceptional abilities and accomplishments and decided habits of life in one so young."

"No; neither father nor brother, but a friend whom I am proud to acknowledge when it is proper for me to do so in public and private; for he is a gentleman of so many excellent qualities that any young woman, I believe, from my intimate knowledge of and association with him for several years, might be proud and as happy as proud to call her friend."

"Neither father nor brother, but intimate friend and associate. Then I have but one more inference. You are the woman half of the catalogue which fascinated me—yours the kindly sympathy to all living things which I conceived to be possible in a man only after he has passed in ease and affluence the destructive or meridian period of a man's life; and yours the artistic excellence revealed on every page. Oh, happy the Heart of Appalachia indeed when in it a young man and woman, on the very threshold of active and useful life, may unite in accomplishing the great good to themselves and the great world around them which this, their joint production in the form of a catalogue, reveals!"

At this unexpected outburst of appreciation of my literary and artistic accomplishments and the benefits accruing particularly and generally from my intimate and agreeable association with my friend of so many and so fully acknowledged excellences, I was moved to tears and trembling; the thought flashing through my brain and inflaming my feeling, that thus far and happily I have gone with Robley, but never a step farther until the ghost of the past, now assuming the terrors of my dear aunt's demon of destruction, shall have been laid and forever.

Through my moistened eyes I looked up cautiously at the stranger and scrutinized his face and expression more carefully than I had before, to divine more accurately if possible who he was that so surprisingly could affect me by the powers of his mind while I was indifferent to his person and even repelled by the stern expression of his pale and hatchet-like face. Happily, at the time, he was looking at the inn which was coming into sight, and I got a good view of his striking profile without betraying my curiosity; but the outlined form I beheld was as blank and impenetrable within as a silhouette.

"And that is the inn where you have resided for several years with your worthy friend and assisted him in his labors with your sympathy and skill—the Heart of Appalachia, most happily nam-

ed. The innkeeper doubtless is a widower of many years, with the romance of youth still lingering in his heart—the house and its surroundings the visible shadow and the name the audible echo of his happiness. How resigned to his fate he must be, and even cheery in his loneliness, unless it be happily that he has in his sight the living likeness of the dead—Are you not the innkeeper's only daughter and the image of your departed mother?"

"I am the innkeeper myself, and have been from childhood, when, left an orphan with an affectionate but unbusiness-like aunt and a number of dependents, I was compelled by necessity to do what I could to relieve our growing wants. Happily I conceived the idea of converting the old homestead into an inn, in which we all found work to suit us severally, and together made a gratifying and satisfying success of the business; and as happily, perhaps, in the open-heartedness of childhood, I called the inn the Heart of Appalachia, which not only expresses its situation on the summit of one of the western ridges of the Appalachian or Alleghany Mountains, but hints at that which is near and dear to humanity in general and makes the name agreeable and memorable to all—an advertisement not painted on fences or paraded in newspapers, but carried about in one's secret self whithersoever he may wander."

"From all which I may conclude that I have been mistaken in another of my inferences. It is your business ability, as much possibly as that of your most excellent friend, which I have remarked in the catalogue which bears his name alone. You are the silent partner of the worthy doctor in this important vocation of perfecting and perpetuating the most useful and ornamental of the many varieties of domesticated animals; and I shall be proud indeed, if, from the knowledge I have acquired in several departments of zoölogy and botany in the most advanced perhaps of the scientific schools of England, I shall prove worthy of enrollment among the coadjutors and friends of your associate and yourself. This herd of Jerseys on our right and this flock of Shropshires on our left are yours, I presume; while those we passed soon after we met, belong to Dr. Benham—yes? I thought so; and I may say in conclusion, with perfect propriety, I trust, in the expression of my appreciation of the marvelous success you have achieved in early life, not one woman in a million, under the circumstances, would have had your prudence as a girl and your tact as a person in business in keeping your several interests apart while you kept your persons. Happy the man who cannot succeed in life through his own efforts and yet finds favor in your eyes; for he will get wealth with his wife in

any quarter of the world."

"I thank you for the good opinion you have formed of me, and sincerely hope I am deserving of it. Howsoever, I am induced by your freedom of fancy and speech with respect to myself and my affairs, to express my surprise at your incomprehensible powers to me of apprehension and inference by which you have met a young woman whom you have never seen or heard of before, and in a conversation of a half hour's duration in a zigzag way, like a ship tacking at sea, not only have learned all about me that a stranger would wish to know, but also revealed me to myself as a woman in the world I never dreamed of before."

"Do not wonder at that. It is the stranger that acquaints a man with his own hearthstone; and it is through the eyes of others the most opposed to us in every way that we see ourselves aright in the clearest light. The mirror might do as well, were it not that it sees us from our own point of view and is mute; and we interpret our own reflections as we please, with little likelihood of doing so either correctly or comprehensively. But who—who is this? Not a Chinese, perhaps; but one who has been born not a stone's throw from the Middle Kingdom, I am sure."

"This is Yalu, a native of Chosen or Korea, and one of the best of workers and most faithful servants in the world. The woman in the doorway of the cabin on our right is Cora, his wife, and a native also of the Mysterious Peninsula of the Far East. They have a family of four children living here, the eldest Yoko—there the good fellow is in the apiary as usual at this season of the year hiving a swarm or assisting in the economic labors of the divers colonies. You will find him an agreeable and intelligent companion in hunting, fishing, roaming through the forest, or in inspecting the stock of his mistress."

"Well, this is strange, indeed! A family of perhaps the most exclusive people of the world transplanted from Asia to America and multiplying and thriving here in the mountain wilds of Pennsylvania as well perhaps as they would—nay, a hundred fold better than on the mountain flanks of Gensan. You, mine marvelous hostess of the Heart of Appalachia, are familiar with these rarely seen Asiatics beyond the boundaries of their own country and realize nothing remarkable in their being here; but I cannot look upon them without wondering and giving expression to my wonderment. How in the world have you imported them?"

"That is a long story to tell, and at another time, if it be your pleasure to listen, I will recount it. But if you are amazed at the transplanting of Yalu here from the eastern shores of Asia, how will

you be affected by—Congo! Congo!—this importation from an unknown part of the vast interior of Africa?"

We had come to the porch when I called; and scarcely had the sound of my voice died away than the gigantic form of the negro appeared in the doorway, a long white apron and a high white cap increasing his apparent altitude and the blackness of his skin, while a grin of pleasure at being called to be admired circled around his glossy face and disturbed to a certain extent an inspection of the scars with which his cheeks, and the string of warts with which his forehead and nose, were adorned.

The stranger, taking off his hat as if in reverence of the majestic savage before him, examined him carefully from head to foot and especially the mutilations of his face in incontrovertible attestation of his birth and bringing up to manhood in the wilds of the Ebon Continent.

At length, the stranger, turning to me, said, "I have nothing to say until I shall have seen all. I have only a limited stock of words of wonder and I must not exhaust my vocabulary until I shall be sure of the end. With your permission, however, I will offer my hand to this grandest specimen of his race I have ever seen, in earnest of my desire that thereafter we shall be the best of friends."

I nodded assent with a smile, and the stranger took the hand of the giant who was delighted greatly at the consideration shown him.

We entered the hall; and here receiving a note from Congo which I recognized at a glance was from Robley, I turned to the stranger and said, "Now, if you will excuse me, Congo will conduct you to your room—No. 7, Congo—and give you every necessary attention. Luncheon will be called at twelve—in a few minutes, as I see by the clock in the office; when we shall meet again."

I then ascended the stairs; tearing open the note and reading the contents as I went to my room—

"DEAR JANE:—A few moments after you set out this morning to reclaim your pets, I received a telegram from home announcing the serious illness of my father and summoning me to his bedside. I have sent out all the children to call you in before I go; but lest they should miss you, I write this to you in lieu of taking you by the hand, and looking in your eyes, and saying to you good-bye, with a world of meaning in the words. Happily the messenger who brought the telegram came in a buggy, and I can return with him and catch the morning express. I leave the management of all my affairs in your hands while I am gone indefinitely. Hoping for the best before me and wishing for the best behind me, I am,

Yours in haste, ROBLEY."

I was sorry to hear of Robley's absence for many reasons besides the disappointment of the stranger who had come especially to make his acquaintance; which naturally came to my mind from the fact that I had left him but a moment before in the hall and heard him then at the heels of Congo going into No. 7. The elder Benham was a kind and indulgent father, and Robley loved him with a free and open-hearted affection which was very gratifying to the old gentleman. He was, moreover, a warm friend of mine and an outspoken admirer. And—a little to my surprise, when I became conscious of my feelings and thoughts—I wished I was going with Robley to relieve both him and his father as much as lay in my power; and sighing, said to myself, Oh, I know I could save them both many an hour of suffering and anxiety.

XXIX.

The bell for luncheon sounded. I went down stairs, and turned into the office to look at the register and get the name of the stranger that I might present him to the guests of the house, numbering eight or ten besides himself, including several summer boarders who were ladies and gentlemen of wealth and refinement and agreeable companions in their freedom from care and occupation. My eyes caught the last entry on the page at a glance; and in an indescribable bewilderment of my sentient being, I read and re-read what had been written in the book in a hand so bold and plain I might have read it half the width of the office away, "Philemon Holland, Pittsburgh, Pa."

Fortunately there was no one besides myself in the room; and I retained my consciousness of this fact while everything else was in such a confusion as practically to be forgotten. And when at length I felt that I might faint in the gathering gloom, I sat down on a chair, and laid my head on the open page of the book before me containing the fateful signature. In a few minutes, I was able to raise my head and read the written words again—as wholes and as groups of letters—forward and backward—backward and forward—till I was satisfied that I was not laboring under a delusion. Then, with regained strength and a partial realization at least of the significance of what I had read, I bounded out of the office and through the hall to the vestibule of the back stairs, where I ran against Arabella, carrying the dessert from the kitchen to the pantry, and tumbled her over on the floor—the tray, spoons, napkins, and

saucers with their contents going in as many directions. Without stopping, however, to assist the astonished old servant to her feet and lament with her over the destruction of the dishes and the dessert, I ascended the stairs and rushed into my chamber where I encountered my dear aunt, who, about to descend to preside at the head of the table, was in her special dining-room trim, her hair as smooth as brush could make it, and her collar and cuffs in the perfection of condition and disposition. Utterly disregarding her make-up, however, I caught her up in my arms; and, in a frenzy of excitement and affection approaching an attack of hysteria, I hugged the dear woman, and kissed her mouth and cheeks and forehead and neck until she not only was rumpled from head to foot but put into a sympathetic frenzy at my unaccountable behavior which did not abate as soon as mine, and left her agitated in mind and body the remainder of the day.

When my frenzy had decreased to a point when I could speak coherently, I told my aunt that No. 7 was Philemon Holland; that I had met him and walked with him and talked with him for half an hour, and that, strangest of all strange things that had ever happened to me, I did not recognize him; that he did not look at all like himself when a boy; that he had been at school in England and wore English clothes and spoke with an English accent; and that, while he was not handsome, he was a remarkably striking man of fine sensibility, generous sympathy, and rare powers of perception, appreciation, and application, which impressed me from the moment I heard him come to a conclusion from his stated premises. "Oh, aunty dear," I concluded, "I am so happy my head is almost turned! And to think I was on the very brink of saying yes to Robley only last night! What could I have done had I yielded to him, but die the most miserable of deaths with a broken heart, like my poor dear grandmother!"

At length my aunt put a damper on my enthusiasm by interpellating, "But, my dear child, you have not the slightest proof in the world, that this English-dressed and English-speaking Philemon Holland is your long-lost Philemon Holland; while, in proof that he is not, you admit that the Englishman does not resemble or remind you in any way of your American boy. There are, perhaps, a thousand John Smiths in the state of Pennsylvania alone; and might there not be two Philemon Hollands in the whole of the United States and Great Britain? I have heard you say, too, that the name is found in the biographic dictionaries of distinguished literary men. In other words, it has been borne by another before the birth of your Philemon, and might be borne as well by a con-

temporary. Restrain yourself, my dear, dear child. Think of the shock you would sustain should the stranger prove a stranger indeed."

At this juncture, however, when I was beginning to be alarmed by the arguments of my aunt, I heard a peculiar knock at the door which I recognized as Congo's, and bade him come in.

The big-hearted negro entered, and, in a few words, in his peculiar way, which it is idle to attempt to imitate and which would require a page to describe, told us that the stranger was the person who when a boy had given Argos to me; that when he entered No. 7, he began to inspect the pictures on the walls; and, afterward, having come to the picture on the mantel which represented the dog and myself as a child at his side, surrounded with a fantasy of faces which exhibited the donor in every conceivable aspect, he recognized the dog and himself and recalled the fact that he had given him to a little girl who made pictures. He then asked Congo a hundred and one questions, What was my name? What had become of the dog? Who was Robley Benham? How I came to be living on the mountain and an artist? How he came to be there? And Yalu? etc., etc., till Congo, realizing that he had made a discovery of incalculable import to me, excused himself for a moment and came to report the same to me.

My aunt was convinced; and my fears, which she had excited, were allayed at once.

XXX.

In the afternoon, I had an interview with Philemon Holland and learned the history of himself and family from the time we parted as children.

"A short time after your trip to Greenesburgh," he said, "my father removed with his family to Chicago to avail himself in the practice of his profession of the immensely larger field which the inevitable metropolis of the New World presented, and give his children all the advantages and opportunities which the great city afforded for their future welfare. But before he had secured an office in Chicago, he met with an apparently slight injury in a blockade of vehicles at a street crossing, and died from the effects of it before either his physician or any of his family suspected that he was hurt seriously. He left a comparatively large estate, wholly in bonds and stocks, for a country lawyer, but insufficient to maintain us in the

style we all expected to live in in the fashionable part of the city—especially my mother, who from an early period of her childhood to her marriage, had lived in the most comfortable circumstances, and who, during her otherwise happy life with my father, had chafed with increasing irritability and impatience, in the contracted social circle of Greenesburgh. At this juncture, she was reclaimed by an only parent living, her father, from whom, by a mysterious accident—or, for aught anybody knows to the contrary, a chapter of accidents—she had been separated in infancy. He proved to be a temporary resident of Montreal, Canada, an Englishman by birth, of French Huguenot parentage, who having spent all his money in searching for his daughter in vain, went to the gold mines of Ballarat, in the Australian colony of Victoria, and made a sufficient fortune to enable him to continue the search without regard to expense to the end of his days. His name is Jules Jerome; and the only clue he had to the identity of my mother as his daughter was her maiden name, Mary Jay, as it appeared incidentally in a biographic sketch of my father which was published in the Inter-Ocean a few days after his death. This name, it appears, had been given my mother from two circumstances—first, the fact that the initials M. J. were found embroidered on the night-slip in which at midnight in the streets of the city of Marseilles she had been found by the police; and second, the correspondence of these with those of the natal name Mary Jay, of the good woman, Mrs. Nathanael St. Clair, of New York, into whose hands the foundling eventually fell to be treated as a daughter ever afterward, albeit not legally adopted. Howsoever slight the clue and inconclusive the proofs, limited to the sex and age of my mother and her being found in the country in which the Jerome child had been lost and not farther from the very town than Marseilles is from Nice, my mother and the old gentleman, after they had met and considered all the circumstances, were satisfied they were daughter and father, and the children acquiesced, more or less readily, when they learned the old gentleman was as respectable as he seemed to be rich. I, perhaps, was the most reluctant to accept the stranger as a grandfather; for the reason that he evinced a certain partiality for me which separated me from my brother and sisters, and, at the same time, in instituting physical comparisons between us which were disparaging to me, while he was utterly oblivious to my wounded feelings of pride and self-respect. A taller man than myself and I doubt not a handsomer, he was wont to place himself at my side, and say, 'Now, my boy, straighten up, throw back your chin, shoulders, and hips, and forward your chest, and see if you cannot come up a little closer to the standard

of your stock. You are more like the Jeromes than any of your sisters or brother; and I dare say had you been born in any part of the world where men and women attain their full stature and expansion, as in Old England, the region between the Rhine and the Baltic, the southeastern seaboard of Australia, or the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, you would now be the *alter ego* of your distinguished grandsire, in every particular save grace and good looks.' After a little while, however, I began to regard the old gentleman with more consideration, attributing his preference for me to a real resemblance albeit in caricature between us which he saw and felt if I did not, and his bluntness of manner and speech, to the good feeling with which he was filled to overflowing, and the emotional joys incident to the sudden realization of his dearest hopes and most delightful dreams during a period of distress that almost doubled the term of my life. In the meantime, my mother—her legal advisers having been satisfied that our newly-found forebear was wealthy enough to meet the necessary expenses—accepted her father's proposition to go with him to England and live in London, or elsewhere, as she might determine would be most agreeable to herself and advantageous for her family. She chose London; and there we have lived ever since in the enjoyment of comforts and pleasures as our several tastes might suggest and abundant means could procure. I have followed my natural inclination to study—to accumulate facts and associate them according to their several facets, philosophically, I might say, or scientifically, or curiously—without any definite end in view, unless it be after I shall have come to certain conclusions which I may deem of value to others, to put them on paper in the best literary style I can acquire by study and practice and print them in the form of pamphlets or more pretentious books. During the past winter I came back to America alone, to get away from the libraries of London as far as possible, to visit my friends, and recruit my health by going whither the whim of the moment might lead me; and if I have a residence in the United States to-day it is in Pittsburgh, where I have rented a room indefinitely for the reception of myself and luggage. By the way, Miss Jansen, since you keep a most charmingly appointed inn here on the mountain, and I find the surroundings infinitely more agreeable than I was induced to expect even from the ostensible catalogue of Dr. Benham with its artistic and literary merits on every page, I would be pleased extremely to be permitted to retain, for a few days at least, the room which I occupy now; in which case, I will send for a necessary part of my luggage, in order that I may appear in the parlor and dining-room in the presence of yourself and guests, in more becoming raiment

than an English outing-suit."

I gave him permission, of course, and told him how Zambie could run at once with his message to the telegraph office in the village, and be with a wagon at the railway station in the morning to receive his trunk and bring it here before noon. Indeed, before I had concluded, I rose to summon the boy and procure paper, pencil, and envelope.

The message sent, we continued to converse about ourselves; and in the course of our conversation, I asked him, if he could tell, what had become of the papers pertaining to the claim for insurance which my father had given to his father, on the occasion of the visit of my father and myself to Greenesburgh.

"I have no doubt," he replied, "they are among the files of my father's papers which my mother has preserved; and when I write to her, I will solicit a search and a return of them if found to you at once. If they were of importance to your father, they are to you, and you should have them."

I enquired also how it came that he had forgotten me, while I was free to say I treasured his memory.

"I admit the fact, Miss Jansen, and regret it now keenly and deeply; and I cannot conceive a solution of the embarrassing enigma more worthy of your consideration than this: Your sex makes you more susceptible to receive and retain impressions than mine, to start with; then you were at a more favorable age to be impressed by a new acquaintance, being several years younger than myself; then you had come from the seclusion of your mountain home where you had few children to become acquainted with, if any, indeed, in midwinter outside your own family, while I was in a large school, associating in various ways with hundreds of girls and boys daily. Besides you went away from me with the dog which you admired so greatly and prized so highly to be a souvenir of me at your side for several years; while your extraordinary powers of delineating faces and involving in them expressions of individuality combined with any of a myriad of moods and emotions, as evinced by the picture on the mantel of my chamber at present, enabled you to put and keep my personality before you in an objective form, while I had nothing. I humbly confess I am derelict in forgetting you, while you have treasured my memory; and if a promise can mitigate my just condemnation for a moment, I avow in the most solemn manner, that from this time on I will think a thousand times more of you than you—can? will? no—should think of me."

"Let the end determine," I replied with candor, while I bowed in grateful recognition of his agreeable intentions.

XXXI.

For five weeks Philemon Holland was a guest of the Heart of Appalachia.

The first three weeks we were together daily from morning till night, riding, driving, playing lawn tennis, or croquet, climbing up and down the mountain steeps, exploring the fissures in the great stratum of rocks that projects like a broken wall here and there along the mountain side, strolling through the beech and hemlock forests and gathering flowers, ferns, and lichens, alternately with inspecting the animal and vegetable stock of the two tracts, fondling the several special pets among the beasts and birds, and working with the bees; and two happier beings never existed. I believed I had been happy before with Robley; and so I was in a measure; but the difference was as great as that between a bursting bud and a fully expanded flower joyously displaying its gorgeous hues in the eyes of the all-seeing sunshine, and freely exhaling its fragrance to the winds that wander around the world—life itself an expression of love in its perfection.

I was surprised to find at first that Phil was an absolute novice in our out-of-door exercises, pursuits, and work, amusingly timid and cautious, and soon fatigued; but encouraged by my knowledge of the country for many miles around, my skill in horsemanship, my confidence and success in arranging and managing, and my hardihood, he kept at my side until he began to boast of his achievements, saying betimes with a grave face and a merry twinkle in his eye, "Really and truly, Miss Jansen, I verily believe that I can do anything that you can do, except make pictures and money for yourself and another on a mountain top, while you are living the grandest life of health and happiness I can imagine." His complexion underwent a complete change, from a pale approaching sallow to a ruddy and lustrous brown; the stoop in his shoulders in a great measure disappeared; his muscles hardened; his weight increased; his step became light and elastic, his movements graceful, and his spirits as buoyant as those of a healthy boy; and altogether he was advanced a score of degrees toward the standard of manly beauty in the eyes of others than myself—to my certain knowledge, those of my dear Aunt Melissa and Arabella, who, by reason of her insepara-

ble connection with the family, presumed to comment freely on his personal appearance.

But what gratified me above all was the unmistakable happiness which Philemon enjoyed in my company; and that he was enamored with me I had no doubt. I saw love beaming in his eyes whenever they met mine; I saw love gleaming in his smile whenever he addressed me; I saw love in the infinity of his actions daily and felt the genial influence of love in his presence as if it emanated from his person as a central sun of love; but he never spoke a word of love nor uttered a sentiment of affection which I could construe into having myself for its object. I marveled in my musing betimes at this; but the adage ever recurring to my mind that actions speak louder than words, I was satisfied in my ineffable happiness.

With the beginning of the fourth week, however, I discerned a faint but all-pervading haze in the atmosphere of affection in which I lived, albeit the sun was in the meridian of his splendor; and daily, without any determinable cause, the haziness increased to a fogginess in which I breathed heavily and lost the joyousness of my heart and through which the sun shone weirdly as if undergoing an almost total eclipse. What had happened? I could not divine. He was not ill; on the contrary, he was in the full and untrammeled enjoyment of the best of health and the most bountiful store of vigor he had ever known. He had not conceived an aversion to me; on the contrary, he was fascinated by me to a degree that embarrassed me betimes. He had not become indifferent to me through an excess of familiarity; on the contrary, he was filled with the keenest and tenderest solicitude for me as if I had been a weakling in his care. Yet he was ill at ease, silent, and moody; and some struggle involving his whole being was going on within him, the exciting cause of which, I was convinced from all that had taken place since we met, was in part myself and in part somebody else. Who? Nobody to my knowledge was affected by our intimacy and association but Robley Benham; and could it be he? Robley certainly was mentioned by him more frequently and solicitously than before. Could he be jealous of the most excellent man whom I was proud to call my friend, and whose business interests were equally with my own an object daily of my most exacting regard? Or did he feel that he was taking an unfair and dishonorable advantage of the young man in his prolonged absence at the bedside of his father in perhaps his last illness? Was he a thief in the night, robbing the very man whom he professed to be so desirous of becoming his friend, of his greatest treasure—the woman who had saved his life—the woman to whom he had devoted almost exclusively four of the

most precious years of his existence—the woman with whose small fortune he generously had joined his great in an equal partnership —the woman evidently whom he loves and holds all the world besides as naught in the only hope of his heart to call her some day his wife?

But whatsoever the conflict within the heart and brain of the troubled man, there was only one thing for the woman to do who loved him without complication and without reserve or limitation, and that was to continue to pour out her being into his as freely and joyously as the cloud dissolves into a shower of sparkling diamonds to fall to the melancholy earth beneath and gladden and enliven it in their absorption. I lured him with beautiful flowers and butterflies to look out, and see the real world around him, as my dear aunt had advised me when I was in the throes of introspection. I decoyed him from one thicket to another, where in extricating himself from the pricking thorns in his flesh he might get away from those in his spirit. I led him from one waterfall to another—for what will the wiles of a women in love not do?—that he might be splashed and wet through and through and haply wake from his day-dream of torture. I led him into the midst of my thirty colonies of bees and seated him passively on a stool. I lifted the lid of one of the strongest hives and turned it toward him that he might see it was brown with a myriad of bees. I made a feint as if I were about to shower them on his unprotected head. He did not flinch; and I was conquered, not he.

"Miss Jansen, I deserve even more at your hands than what you make a happy feint to inflict upon me. You have surrounded me with the ultimate sweets of the figurative world of feeling and fancy as well as the literal, these apiarian, of fact; and I have partaken of them without stint, for they were novel to my taste and most agreeable—so agreeable as to be a delirious intoxicant, bewildering my senses for the time being, and especially my sense of justice to you and others; and now, in their remorseless reaction, I am tortured with retributive anguish. I have permitted myself to be placed in a false position; and in doing so, I have done you and others great and grievous wrong, but happily yet not an unremediable wrong. It is not necessary that I should be more explicit. Suffice it, I acknowledge in humiliation and misery the error of my intoxication; and believing that I may avert a consequential calamity to you and others, if I act immediately and decisively, I will do so. This very evening I will go away from the Heart of Appalachia a man in whom a complete revolution has taken place—one who has learned from your life on this mountain top that there are duties to be per-

formed at any cost of suffering by all of us in our relations to one another, which done ennoble the doer and turn night into day, but which undone debase the recreant and turn day into night. I should be unworthy of your regard, Miss Jansen, did I remain a moment longer in your most agreeable and exalting company, and neglect an imperative duty which circumstances have imposed upon me."

"Do not go, Philemon," I said to him frankly. "You are haunted by shadows which can be seen only by yourself, for they exist only in your own mind. The very day you came here, you made several false inferences from your limited premises; and may you not be laboring under a delusion now which is only a false inference persisted in? Seek farther in the open day in the world around you, and you will find that you are fighting fancies and not facts. In fine, since you involve me in your delirium, I am free to say that by remaining here you do not compromise me in any way with anybody. You can relieve your mind absolutely on that score. But if you persist in going away, which, haply may restore you to your happy self of a fortnight ago, I trust I may say with propriety, as a woman who has treasured your memory from childhood, that you will come again and soon to the Heart of Appalachia"—

I was about to add "that awaits you;" but seeing what I believed to be the emotion of love welling up from the bosom of Philemon into his neck and face and eyes till they seemed to be moistened with tears, I caught the contagion and burst into tears; while I realized that in doing so I revealed to Philemon fully what he for some unknown reason to me was most anxious and determined to conceal.

He went away that evening; and as I had treasured his memory, I clung to his person to the last—I accompanied him to the railway and saw him depart in a westwardly bound train.

XXXII.

The days that followed were wearisome in the extreme. The routine of my daily work alone prevented me from lapsing into melancholia. I wandered whithersoever we had been together. I looked at the same trees, rocks, shrubs, flowers, lichens, ferns, insects, fungi, waterfalls, views—everything he had seen and commented on in his novel, comprehensive, and circumstantial manner. I dwelt upon them; for they had a strange fascination for me—a beauty and significance I had never imagined before. The whole of my environ-

ment had been changed by the mind of the marvelous man as if by magic. The whole world indeed had assumed a new aspect, becoming a perfect paradise of beauty and happiness, while I, in the midst of it, could surfeit my senses without enjoyment.

The return of Robley on the recovery of his father, instead of relieving my unhappy state, as I had hoped, aggravated it; for I saw that he was worn with care and anxiety and suffering the tortures of a rejected lover, and I could neither soothe nor comfort him without incurring the risk of encouraging him to press his suit again and involve me in greater misery.

At length, in the first week of September, two ladies, on their way in a carriage from Pittsburgh to Bedford Springs, became the temporary guests of the Heart of Appalachia, to enable the younger of the two to regain strength sufficient to resume her journey over the mountains. They were mother and daughter, Mrs. Archibald Gregory, and Miss Grace; the latter the most refined and delicate young lady I had ever beheld. I was attracted to her immediately, as fortunately she was to me; and in a few days, to our mutual surprise and delight, we were inseparable friends—so much so that she begged her mother to return to Pittsburgh and leave her with me until she would send for the carriage to take her back. Her mother did so; and for the first time in my life, I found a fascinating fellowship with a young woman of approximately my own age. She seemed to me to be the first balmy breath of spring incarnate; while she was in fact so delicately formed and so exquisitely sensitive that I feared to delineate her features lest I might offend with the coarseness of my finest lines.

Among her many accomplishments she played the piano as if it were a part of herself and the essential part through which her existence found a sensuous expression. She had the gift of improvisation to an extreme degree; and as I listened, and followed her in the fantasy of feeling which she expressed in the most harmonious combinations of sound, I felt as if a new sense had been evolved in me and that a perfect paradise must be filled with music as well as beauty in form and color.

She, on the other hand, was affected by my gift of reproducing visible things; and I found a new delight in my art in letting my pencil shape before her wondering eyes, with approximately the rapidity of thought, the fragmentary but easily recognizable forms of horses, dogs, and deers in various artistic attitudes, of ducks in flight over mirroring lakes, of doves and pheasants and crows in divers positions and combinations, of flowers and ferns and trees, and especially the handsome form and features of Robley, whom I

soon perceived she regarded with admiration.

The first time I did this, the afternoon of the second day after her arrival, she sighed deeply and kissed with fervor a large and lustrous rose-cut diamond set in an engagement ring which she wore on the forefinger of her left hand.

The following day, after watching curiously my pencil make a few apparently unmeaning dots here and lines there and then suddenly connect them and enliven them into a smiling likeness of Robley, she kissed her ring as before and said, "If you knew the superior man whose love for me this diamond symbolizes, and the agony I endured which brought me to the brink of the grave when I fancied he had become estranged or enamored with another woman, you would not bring before me the image of this handsome man, who is as lovely in disposition and manners as he is handsome in form and feature. But as long as I wear this precious symbol"—kissing the stone rapturously—"I am proof against any invasion except perhaps a flitting fancy, a passing regard, or a momentary admiration, such as Dr. Benham certainly might excite in any woman. By the way, Jane, with your intense appreciation of the beautiful and good, I cannot conceive how you have been associated so intimately for years with Dr. Benham, without being now so deeply in love with him and so jealous of any other young woman who admired him as to make you wretched in the extreme, quivering eternally between an all-involving hope to win and fear to lose. I am sure, I"—kissing the diamond repeatedly—"I am sure, were I as free as you—well, I certainly can say, that I do not know what might not happen; but as it is I am assured of the love of the very best man that ever lived, and my heart is adamant, like this precious talisman itself"—kissing the stone for the fourth or fortieth time—"against all the world of man kind besides."

A week later she said, "And what a marvelous physician Dr. Benham is, too! I am sure from the time he was called in first by my mother, to take charge of the restoration of my health, he has given me nothing but a good shaking up on horseback daily, and I began to improve in health and vigor and spirits immediately. You remember, Jane, I was so weak the first morning we went out together, he was obliged to lift me into the saddle and hold me for really I do not know how long—I was so faint; and I would be ungrateful in the extreme did I not acknowledge freely his skill as a physician and his many agreeable accomplishments as a gentleman. And what a touch for a surgeon he has! Could the hand of a man be at the same time firmer and gentler than his! Really and truly, Jane, I cannot imagine how you could resist falling in love with him years

ago, unless it be that you are as hale and hearty and hardy as he and do not feel the want of his helping hand and strong arm at every step; while I—well, my mother used to tell me just before we set out on this trip which has proved so beneficial to my health, that I was wasted by worrying over my love affairs to such an extent that I was simply a sentient soap-bubble, a breath of human life inflamed by love and set afloat in the air encased in a film of water."

A week later, on her return from a gallop with Robley over the mountains in the bracing air of a glorious morning in September, she said, as she sat down in a glow of enthusiasm on the side of my bed in my chamber, whither she had run up the stairs with surprising agility for a young woman at the point of death from a broken heart a little more than a fortnight before, "Oh, Jane, we have had a royal ride. We were away over the mountain as far as the old stone mill; and just for curiosity we went in and were weighed by the miller—and what a comical old character he is with his shoulders higher than his head, and his roguish blue eyes half hid beneath his shaggy eyebrows, white with flour, and his hooked nose almost touching his chin, and his chuckle of good humor away down in his boots I really believe! And what do you think! I weighed ninety-seven pounds and Robley one hundred and ninety-eight; and the funny old miller said I was the flour after it had been bolted, and Robley was the wheat as it came from the field, straw, chaff, screenings, and all, including a big yellow dog with crooked legs and cropped ears and tail and a wall-eye under the wagon! Did you ever hear such a comparison! And the funny old fellow invited us to come back again and get weighed; and Robley and I have agreed to go back once a week as long as I remain, which will be, you may be sure, as long as I continue to improve and have such a jolly time! Oh,"—kissing her engagement ring rapturously, and more perhaps from habit than conscious intent. "By the way, Jane, do you not think there is great danger of my losing this precious pledge of his affection in the mountain, while riding, driving, climbing, or roughing it generally as I am beginning to do; and that, when I go out, I had better leave it with you for safe keeping? Besides, it is actually becoming too tight for my finger; and as soon as I return to Pittsburgh, I will get Mr. Biggs, the jeweler, to cut it and insert a piece of gold in it. There! It took quite an effort to get it over my knuckle. Keep it for me, Jane, in your casket; and guard it as you would my life, for without it and its world of significance I might as well be dead and buried beneath these everlasting mountains."

Several days afterward the inseparable companions were out all

day—not returning to the inn in fact until ten o'clock at night; and as it had been stormy during the afternoon and evening with an occasional heavy fall of rain, I was in a state of anxiety bordering on distress about them.

"Oh, Jane! Jane! this has been the red letter day of my life, the grandest I have ever spent," began the enthusiastic girl in her hyperbolic style which was more of a habit with her than intentional exaggeration. "Somehow we got lost in the mountains just as the first heavy shower of rain came up in the afternoon and wet us through and through in a few minutes after we had drawn our horses under the drooping boughs of a grand old beech; while the deep breathing of the wind in the forest, the pulsating shiver of the leaves, and the patter of the rain were making the sweetest music I have ever heard.

"Then who should come along the path we had ridden on but a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age, whistling an original mountain aria, without melody, but in time with his footsteps and strangely in harmony with the grand orchestra of nature—the most comical looking chap you can conceive of, in a ragged blue shirt, a patched pair of brown pantaloons with a strap for a suspender over one shoulder, without shoes or stockings, and wearing on his head a conical slouch hat of the color of clay, with a grey-squirrel's tail pinned to the side of it, and a hole in the crown through which his long yellow hair protruded in a drooping tuft. 'Hello! my boy, can you tell us where we can find refuge in this neighborhood?' enquired Robley. 'I can't say ez I kin,' answered the boy in a peculiar drawling tone, shaking his head. 'I know whur youens kin git slathers uv sang an' sassyfrac an' pipsissewa an' boneset an' pennyrial, an' I've hearn tell uv mountin varmifuge, but I never knowed nawthin' uv refuge. What fur a root or yarb is it?' Oh, I laughed so heartily I thought I would fall from my horse. 'Well, my boy, if you cannot tell us where we can find refuge, can you tell us where we are?' at length queried Robley. 'Why, don't youens know?' 'No, I assure you, my good boy, we do not.' 'Why youens is right hyur,' answered the boy with a look of innocent astonishment that would have killed you, Jane—I am sure it would, in your efforts while laughing to reproduce it with your pencil. 'So we are, that is very true, and very strange that we did not recognize the fact ourselves. Now, can you tell us what is your name?' 'Yes; uv course I kin.' 'Well, what is it?' 'Pete.' 'But Pete what?' 'Pete nawthin'.' 'You do not mean to say the boys and girls around here have no other name for you than Pete, do you?—

what do they call you?' 'Some uv the boys calls me Rattler, 'cause I kin ketch more rattlesnakes than the whole caboodle uv them an' I al'ays hev a rattle ur two somewhur in my clothes; and some uv the girells calls me 'Possum, 'cause I lets on I'm asleep when they make snoots at me.' Did you ever hear, Jane, anything so supremely ludicrous in the whole of your born days!—I am sure, I never did. Then Robley asked him, 'Where does your father live, my boy?' 'Hain't got naw father.' 'Nor mother?' 'Naw.' 'With whom do you live then?' 'The ol' woman.' 'And what do the people of the neighborhood call her?' 'Some uv them calls her ol' Graddy Beazley, and some uv them calls her jes Grad, fur short like.' 'And who is she, my good boy?' 'Why, I jes tol' youens, she's the ol' woman I live with.' 'Oh, yes, that is true; but where does she live?' 'Hyur in the mountins.' 'Can you take us to her house?' 'Yes; I kin.' 'How far is it?' 'It isn't fur at all; it's right hyur on the yother side uv the holler—ef you wouldn't look so much at thet laughin' girell, you could see the smoke comin' out uv the chimley right afore your eyes.' And with a look of supreme contempt at our stupidity, Pete, alias the Rattler, alias the 'Possum, continued his walk in the direction of the smoke which we saw very plainly when we looked up and followed the boy through the rain.

"In half a minute, we got to the open door of the log cabin and dismounted, and Robley and I went in while Pete took our horses to the cow-shed; and then what happened, Jane, it will take me a week to tell you all. Suffice it to-night—for I am nearly dead with laughing—we found old Graddy Beazley a little old skinny woman of the color of leather, nodding and shaking with palsy, wearing a barred flannel gown, and a long tow apron, with red woolen stockings without shoes on her feet, and a red woolen cap on her head, and smoking a pipe with a stem so short I do not see how she could keep it in her toothless mouth without burning her nose forever hanging over the bowl. I thought she certainly must be a witch; and after I had chatted with her about the weather and the mountain, while Robley was out after more wood to make a roaring fire in the open fire-place to dry my clothing, I begged her to tell my fortune. And what do you think she said? 'You silly goose!'—her very words—'I am not so much of a gypsy or witch as you. Young eyes like yours look into the future, while old eyes like mine look only into the past!' I thought she was as simple as Pete, and found her as wise as a Sibyl of old. And after a while Robley and I had supper with the wise old woman and the simple boy; and what do you think we had for supper? You could never guess in the wide, wide world. Wood-chuck fried in its own fat, slap-jacks baked

in a skillet covered with a lid and buried in the hot ashes of the open fire, and buckwheat honey almost as black as tar! And really, Jane, I never sat down to a meal that I enjoyed more—I was so hungry and tired. And what do you think! I am sure it is the most ludicrous mistake I ever made in my life!—I thought the wood-chuck from its name was a kind of wild fowl that was found in the forests of the mountain; and Pete literally snorted with laughter, and the old woman teeheed and dropped her knife and fork from her shaking hands, and Robley leaned back and fairly roared, when I facetiously asked Pete if he had caught the bird by throwing salt on its tail! And not understanding what they were laughing at, I made matters worse by saying that the wing I was eating was most curiously shaped for the wing of a fowl! Well, I do not care a baubee, if I did make a mistake. I enjoyed the feast and the fun as much as all the rest put together; and I would want no better fare and no finer dwelling than old Graddy Beazley's had I only Robley—or another infinitely more agreeable, perhaps—to share it with me in health and happiness as to-day. Oh, Jane, you cannot conceive how radiant Robley was with beauty and bliss in the firelight of that lowly log cabin in the depth of the mountain forest! and how sweetly the variety of sounds within and without—the roar and crackle of the big fire in the open grate, the singing of the sap in the green boughs, the sizzing of the wet wood, the sputtering of the rain falling down the big chimney among the fiery coals, the drip from the eaves of the cabin, and the wind and rain in the forest around—combined to form a symphony that thrilled me through and through to the very centre of my heart of hearts!

"But I am getting so sleepy I scarcely can keep my eyes open. Some little time after dispatching the last remnant of the wood-chuck, slap-jacks and buckwheat honey on the table, the rain ceased; and Robley having given the old woman a five-dollar bill and the boy a silver dollar, we came home as fast as we could—Pete leading my horse for a mile perhaps along a path through the forest which he alone could see, and Robley blindly following, until we came to the open road, where we could find our way readily from a faint reflection, of the little light in the overcast sky above, in the water that filled the rut on either side, and the depressions here and there in the middle of the highway. 'Good night, good night,' said Robley and I, almost in the same breath, as we went away from the boy. 'Come back agin, an' I'll ketch another bird fur youens,' called out Pete, who perhaps is not as simple as I took him to be."

At the end of the fourth week the beautiful rosy-cheeked sylph of sunshine, Grace Gregory, received a peremptory command from her

mother to go home immediately in the carriage which she had sent with the bearer of her message, a faithful old coachman of the family, and as prim and precise as faithful, Nicholas Macorquordale —a name which Grace, when a little girl had shortened into and rendered more euphonious to her musical ear as Nickie Corker, and which the exacting old Scotchman—presumptively, at least, from his cognomen—tolerated only from her as a relic of irresponsible innocent childhood. Accompanying the command, was an invitation to me to return with Grace to continue and cement the intimacy so happily begun between us, by accepting the Gregory mansion in the East End and its belongings as my own during the month of October, the most delightful of the autumn months in Pennsylvania. And perhaps, just as Grace was chagrined and disconcerted by her command, I was delighted and encouraged in the course I had determined in a measure to pursue; for I was convinced that Grace and Robley were as deeply enamored with each other as it was possible for a young man and woman to be who were especially suited to each other in every particular, and who were kept apart only by Robley's hopeless loyalty to me and Grace's very questionable devotion to the very best man that ever lived in the world of her hyperbolic speech and irreconcilable action. Her engagement with the mysterious being of so great effect on her head and so little on her heart must be broken, in justice to all, Robley, Grace, and especially the incommensurable unknown who is deserving certainly of a woman who can love him with an entirety of affection. Besides, it would be a great relief to me to have Robley released freely and completely in my presence; for he would realize then that if I desired to withdraw my refusal of his hand, or suspend my acceptance indefinitely, I had it in my power from first to last to speak but a single word and my wishes would be complied with. And over and above every other consideration, I was inclined to take a decided part in breaking off my lovely companion's engagement with the mysterious donor of her diamond ring; for the moment she spoke of his extraordinary merits, I thought of Philemon Holland and that possibly he might be the man who had pledged his love to her. And having been inoculated with the virus of this suspicion, I soon was pervaded by the poison. I dreaded to hear her speak of him, lest she might disclose his identity; and yet I was quivering with anxiety to determine the fact myself. And the more I dwelt on the approximate correspondence between the five weeks' visit of Philemon and the month or more of worry of the poor girl over an imagined estrangement of her lover, and the sudden change that came over Philemon, and his insistence of the imperative demands of jus-

tice to others besides myself in his last remarks, the more I was satisfied he was the plighted lover of Grace, and that, when he went away from me in the agonies of a broken heart as I was fain to believe, he went as a man of honor to fulfill his promise of marriage to the firstling of his affections at any sacrifice of self the act might demand. It is exactly what he would do under the circumstances, I felt as sure as of my own existence; and I looked upon and encouraged the intimacy of Robley and Grace as the happiest solution of our entanglement by effecting in the end an exchange of lovers.

I accepted the invitation and at once began to make preparations to depart after breakfast the following morning as indicated in the letter; but Grace by no means was ready to go—on the contrary, she was petulantly reluctant and began to devise ways and means to prolong her stay. To the coachman, who stood as straight as a ramrod with his hat in his hand in the most formal manner, she pleaded that she had an engagement for the whole of the next day with the good physician who miraculously had restored her to perfect health and she could not and would not be ungrateful to him for the world.

"I have my orders, Miss Grace; and to-morrow morning at nine and a half o'clock sharp, the carriage will be at the door; and you will not compromise me in the estimation of your honored mother by causing me a moment's delay."

"But Nickie dear, cannot you have one of the horses go lame and require re-shoeing and treatment for a day at least, or the tires cut and contracted at the blacksmith shop in the village, or something done—I am sure at home, Nickie dear, every now and then, when I wish to go out driving and mamma and you think I had better remain in the house, there is always something wrong, either Tom or Bob has the colic, or—dear, oh dear, Nickie Corker, there is a speck of dirt on your collar. Let me wipe it off with my handkerchief. There. And who in the world arranged your necktie in that careless manner—somebody, I am sure, who does not think of you the thousandth part of what I do. Let me adjust it properly. There. Now, Nickie dear, cannot you do something for me—just this once—and I promise you I will never ask you to do anything for me again. You are so good, Nickie dear—mamma and everybody say you are so good, and I think you are just as handsome as good—you know I do, Nickie dear. Now, will you not—just one little day? Why, by driving a little faster than usual on the good road, we can make up the time, and it will not hurt the horses a bit."

"No, Miss Grace, I will do anything reasonable for you that is not

contrary to my orders; and what you ask, if not unreasonable, is in violation of my orders."

"Mr. Nickie Corker, you are absolutely horrid! And the way you are dressed to-day, you look like a perfect guy! And no wonder, too, you are a bachelor and always will be: you are too exacting and particular. I never say anything in the world like you, except a big piece of iron machinery at the exposition that did nothing but cut nails all day long and all of them exactly alike. I will not speak to you again, you horrid thing."

XXXIII.

Miss Gregory was a creature of habit to a great degree; and being exquisitely sensitive to outside influences, she seemed to be continually playing hide-and-seek with herself in the present and past. While she was with Robley and myself, she was in a new environment and absolutely without restraint; but the instant she caught sight of the familiar carriage, she unconsciously put herself into the formal attitude of a visiting lady, and actually addressed me as Miss Jansen and referred to Robley as Dr. Benham; and when the old coachman came into her presence, she went out of the world around her into that of the past, and assailed the adamantine Nicholas Macorquordale with the speech and blandishments and volatility of a child. I recalled her habit of kissing her engagement ring, to keep her in mind of her plighted troth to an absent one and steel her heart against any influence to which she might be subjected in the new world of delights which she had entered unexpectedly on her way to Bedford Springs.

This gave me great uneasiness. For, I said to myself, if objective persons and things take her back from the present to a former state, will not the sight of her plighted lover restore to her her former affection, which was of so engrossing a nature as to involve her very existence? If she ever see Philemon Holland again, will she not love him as fully and freely as I? and will she not have a greater claim upon him than I—a prior, which I must respect?

I began to wish the unknown lover would not prove to be Philemon. But I could and would take no chances. In case he should be Philemon, an antidote to the effect of his person on the most impressionable heart of the beautiful girl must be secured in the person of Robley.

At the first opportunity, accordingly, I enjoined Robley to fol-

low us secretly to Pittsburgh, and take lodgings in the East End as near to Idavöll, the Gregory mansion, as possible, and send me his address by mail at the earliest moment.

XXXIV.

The parting between Grace and Robley was strangely formal—she in the presence of the magnetic Macorquordale and the Gregory carriage of state, and he in the presence of one to whom he had vowed eternal love before he became enamored with another—but no matter, in the presence of one in whose management of his affairs even without his knowledge he had absolute confidence from his ample experience.

And on we went: stopping at Ligonier for dinner; at Greenesburgh, for supper, lodging, and breakfast the next morning; then at Jacktown, for a luncheon at Mrs. McIntyre's, and at Turtle Creek for dinner; reaching our destination in the early evening.

As long as the Laurel and Chestnut ranges of the mountains behind us were to be seen while we were crossing the minor western ridges of Randolph, or Huckleberry, and Grapeville, Grace sat on the front seat of the carriage looking back, alternately sighing and saying, "What a delightful time I have had! I wonder if Dr. Benham and I will recognize each other should we ever meet again!" Afterward, she sat on the back seat looking forward; and as we were ascending Chalfant's hill, after leaving Turtle Creek, she suddenly said, biting her lower lip and pausing an instant after the mention of my name, "Oh, Miss Jansen! what in the world will I do! I have left my engagement ring behind in your casket! I never thought of it until this minute! What shall I do—what can I do! In all my trials, it was my solace; in all my temptations, it was my safety. How can I ever meet him, whose precious love it symbolizes, and it not on my hand, that he may see and feel that I have been true to him?"

"Do not worry, Grace," I replied calmly. "I have it in my purse. Shall I give it to you now?"

"Oh, no; never mind. I will not put you to the trouble. You were so good to think of it. I never can repay you for the one ten-thousandth part of all the kindness and consideration you have shown me."

XXXV.

The morning after our arrival I found myself alone in a large and most luxuriously furnished chamber on the second floor of the Gregory mansion. The windows, almost hid from view behind triple curtains, were open, and I went from one to the other, to look out on the fine residences and elaborately laid out grounds in the neighborhood, and to get relief from an oppression which I felt in the interior of the close and stuffy room.

I felt, moreover, strangely lonely. For while the air was filled with the infinity of discordant sounds which together form the peculiar sullen roar of a great city, this diversity of sound was too remote and confounded to attract any particular attention; and I seemed to be in the silence and gloom of a cavern, with bats fluttering mysteriously to and fro on their most exquisitely sensitive wings of finger-spread film. No audible creak followed my footsteps on the soft velvet carpet; no rustle, my parting the curtains; no crush, my sitting in the easy chair or on the luxurious divan. Even the marble-cased clock on the mantel gave forth no sound save when it struck the hours and quarters in a low muffled tone—a sound which at first suggested a bell submerged in the sea, and afterward reminded me of, and became associated inseparably with in my musing, the sweet-toned bells of the temples of Japan with which often in childhood my being had vibrated in a breath-suspending thrill of pleasure.

At length, just after the clock had struck ten, a maid-servant, who had entered the room and approached me noiselessly, startled me by addressing me at my side and handing me a letter which I recognized as a message from Robley. "Pardon me, Miss Jansen. I knocked at your door repeatedly; and hearing no response, I concluded you had not recovered fully from the fatigue of your journey and fallen asleep. I made free to enter, accordingly, that your waking eyes might be gladdened by the sight of a letter—from one perhaps who is interested in you. The carrier pretended the letter was for me. 'Now, don't blush, Jenny,' said he, when he knew just as well as I did that my name wasn't Jenny, but Tilly. 'Now, don't blush, Jenny,' said he, as I said before, 'here is a letter from one who, if he is as handsome as his handwriting, is so far up in G as to be out of sight'—his very words; for he is dreadfully slangy, like all carriers, newsboys, policemen, and others who live in the streets. 'You saucy rascal,' said I; 'and what business is it of yours if he is? Nobody but a blind person would say the same of you.' 'Tra-la,

Jenny; what are you giving us?' said he—his very words; and away he went, whistling 'Sweet Violets.' I couldn't help then looking particularly at the letter and seeing the beautiful handwriting and the postmark Pittsburgh; and naturally I conluded from the circumstances, coupled with the short time you have been here that it was from a handsome young man, who might be a lawyer, doctor, or other highly educated person, who certainly was interested in you and in whom perhaps you might be interested too; and so I brought it up immediately before anybody in the house besides myself could see it and begin to talk about it; for everybody about the house, I wish you to know, isn't as free from curiosity and a tendency to gossip and pry into other people's affairs as your humble servant, Tilly Sanderson. Read your letter, Miss Jansen; and don't mind me. And if you wish to write a reply, I'll stick it in the box at the corner and nobody about the house but ourselves will know anything about it. But dear me! what is on your hair just above your forehead? I beg your pardon, Miss Jansen, but you have given your beautiful black hair a dab with your powder-puff! How fortunate in me to discover it before you went down stairs to receive company —perhaps, the very man who has written this note to inform you he will call this morning, or not later than this afternoon, as one naturally might conclude from his haste. Please step to the glass and see if what I say is not literally true. You have a dab of powder in your lovely black hair just over the middle of your forehead. In a moment of forgetfulness, perhaps, while thinking about your handsome friend and wondering when he would write and what he would say and how he would say it, you have taken up your powder-ball instead of your handkerchief and pressed it against your troubled brow; or dreaming, perhaps, you have laid your head down on the powder-ball, mistaking it naturally for a handkerchief bunched up by the hand—having seen it in fact only through half closed eyes and being more intent on what was going on inside your head than out."

Happily, however, the sudden irruption of Grace in a state of excitement brought the loquacity of Tilly to a termination and compelled her to retire from the room.

"Oh, Jane, what do you think? I am trembling all over! While unpacking my trunk and rummaging through my clothes this morning, I fancied suddenly I smelled mountain tea and pennyroyal; and holding up to my nose the gown I had in my hand, I recognized it at once as the one I wore the day Robley and I were caught in the rain and took supper with old Graddy Beazley and Pete, and all the

events of that red-letter day of my life came back to me in a flash. I remembered the thousand things I never had time to tell you a word about. I put my hand in the pocket of the scented gown, and sure enough there was the handkerchief of Robley, and wrapped up carefully in it the wishbone of the wood-chuck we had for supper. Pete had the bone on his plate, and having cleaned it, wished to pull it and break it with me to see which of us would get the smaller piece and be married first; and I would not pull it with anybody but Robley; and as we pulled and pulled, old Graddy Beazley laughed, and Pete laughed, and Robley laughed, and I laughed more than all of them together; and at last the bone broke exactly in the middle; and Pete said at once that Robley and I would be married at the same time, and that I must take the pieces home and put them over the door and the first young man to enter the door and go under the bone would be my husband and the first young woman to do so would be Robley's wife; and Robley gave me his handkerchief to wrap up the bones and bring them home; and here they are, and I had forgotten all about them. Dear me! how they carry me back to that, the happiest day of my life, and bring Robley before me and Pete and the old woman and myself as we were in the firelight of the open grate together, while the rain was dripping from the roof of the cabin and falling like a curtain of glistening pearls before the open door, and, as if in a palace of enchantment, I looked around me and saw all the beauty and the comfort of a happy home in the smoke-browned joists of the floor overhead, the ladder in the corner by which Pete ascended and descended, the winter bed-clothing hung on wooden pegs on the walls, and the old woman's bed in the corner, with a curtain around it too short to conceal the scanty stores of the poor old woman, in a bag and a box. Dear, dear Robley "—kissing rapturously and repeatedly his handkerchief—" I can never forget you! and dear, dear Pete—Do you know, Jane, that if ever I have a carriage of my own, I will send for Pete and make a tiger of him. Would he not make the drollest and cutest attendant in the world? And just imagine for an instant the character he would become in swell circles when his alias of the 'Possum would be known generally! I can see and hear him now just as distinctly as if he were before me, 'Some uv the girells calls me 'Possum, 'cause I lets on I'm asleep when they make snoots at me!' Did you ever hear anything so perfectly ludicrous! But, by the way, Jane, this wishbone of the wood-chuck does not look a bit like any wishbone I have ever seen—of a chicken, duck, or turkey. It looks as if it had teeth; and it has, as sure as my name is Grace Gregory. Do tell me, Jane, what a wood-chuck

is? I know I made a laughable mistake in thinking it a kind of mountain fowl; but I never suspected before it was not some kind of bird. What is it, Jane? I know you will not deceive me, like Robley and Pete."

I informed her as well as I could of the nature of the American marmot, which is called indifferently wood-chuck or ground-hog by the mountaineers of Pennsylvania; adding that when fat in the fall before going into winter quarters to hybernate until spring, it is esteemed by many a delicious article of food; and that Graddy Beazley and Pete, in setting it before her fried in its own fat, doubtless believed they were providing her the best supper possible in September among the poor of the Alleghany mountains.

"Well, it was a delicious piece of meat," resumed Grace, "and I enjoyed it; but if I had known before it was a ground-hog, the very name of which is repulsive, I never could have eaten a morsel of it. Ugh! just to think of it! And this wishbone of the wood-chuck, then, is nothing more nor less than the lower jaw-bones of a ground-hog, the lion's share of which I have eaten fried in its own grease! No wonder the 'Possum woke up and rolled over and laughed; and no wonder, too, the old woman called me a silly goose, for more reasons than one. Well, I do not care, I never was happier in my life and never expect to be if I live to be as old as old Graddy Beazley herself, who must be as old as the hills if her infirmities stand for anything; and I will treasure this handkerchief and these bones to the very last day of my life let it be as long as it may, and think of dear, dear Robley and Pete every time I see them."

At this juncture, thinking the happy moment had arrived when I could trust Grace to see and take in her hand and even put on her fore-finger her engagement ring—the handkerchief of Robley counterbalancing the ring of Philemon Holland, or whomsoever her plighted lover might be—I took the ring from my purse and gave it to her, as the veriest trifle in the world to me, when in fact it involved my whole existence.

"Dear me, Jane! I verily believe I am the most forgetful person in the world while you are just the opposite. I never would have thought of it if you had not taken it out of your purse in my sight; and oh, dear Jane"—burying her face in Robley's handkerchief—"I wish you had kept it out of my sight forever! I love Robley and Robley alone; and if I do not marry him, I will never marry another."

"But my dear girl, this ring is an engagement ring, a pledge of the most solemn and sacred character which you have accepted from a good man who loves you, and in every way is worthy of your love,

as you have declared to me repeatedly in the most positive terms; and certainly you will not break your plighted troth with him rashly and without due consideration, and attach yourself perhaps hopelessly to another, although he be as handsome and good as my friend and associate, Robley Benham?"

"Yes, I will Jane, and this very day; for I believe that howsoever much I fancied I loved and fretted and worried over imagined slights and suspected neglect, I never really and truly loved until I met Robley; and since you do not love him and cannot love him, for some unaccountable reason to me, I see no reason why I may not love him and hope to win him some day by the truest devotion which I know and feel I can have for him to the end of my days."

"But what will you do with your plighted lover?"

"I do not know—Yes, I do, Jane; and I will tell you. Since you, who had the most natural claim on Robley have relinquished it in my favor, I, who have the most legal claim on my plighted lover, will turn him over to you. And, Jane, dear Jane, now that I come to think of it, he will suit you as well as Robley suits me in every way conceivable."

"Is he handsome?"

"He is not as handsome as Robley in my eyes, but he may be in yours. You know, there is no accounting for tastes. He is taller, but not nearly so heavy. And Jane, I really believe he is equally as good and courteous and kind as Robley; and while he reads and thinks and knows ten thousand times as much as Robley, he has not the one ten-thousandth part of Robley's rollicking good humor and fondness for out-of-door sports and athletic exercises. He is an indoor bookworm who some day will be a great scientific or literary light; while Robley will be a widely known man of business, and a politician, who in due time will go to the legislature and to congress and live the remainder of his days a possible governor of the great state of Pennsylvania."

"Well, Grace, you certainly have depicted a very attractive man to me and one whom I believe I could and would love with all my heart; but words have one meaning perhaps in your mouth and another in my ears, and I cannot say that I will accept your lover until I shall have found that my conception of his form and features and implied qualities agree in general at least if not in detail with yours. I have my paper and pencil at hand, and I will draw your rejected lover as I conceive him to be in part from your description and in part, perhaps, unconsciously from my desires."

I then began to make a profile delineation of the form and features of Philemon Holland, beginning at his heels and working up-

ward to the back of his head—a most provoking proceeding to the impatient girl.

"No, Jane; I am sorry to say, he is not as straight in the back as Robley; and you must stoop the shoulders and bring forward the knees a little—more yet—more yet—more yet"—

"Not a hair's breadth more, I beseech you, Grace; or I will conclude with a broken heart that your rejected lover is the old miller of the mountain who weighed you and Robley."

"The dear old soul! If ever I marry Robley, that old hump-backed miller and old Graddy Beazley shall be at my wedding; and if they will not dance together, I will dance with the dear old man and Robley with the good woman!"

The girl watched the movements of my pencil with increasing interest until I stopped in affected despair—the picture complete in every particular save the essential lines and dots to make it a likeness of anybody.

"Ah, Grace, it is useless for me to go farther. You have described to me not a single feature; and given me not the slightest intimation of the natural or habitual expression of his face. If I were to go on now, from the shape you have compelled me to give his back, I would make his head, chin, and mouth rather small—so; the angle of his jaw and his ear—so; his forehead, rather prominent below and receding above—so; his eye just clearly discernible under a heavy straight eyebrow—so; and his nose almost monstrous in size and the expression of his face rather forbidding than pleasing—so—so!"

As I put the last touches with great rapidity to the picture and the individuality of Philemon Holland went into it as mysteriously as unmistakably, the sweet girl held her breath and looked at it in open-eyed amazement; until, a suspicion of some deception on my part having entered her mind, which I detected in the expression of her face, she burst out in a glee of mental and emotional excitement, "Oh, Jane, Jane, you have seen and studied his photograph—you have found it here since you came, or that Meddlesome Matty, Tilly Sanderson, that just left the room when I came, has given it to you. The only person about the house that she doesn't know more about than he does himself is Nickie Corker; and he is simply a hollow statue of obedience to orders and precision made out of Scotch pig-iron of whom there is absolutely nothing to be known but his exterior. And now that I come to think of Tilly, I saw, when I entered the room, that you had something in your hand that might have been a photograph—something, at any rate, which you have concealed. Confess, Jane, and be hanged at once. She has given

you his photograph?"

"No, Grace; she has given me this letter from Robley, which, with your permission I will tear open and read to you; for I doubt not you will be interested in it as much as I—or rather Grace, since I have surrendered Robley to you without any reservation, I give you his letter unopened and beg you to open and read it for yourself."

Grace took the letter, and, having kissed it, opened it and read—

"My Dear Queen-bee:—In accordance with your directions, I am at No. 19, Lincoln Place, East End, not more than a square and a half from you and Miss Grace, and await your further orders.

Your unslaughtered drone, Robley."

"Well, did I ever!—Queen-bee and unslaughtered drone, you and Robley! Well, no matter now; I am too happy to care or consider what anybody thinks or says or writes. Robley is here! Robley is here! and Tilly Sanderson will die—positively die! as she deserves to, as soon as she learns that I will not marry Philemon Holland after all the fuss there has been about it in the family for years, but a man she never heard a word of before—the meddlesome thing!"

XXXVI.

I then had a long conversation with Grace in which I gave her an account of my relations with Philemon from first to last, which excited the keenest interest in her—especially that part of my story pertaining to my self-restraint after I had become in a great measure certain that her unknown plighted lover and Philemon Holland were the same. "How could you think it and feel it for a month, and I in your company daily, without speaking to me about it! I could not have borne it a minute! And really and truly, Jane, ever since I met Robley and found that he was just as happy in my company as I in his, I would have exchanged places gladly with you, and given you Phil's diamond ring, and all my worldly goods except the clothes on my back to boot!" she exclaimed in substance, in divers more or less connected sentences.

We then arranged for a meeting in the evening, at which Robley and she were to come together first at half past eight o'clock in the front parlor and then adjourn to the back, and remain until eleven with closed doors, that Tilly Sanderson might die innumerable deaths passing and repassing in the lighted hall where she could not stoop to the keyhole without running an almost certain risk of being seen; while Philemon and I were to meet at nine and have the sole

and exclusive use of the front parlor until eleven. At that hour the parlors were to be thrown into one, and Robley and Philemon introduced to each other, and general congratulations indulged in until twelve.

I wrote to Robley, telling him to present himself at the door of the Gregory mansion promptly at half past eight in the evening; while Grace penned the following characteristic note to Philemon—

"My Dear Phil (positively for the very last time):—Since I saw you last, a month ago, the world has been turned completely upside down and whirled around about in such an extraordinary way that very few people know whether they are standing on their heads or their heels, or whether, when they a-wooing go, they will fall into the arms of their own sweethearts or others'. Among the few who have alighted on their feet and with all their senses about them are a certain Jane Jansen, the grandest woman of the globe without a single exception, and a very uncertain Grace Gregory, the undersigned. Now, this very evening at nine o'clock sharp, if you will come to Idavöll, the said Jane Jansen, *in propria persona*, in the front parlor, will be happy to explain to you fully and satisfactorily the causes which have effected the wonderful revolution and shaking up referred to; while the said Grace Gregory, the undersigned, in the back parlor, will endeavor to elucidate the confusion confounded or the confounded confusion to a man whom you know and most highly esteem but whom you have never met, Dr. Robley Benham.

Yours, in haste and overflowing happiness,

Grace Gregory.

"P. S.—Jane has been keeping your ring in her purse for ever so long. But whether or not she will wear it, you must find out to-night for yourself. G. G.

"N. B.—Beware of T. S.

"P. S.—Now that I have concluded, I find I have a world to write to you. It will keep, however, until we meet; and I can talk a great deal faster than I can write. Ten thousand wishes for your welfare. Good-bye. G. G.

"N. B.—Beware of—I was going to add T. S., when I remembered that I told you above to look out for the Meddlesome Matty. But a double dose of caution will not hurt you. Do not even look at her. Yours, forever and ever—pardon me, I forgot again. Your friend. G. G."

The special meetings between Robley and Grace and Philemon and myself, and the general afterward of all the parties most intimately concerned in the exchange of partners, were happy in the extreme; and when we parted at the front door to meet again in the

morning, there was a mutual understanding among us expressed unmistakably in our actions that in the most satisfactory manner we were betrothed, Robley and Grace, and Philemon and I, as our peculiarly supplemental natures had determined in the face of circumstances which seemingly precluded the possibility.

The next morning—But why go into the details of our happy daily life? Suffice it, that, during the month of October while I was the guest of Grace, the happy couples were together daily either as a crowd of four or as two separate and distinct companies of two —the latter as frequently as circumstances would permit. And besides visiting the several places of special interest in, around, and about the Greater Pittsburgh—Schenley Park, the Allegheny Conservatory, the Carnegie Library, the Court House, the Edgar Thomson Steel Works, and the like, we joined a party of Grace's friends and neighbors and spent two days in steaming up and down the Monongahela River, and six in absorbing as much as our several beings could possibly, of the roar and the spray, the rush and the rainbow—the beautiful, the bewildering, and the overwhelming of Niagara.

XXXVII.

The six months that followed my return from Idavöll to the Heart of Appalachia were six months of unalloyed happiness. Robley and I were on the same terms as before, and planned and worked together and apart for the benefit of both, as if our lives were to be indefinitely in the future as they had been in the past, associated intimately but separable any moment without any serious inconvenience or loss to either. Betimes Grace and Philemon spent a week or a fortnight with us; and after freely discussing our marriage, we concluded to have a double wedding on or about the middle of the following month of roses and orange-blossoms, June, at the house with which our happiness was identified severally and collectively, the Heart of Appalachia. We concluded further to make our homes on the mountain top, where the air and compulsory out-of-door exercise had proven so beneficial to all; Philemon and I in the old inn, he to pour over his books and papers to his heart's content and I to go on as heretofore, as I was accustomed and found it agreeable to do; and Robley and Grace in a new house on Robley's tract of land, near the log-pile which proved to be the great turning point in his life, which was planned and erected and torn down on

paper fifty times or more by the four of us together, before the first shovelful of earth was taken out of the excavation for the cellar. A fifth person, finally in midwinter, terminated our conflicting castle-building by his professional comprehension and skill, an elder brother of Philemon, Sylvester Holland, an architect of repute, who recently had come back from England to America, and opened an office in Pittsburgh; and before the end of April, the foundation walls were erected of a beautiful stone mansion, in a quaint Danish style of architecture, which was christened Rosenborg by the architect from the wild roses which grew in great luxurious clumps here and there on either side of the turnpike in front of the house (the seeds of which having followed the course of Empire from the east, and the bushes now marking the miles advanced)—a name which suggested the style of architecture adopted, that of the Rosenborg Palace in Copenhagen. From the success I had achieved in beautifying the surroundings of the Heart of Appalachia, however, the laying out of the grounds around the new house was left to me.

Grace and I had a great deal to do, moreover, of which our future husbands knew little and perhaps cared less, but which in our estimation was such an important part of the double ceremony to be performed, as to be essential. This was the making and fitting of our wedding garments, which, a month or more before they would be required, from designs made by myself from a study of the old Greek costumes, were completed by the assistance of my dear aunt on the mountain at one end of the line of our uninterrupted communication and Tilly Sanderson at the other—the irrepressible T. S., who happily was as proficient in cutting and fitting as in meddling and gossiping, and was taken into the confidence of Grace and forgiven ten thousand times in the course of the construction of her wedding-gown.

Grace also took charge of old Graddy Beazley and Pete. A somewhat better cabin was given her on the Rosenborg tract than that in which Grace and Robley had found her, and suitable employment, by which she could earn a comfortable living, was given her in the partial care of Robley's flocks of pure-blooded fowls; while Pete was taken by the enthusiastic girl to Pittsburgh and installed nominally as one of the domestics of the Gregory family, while in fact he was fed and clothed and sent to school out of Grace's very liberal allowance by her indulgent father, who, in the social world in which Mrs. Archibald Gregory and her daughter moved, had no existence save as a satellite behind the disc of a planet, but who in the business world of Pittsburgh was the planet, and became luminous in

the eyes of all the instant the name of Gregory was associated with money, while his wife and daughter were satellites in obscurity.

XXXVIII.

In the meantime severally and collectively, Robley and Grace and Philemon and I, had considered and accepted an invitation of Sylvester Holland to spend a fortnight preceding our marriage at the Club House on the bank of the beautiful artificial tarn, Lake Conemaugh, of the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club, of which he was a member. Grace had been the guest of another member on a former occasion; and from her enthusiastic description of the delightfully secluded summer retreat—however chaotic with respect to circumstances—the rest of us were filled with anticipatory fancies of happiness secondary only to those of our honeymoon.

It was agreed and determined on among us that Sylvester should be at the Club House—or Rhododendron Cottage preferably, which he expected to secure from a particular friend who owned it individually—and have everything in readiness for our reception, not later than Wednesday, the 29th day of May, 1889; that Robley and I should take our two-horse carriages and Congo across the twenty-five or thirty miles of intervening country on that or the following day, and on Friday, the 31st, at South Fork, a station on the Pennsylvania Railroad, about two miles north of the lake, meet Grace and Philemon who would come from Pittsburgh thither on the Mail; and that, on the termination of our visit, we would come together in the carriages to the Heart of Appalachia where the ceremony of marriage would take place on Friday, the 21st of June.

Accordingly, in the early morning of Wednesday, Robley and I, in his carriage, and Congo and our baggage in mine, set out in a heavy rain; and some time late in the afternoon, having been obliged by the sloppy and muddy condition of the road to walk our horses almost the whole of the way, and having been stopped for several minutes repeatedly to bridge impassable wash-outs with rails and drift-wood, we arrived at Lake Conemaugh and were received and housed most comfortably in Rhododendron Cottage—to which, happily, convenient stables and sheds for our horses and carriages were attached.

The following day being Decoration or Memorial Day, and the continuity of rainy weather for the past several days seemingly having come to an end, Robley, Sylvester, and I, with Congo driving,

went to Johnstown, a distance of eleven or twelve miles over the hills by way of the Frankstown Road, to see the parade and hear the address of the distinguished orator of the day, Colonel W. D. Moore, of Pittsburgh; and especially to give Congo a day of inexpressible delight in staring at the procession of soldiers and children with flags and flowers, marching alternately to the music of horn and cymbal, and fife and drum. The city was decorated lavishly with flags and streamers, and the streets were thronged with thousands in holiday attire—many strangers and a great part of the people of Johnstown and the half a score of contiguous and neighboring boroughs, which together would make a city of thirty thousand in the narrow valleys of the Conemaugh and its confluent Stony Creek. The day was cheery and bright and the air exhilarating after the gloom and rain and depression of the past week; every feature of the programme was carried out happily; and one and all, when not held in check reverently by the character of the ceremonies, were filled with gladness and mirth: the great Iron City of the Alleghanies of yesterday, with the smoke of its many furnaces commingling with and intensifying the blackness of the overhanging clouds, and the rumble and roar of its myriad of wheels continuing indefinitely the sullen reverberations of the thunder, while the flash and flame of its converters and chimneys mimicked the darting lightning, being transmuted into a City of Gold in the gleam of the sun, where flags floated languidly in an atmosphere perfumed with the breath of flowers and vibrating with that concord of sweetest sounds compounding the music of instruments and the voices of children, and where men and women, forgetting their cares and anxieties, their sorrows and woes, and their struggles and strife, united in joy and peace to place a crown of the fairest flowers on the ghastly skull of Death!

We had supper at the Hulbert House; and after a half hour's chat with a number of friends whom I met in the hotel, we set out on our return to Rhododendron Cottage—Congo and his varied happy experiences during the day being the theme of our discourse until we arrived at Lake Conemaugh; while interjectionally Robley and I were the target of innumerable shafts of facetiousness and good-natured satire from the seemingly inexhaustible quiver of Sylvester—the harmless venom of their points being the heavy hearts of separated lovers and the light of confirmed old maids and bachelors, and the difference in the speed of time when laden with the lead of love and the thistle-seeds of single-blessedness.

XXXIX.

The day of happy sights and sounds was followed by a night of blissful dreams.

But howsoever sweetly I slept and blissfully dreamed in the cosy cottage, the storm clouds gathered soon after I went to bed and the rain descended in unprecedented torrents during the remainder of the night.

When I arose at seven, a general gloom prevailed—the air being oppressive, the clouds hanging low and threatening, and the rain falling incessantly in heavy showers alternating with light drippings and drizzle.

At breakfast, Sylvester received a report from the telegraph operator at the Club House that the wires between Johnstown and South Fork were in a chaotic condition and that wash-outs had occurred which in all probability would delay all trains going east or west for several hours. The extent of the injury done to the road-bed, however, was in a great measure conjectural from the meagre details he had received.

In the comfort and security of our cottage, Robley, Sylvester, and I were not inclined to put the worst construction on the report of the telegrapher; on the contrary, we believed that the great Pennsylvania Railroad Company would soon repair the road-bed and telegraph system, with its almost unlimited means at hand at Conemaugh Station, and that the Mail with Grace and Philemon aboard, would arrive at South Fork an hour behind time—or perhaps, a half hour less or more.

The carriages were ordered; and in due time to meet the train should it come as scheduled, we set out in a gleeful defiance of the opposition of the elements to the carrying out of our plans.

Our road lay for a mile perhaps along the northwest shore of the artificial lake—which was about three miles in length running north and south and from a quarter of a mile to three quarters in width, covering at high water from seven to eight hundred acres at an average depth of twenty feet—to the dam; thence, along the top of the dam, which was wide enough possibly to permit the passing of carriages, a distance of 500 feet to the eastern shore of the lake; thence, across a bridge over a wide race by which the overflowing waters of the lake were discharged, to a fairly good country road which followed the right or eastern bank of the South Fork to its junction with the Conemaugh at South Fork Station, a distance of two or two and a half miles.

In crossing the dam, our horses became frightened and fretful; and well they might, for the steep slope of the earthen dam was on our left, a veritable precipice of a really dangerous steepness for a hundred and fifty feet or more to the original bed of the mountain stream; and a rushing turbid flood was on our right eddying along the riprapped inner face of the dam toward the escape or spill at the eastern end of the dam, carrying on its surface a great quantity of drift-wood—rails, logs, roots, and branches and trunks of trees, and rapidly rising to a point which threatened the destruction of the dam by overflowing the top and cutting down through the riprap to the clay embankment, which, in a few minutes by the enormous pressure above and behind, would become deliquescent and melt into and add its weight to the momentum of the liberated flood. Unfortunately, too, Robley's span was in front; and never having been over the dam before, like mine in going to and coming from Johnstown the day before, they were in a strange place under terrifying circumstances and became almost unmanageable, while mine remained quiet, until catching the contagion of fear from those in front of them, they became so nervous as to render an attempt to pass Robley's carriage and take the lead a foolhardy risk. With the exercise of patience, calmness, and the consummate horsemanship which Robley possessed, however, he got over the dam, and was confronted by a more exciting but less dangerous difficulty in crossing the bridge over the furiously running spill. Here a number of men were assembled as workers and sight-seers—the former, under the direction of Colonel Elias J. Unger, the President of the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club, and Mr. John G. Parke, a civil engineer from Philadelphia, removing the drift-wood as fast as it accumulated in the race and threatened the rupture of the wire netting stretched across to cut off the escape of the trout and bass and other fish with which the lake was stocked, and in enlarging the race to accommodate safely the unusual rush of water. Robley's horses plunged and reared, and, suddenly wheeling snapped the pole of the carriage. They were unhitched then; and during an ordered suspension of the hurrying and hurrahing for a moment, were led by two strong men at the bridle of each horse, across the bridge to a place beyond the terrifying influences of the flood, while a number of the sight-seers followed dragging the carriage. With Congo holding the lines of my horses, they partook more or less of his firmness, and went across the bridge prancing and snorting but obedient to the bit; and Sylvester and I were soon in consultation with Robley with respect to the propriety of leaving his carriage, and two or three of us who might be spared, behind, and either Robley, or Congo and

I, go in mine to South Fork and receive our two friends.

But the pole could be spliced securely in a little time and that determined the matter. A little more time was lost, however, in doing this and in doing that; and greatly to the surprise of all it was noon when we reached South Fork.

Here we learned that the destruction of the road-bed of the Pennsylvania Railroad, between South Fork and Johnstown, was such as to preclude the possibility of any train coming from the west before the following day. We concluded, then, that Grace and Philemon had gotten off the Mail at Johnstown and doubtless then were sitting down at the dining table of the Hulbert, the Merchants, the Mansion, or other of the hotels of Johnstown, comforting each other in their common disappointment with cheery words, between bites of savory roast beef and sips of fragrant tea or coffee.

At the suggestion of food and drink, we thought of ourselves and horses; and having driven to the Bald Eagle Hotel just across the railroad from the station, we soon were engaged in satisfying the best of appetites with a little of everything on the table—fried ham, mashed potatoes, home-made bread, seven kinds of jellies and jams, two of pickles, dried-elderberry pie, and milk and egg custard, with butter which Sylvester remarked was more than a match for Corporal Hunger and Colonel Unger together, and coffee that certainly had been out all night and morning in the rain. Betimes, too, like everybody within ear-shot from the time we came across the dam of the artificial lake, we discussed the probabilities of its breaking or dissolving and the amount of damage the flood would cause in descending the narrow populous valley; but Robley and I regarded as conclusive the dicta of Sylvester, and were as free from apprehension as he, who not only was a member of the club and one of the owners of the dam, and presumably familiar with its construction and strength, but an architect of vast and varied experience in building almost every kind of structure, with the exception of railroad embankments and reservoir dams.

"Bosh! bosh!" he repeatedly said; "the dam has stood the floods of the past seventeen years, and it certainly will the present—and would even without the relief afforded by the enlargement of the spill which is going on now with an ample force under the direction of a competent engineer. And as to the damage which could or would follow the bursting of the dam—that certainly would be considerable to the Pennsylvania Railroad which is flooded and undermined now at several places in its course along the Conemaugh between this point and Johnstown; but with the exception of a shanty or shed floated away here and there, that would be the sum

total of destruction. The distance between the crest of the dam, following all the crooks and bends of the South Fork and Conemaugh, to the Stone Bridge at the lower or western end of Johnstown, is fifteen or sixteen miles; and were all the waters of Lake Conemaugh to be discharged at once, which of course is a physical impossibility, they would be impeded and attenuated by the rocky and tortuous character of these mountain valleys to such an extent as to distribute and diminish correspondingly their powers of destruction to a point barely beyond the possibility of danger to human life and scarcely worth a moment's serious consideration. In the city of Johnstown, the rise of water would be from three to five feet above the high-water mark of 1887; sufficient to flood the cellars of the houses in the valley proper, and necessitate the removal of household goods from the first to the second floor in many instances, and suspend traffic in the streets for a while—but nothing more. I dare say," said the confident man, as he moistened a bite of the dried-elderberry pie with a sip of the flooded coffee, and cleared his mouth and throat for a final utterance—"I dare say the number of rats killed by the flooding of all the cellars of the city, will repay indirectly all the damage the owners of the houses or the city at large will sustain. Now, let us return to Rhododendron Cottage and await the reconstruction of the telegraph lines and the road-bed of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which will be, I do not doubt, not later than to-morrow morning, when we can come back and welcome our wandering friends as affectionately as we can—in public, or while Congo and I, in the goodness of our hearts, will look only at each other and wink with one and the other eye at what is going on on our right and left. All aboard for Lake Conemaugh!"

At the crossing of the road on which we were traveling and the Frankstown Road, a quarter of a mile or so below the dam, we found a boy on a horse awaiting us with a message, directed to Sylvester Holland.

"Grace and I are storm-stayed at the Merchants Hotel in Johnstown. The backwater from the overflowing Stony Creek and Conemaugh has flooded already the lower part of the city and is approaching the high-water mark of June 7th, 1887. Many are apprehensive lest the Fishing Club's dam break at this critical juncture and actually submerge to the second and third floors the houses which are flooded now to the first; while others, and vastly the majority, either poohpooh the idea of all the waters in the fish-pond affecting materially the flood at this great distance, or simply say they have heard en the cry of wolf! wolf! so often in the past fifteen or eighteen ye[illegible]des

that they have ceased to regard it. I myself believe there is grave danger, especially to the sick and the variously hampered in the very course the flood necessarily must come; while the free-footed, of course, at the first alarm can flee to a place of safety on the mountain steeps on each side of the narrow valley. I conceal my apprehensions from Grace as well as I can; but she has caught from others the contagion of anxiety and fear, and looks down from the window of the hotel on the flittings from the lower part of the city with great distress depicted on her countenance for the poor people who are obliged to remove their household effects through the rain and mud to higher ground; and watches with increasing uneasiness the advance of the waters up Main Street; and just now while I write has reported to me that the flood has passed the corner of Clinton Street and reached a point perhaps a third of the distance from there to the turn of the Frankstown Road into the head of Main Street at the foot of the mountain. If possible, accordingly, let Congo come in Jane's carriage and take us to Rhododendron Cottage this afternoon. The water will not be so deep—unless the dam should burst before he gets here—that he cannot ford the street to the door of the hotel. Howsoever, we shall look for his coming down the street and hail him before he can run any risk of flooding the carriage; and if we cannot get to him in any other way, I will beg Grace to close her eyes and imagine I am Robley while I wade or swim and carry her high and dry above my head. With love to Robley from Grace and to Jane from myself, I remain,

Your brother, PHILEMON.

"Johnstown, Pa., Friday, 31st May, 1889, 12:15, p. m."

On reading this letter aloud, Sylvester blanched; and, admitting the danger might be greater than he apprehended, he suggested that since we were on the road all together we continue to Johnstown and relieve Grace and Philemon as speedily as possible. At the same time we heard a man above us cry out to another that the water was beginning to flow over the top of the dam; and without replying to the suggestion or remarking the significant shout, I directed Congo to turn into the Frankstown Road; and away we went over the iron bridge, with the turbid waters from the spill of the dam tumultuously rushing and roaring beneath us, and across the half-submerged lowlands and up the torrent-swept and gully-cut hillside beyond, as rapidly as we could consistently with safety: Sylvester and I, with Congo driving, in my carriage, and Robley alone behind in his.

As we crossed the bridge, Sylvester looked at his watch, and heaving a sigh of relief from his momentary alarm and anxiety, said, in

a satisfied tone, "It is now exactly twenty-nine and a half minutes after two. The distance from the bridge to the head of Main Street is from eight to nine miles; we can cover it, allowing a reasonable time for snailing over and around wash-outs and up and down the steepest parts of the road, at the rate of six miles an hour, and arrive at the Merchants Hotel not later than four o'clock. The distance from this bridge by the tortuous course the waters will be obliged to flow to the same place in Johnstown is from fifteen to sixteen miles. Now, supposing the dam should melt at this instant, and the flood descend: at first, undoubtedly, it would go as fast or faster than a horse could run; but gradually as it spread and mingled with the waters in the valleys, it would slacken its speed, until I dare say, when it met the backwater in Johnstown, it would go no faster than a horse can walk. On an average, it will go no faster than ourselves, and arrive at the Merchants an hour and a quarter after us, or about the time we shall have returned. But the dam has not melted away, and it never will until two Sundays meet—when an infinitely greater downpour than this shall occur and the relieving race be permitted by Colonel Unger or his successor in office to become clogged and absolutely closed with drift-wood."

As we descended the hill, down which the Frankstown Road runs obliquely to the head of Main Street, Sylvester looked at his watch again and remarked, "Thirteen minutes of four. We shall arrive on time; and the threatened flood behind us is neither in sight nor hearing."

He doubtless would have continued in the same strain indefinitely had not the sight of the number of refugees on the roadside from the partly submerged city beneath us, suggested again to hi not only the possibility but the probability of his minimizing co stantly the danger to the vast population of the Valley of the Cor maugh, of which he, as a member of the South Fork Fishing a Hunting Club, was in part the cause.

I was impressed greatly by what I saw beside me on the road beneath me in the dark and gloomy gorge in which the surfac the Conemaugh River and its overflowing waters was discernibl many places, and the rush of the torrent was imagined if not h in the confusion of sounds that arose from the valley.

Suddenly I espied poor old Papa Pearlesteine with his pack l ing down the road toward the city; and having directed Co stop his horses—which brought Robley's to a standstill behin I called the good old man and bade him get into Robley's and we would take him as far on his way as the Merchants

The old man turned in his headlong course, and approaching the side of the carriage, implored me, with tears streaming from his eyes, not to go a step farther. "I am on my way from the Conemaugh Lake as rapidly as my legs will carry me. The dam will burst before night; and the sea of waters suspended there, nearly five hundred feet above the streets of the city of Johnstown, will come thundering down upon it like another Niagara, combined with a mountain avalanche of all the rocks and rubbish it can gather in the valley, and sweep all in its irresistible course! Oh, my daughter, my daughter! go back! go back! It matters little if I descend into the Valley of Death: I am on the brink of the grave in my old age at best, and save yourself, without a friend in the world; but you, my daughter—you are on the threshold of the only palace of enchantment the world has ever seen in reality, the palace of love in the fullness of life; and if you would enter and abide there in health and happiness, go not now, I beseech you, my dear daughter, into the city beneath us—into the course of the resistless flood coming behind us with the certainty of death!"

The appeal of the good old man was from his heart; and howsoever greatly he magnified the effect of the bursting of the dam in my opinion which reflected in a great measure that of Sylvester, it had the effect of alarming me to a point of mental and emotional agitation. I restrained myself, however, and replied to the old man in a way I had become accustomed from our many years of intimate acquaintance; for from the time he became by chance the first guest of the Heart of Appalachia, he was perhaps the most frequent and he most happily entertained visitor.

I told him the occasion of our visit to Johnstown; and assuring m that we would remain in the threatened city not a moment lon- r than was absolutely necessary to go from the foot of the hill to e door of the Merchants Hotel and return, he smiled through his rs and got into Robley's carriage.

We were delayed by this encounter perhaps five minutes; and the n clock in the belfry of the Lutheran Church was sounding the of four when we descended the last hundred yards of the kstown Road and entered the Main Street of Johnstown.

a minute more we were stopped by a throng of people at lge of the water in the street—some excited and others list- curious. "Will you please make way for us," I cried out in a ut kindly tone; and as the crowd parted, a young woman in istress approached the carriage and begged me to take her in iage to her home, which she could not reach afoot on account ater; adding to her request as rapidly as she could speak,

"Just down Adams Street here, and around the corner. It will delay you but a minute. Please do. Do not turn; I will climb up over the wheel and sit down by your driver that I may show him the way."

And before I could deny or check the young woman, she had mounted the wheel and seated herself beside Congo; whereupon Sylvester, rising from his seat and stepping down from the carriage, said, "It is all right, Jane. Take the poor girl home, and return to this spot. Robley and I will go to the hotel and bring the storm-stayed here, when you can take Philemon and we will keep Grace—and Papa Pearlesteine, too, if he will; for there is something in that old man that would be a bond of strong attachment between us—his open-hearted fatherly love for you, Jane."

As the horses started, I turned and saw Sylvester, with one foot on the step of Robley's carriage, shaking hands with Papa Pearlesteine sitting on the back seat: looking each into the other's eyes and smiling.

Turning to the left, and going a short distance in one direction and a short distance in another, we entered a part of the city I had never been in before; but at the farthest we were only a few hundred yards from the Main Street of the city and the Merchants Hotel, and I felt no uneasiness on that score—nor on account of the water which barely rose to the knees of the horses.

Startled by the report of a gun, I looked in the direction of the sound, and saw an old man sitting at a window, with a rifle in his hands, and his face radiant with smiles. "That makes nineteen rats and two moles since dinner!" I heard him call out to somebody in the house. "One more rat and then I'll quit, if you say so, and take up the parlor carpet." And I recollected Sylvester's remark about the slaughter of the rats repaying indirectly any damage that might be done by the bursting of the Fishing Club's dam.

I saw also a number of children playing in the water in the street with a big dog hitched to a floating door. A youngster of two or three sat on the raft; while a boy of ten with his pantaloons rolled up high on his thighs led the dog, and four others, from eight to twelve perhaps, followed laughing behind, splashing the water, making waves to rock the floating door to terrify the youngster.

I heard a man playing on the violin, after the fashion of a mountain fiddler, "The Arkansaw Traveler," and call out as if he were playing for a rural ball, "Ladies to the right!"

A few seconds afterward, a shrill whistle sounded up the valley, followed by another, and a third in rapid succession. Startled men and women appeared at the doors and windows on both sides

of the street. "There's something up!" cried one; "Fire!" screamed another; while "I believe the dam has burst!" exclaimed a third.

"Oh, hurry, hurry, please!" cried the girl on the front seat with Congo; and responsive to the increasing excitement around them as well as a touch of the whip, the horses dashed through the water, which, either by a descent in the street, or a rise of the flood, suddenly rose above the floor of the carriage and wet my feet.

"Stop! stop! that is the house—that with the stoop and the open front door! Follow me up stairs; and if the dam has burst we shall not be in danger: we are too far out of the course of the Conemaugh here. Oh, how can I thank you enough for bringing me to a place of safety! Quick! quick! follow me, both of you, and let the horses go!" and at a bound the excited girl leaped from the front wheel of the carriage to the porch, the edge of which was under water, and bounded through the open door of a compactly built dwelling of wood, with low ceilings and rooms on each side of a central hall, that stood on the eastern side of the street.

As nearly as I could tell from my limited knowledge of Johnstown, I was on Bedford Street, and whether or not I could gallop thence to Green Hill and secure a place of absolute safety I did not know, and I saw no street running in the direction of the hill. I had little time, however, to consider what to do; for as I rose from my seat I heard an appalling roar descending the valley and a succession of crashes that convinced me that Lake Conemaugh in reality had burst its bounds and was rushing down upon the city more in accordance with the predictions of poor old Papa Pearlesteine than the astute and able architect, Sylvester Holland.

"Unhitch the horses, Congo; give the noble animals a chance at least for their lives. No; never mind the traces—take out your knife and go to their heads. Now, cut the pole-straps, the hame-strings, and the throat-latches of the bridles. You still have time to pull off their bridles. Now, let them go with their collars, and follow me."

The carriage being more on the sidewalk than in the street, I readily stepped to the porch and entered the open door. The stairs were in front of me, and I ran up them hurriedly. At the landing on the second floor, there were several doors ajar leading into as many different rooms; and hearing a succession of screams issuing from one of the front chambers, I entered it and found a frightened parrot attached by a small chain to a tin perch, uttering cries so like those of a human being in alarm and distress that I was deceived completely—and amused at the deception to such an extent, that, while

I broke the bird's chain, I chatted to it cheerily for a moment.

While doing so, I heard Congo pass my door and ascend the stairs to the attic. The din of the flood then attracting my attention, I went to a window facing the sound and looked out.

I saw the rounded and ragged point of a great wedge of water, bearing upon it a toppling mass of trees and houses and railroad cars, parting the city in twain in front of me beneath a cloud of dust and spray, and leaving in its widening wake a great flattened area in which a few large houses and churches stood immovable while other large and small houses tumbled together and rolled over and fell to pieces in a conglomeration of floating objects which seemed to comprise every structural thing made by man from a railroad bridge to a cradle : and here and there in the midst of the wreckage scores of horses and hundreds of human beings—men, women, and children —the dead floating as calmly as the drift-wood around them and the living in as many phases of an agonizing struggle for existence in the awful cauldron of angry waters as there were individuals.

A moment later, the point of the great water-wedge had passed me on its way across Stony Creek and the lower end of Kernville to strike against the mountain beyond lying approximately at right angles to the course of the flood ; and I saw the rolling side of the great wedge obliquely coming toward me, crushing and leveling brick houses and lifting up and tossing about frame buildings as the point of the wedge had done. I was transfixed by the overwhelming character of the rapidly approaching engine of destruction. I felt, without moving a muscle, the extreme outer fringe of the wave strike the foundation of the house I was in. I heard the rush of waters into the doors and windows below and the lap of the waves against the ceilings. I saw my own carriage rise in front of the window before me. I felt the waters rush around me and carry me up —up—wildly clinging to a floating bureau, and knocking now against the bedstead and now against some other article of furniture adrift, until I passed above the top of the windows, when, in the awful darkness that followed immediately after, I found a difficulty in breathing the compressed air near the ceiling that affected me more than my recognition of my inevitable fate by drowning should the water rise in the room but an inch or two more. Happily, in a few minutes, the ceiling was broken in several places, by the bureau and bedstead knocking against it, and the pressure of the air was reduced ; and as the air rushed through the holes and cracks responsively to the movements of the water in the room, the house seemed to sigh like a sentient suffering being like myself and the poor parrot that clung to the bedstead as I to the bureau.

At length, as I was about to sink from exhaustion, the chimney of the side of the house on which I was, came down with such a crash and splash that I thought the house had been crushed in a jam and that I could live but a moment longer. A great part of the bricks and mortar broke through the weather-boarding of the house and lightened it proportionately; and at the same time the opening of the chimney appeared and the light of day entered the awful dungeon in which I was drowning, the house rocked, and the distance increased a foot or more between my head and the ceiling.

The parrot fluttered to the opening, and, vainly endeavoring to rise from the water, screamed.

A huge black hand and arm, which I recognized as Congo's, perhaps with the most joyous heart-beat of my existence, descended to the surface of the water and lifted the bird to the floor of the attic above, whence it flew immediately through the chimney opening in the roof.

An instant afterward, I was under the opening, screaming like the parrot; and another instant later, I was tottering with the weight of muddy water in my hair and clothing, by the side of Congo, whose clothing above his waist still was as dry as when he came from the street, but whose eyes were streaming with tears.

While wringing the water out of my hair, to relieve my head and neck of the disagreeable weight, I looked around for the girl who had preceded us up the stairs; and seeing nobody but Congo and myself in the garret, I uttered a moan of horror and anguish as I realized that she and her friends must be confined and drowning in one of the inaccessible rooms beneath us!

And here I first realized that the house was afloat—that, in fact, it had a double motion: a slow rotation and a rapid onward movement; and looking out of the great opening in the gable made by the falling chimney, I saw that the one motion came from an eddying along the southern margin of the great wedge of waters which had split and flattened the southern side of Johnstown, and that the other was that of the great torrent in its direct course east and west from the southern side of the upper part of Johnstown to and over the lower part of Kernville above and below the iron bridge which connected the two towns, and with which I was familiar, as it formed part of the way from the Heart of Appalachia to the business centre of Johnstown.

Looking backward or eastward, I saw that the Hulbert House and a great part of the Merchants Hotel, and almost all the buildings in that neighborhood were gone, while the great stone Methodist Church, Alma Hall, and several other buildings stood like fantastic

islands in a sea of wreckage.

Looking northward, I saw that a great division of the flood had followed the course of the Conemaugh along the northern side of Johnstown, sweeping away almost every structural impediment in its course, and piling up a great hill of wreckage against the mountain side opposite the rather short bend of the river to the northwest toward the Stone Bridge of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the boroughs of Cambria City and Morrellville lying immediately below. This hill of wreckage extended to the Stone Bridge, where seemingly it had clogged the channel, and with the railroad embankment east of the bridge, made a dam which was holding back and accumulating the vast volumes of water which were rushing still through and over Johnstown in a furiously chaotic sea, in which great floating buildings were jostled and jammed and crushed and broken into shapeless masses and fragments as if they had been made of paper and glass. Presently I discerned a kind of order evolve from this colossal confusion; for as the confined and accumulating floods beat back from the mountain side, the Stone Bridge, and the railroad embankment, over Johnstown, the line of least resistance lay southward up the valley of Stony Creek, toward the point where the direct or southern division of the flood—in which I was—already had struck the mountain side west of the northern or lower part of Kernville and was then in a violent condition of reaction. I saw this great current from the Stone Bridge take shape and come directly toward me. I felt the waters swelling beneath me as if they were rising in the might of a great submerged monster to resist to the last an overwhelming onslaught; and realizing that we would be safer on the roof than in the attic or garret of the house in the inevitable crash in a few minutes, we got out on the shingle roof through the chimney opening, and, clinging to the sides of this opening which afforded a more secure hold than the edge or comb of the roof, awaited the collision. And scarcely had we taken a firm hold when the two great divisions of the imprisoned flood came together; and houses crushed one another which had been erected many squares apart—if not, indeed, two or three miles. As crash upon crash came in bewildering rapidity around us, I heard shouts and groans issue from hundreds of people, few of whom happily were seen in their seemingly hopeless struggle to retain unquenched the spark of life amid the overwhelming waves; but wherever and whenever beheld, they had a uniform aspect to me, a white-faced agony dotting the ghastly greys and browns and blacks with which the endless succession of awful pictures on which I gazed had been painted by a gigantic hand in a frenzy of murderous wrath.

The house collapsed beneath us. The sides of the roof came together and rose vertically in the air. Our holds were firm, however; and when the side to which we clung descended we were carried with it down beneath the surface of the flood, and churned up and down and around and about until I was barely conscious that I was alive—no longer clinging to the roof, but tightly held around the waist by the strong left arm of Congo, while he held to the roof with his right, where he had caught it first.

In a little while the roof settled with the shingles down and the rafters up, and we were able to climb and stand upon it without difficulty, and cling to it, if necessary, much more easily than before.

And again I began to wring the water from my hair, which pulled my head backward and seriously disturbed my perceptive faculties by the discomfort it gave me; and while doing so, I discovered with a sickening sense of disgust that my hair and clothing were saturated as well with carbon oil or petroleum as muddy water. In the collision, evidently, a great quantity of oil had been liberated, and this rising to the surface of the water, I was involved in it and polluted with it from head to foot.

At the same time—the stench of the oil having restored my senses of hearing and seeing as well as smelling—I was impressed with the stillness of death that had succeeded the terrific din of the meeting of the great currents and the crushing of the buildings borne by them and the shrieking and groaning of the imprisoned human beings; and looking around me, I saw that almost all the houses had been flattened into floating fragments as ours had been, and were drifting southward up the valley of Stony Creek over that part of Kernville which had been built along the lowest level of the valley. I saw, moreover, that our raft was floating in a body of water remarkably free from wreckage and comparatively smooth; and it was not long before I discovered the cause. We were in the wake of the Unique Rink of Kernville, the largest and most substantially built of the frame buildings of Johnstown or any of its flooded suburbs. On went the colossal ark in the mighty maelstrom of Kernville, crushing everything in its way and scattering the wreckage far and wide on each side, drowning scores upon scores of men, women, and children, who until run down by this prodigious ram had hopes at least of saving their lives by the settling and subsidence of the flood which must come in the course of time; and on went our raft in serene security behind!

I cast my eyes over the waters to the great fringe of wreckage along the western shore, and saw so many people rescuing and being rescued, I marveled whence they had come, for only the dead were

floating around me; and I began not only to hope for an escape but to conceive a plan from what I saw going on along the shore. Curiously, too, as soon as I had determined what to do, Congo, perhaps from the same circumstances in sight, began to put it in execution, by taking a floating board and using it as a rudder to guide our raft into the first smooth harbor of safety we might encounter in our course.

I espied a suitable haven and directed Congo to steer for it; and as I did so, I began to feel my heart beat with a reviving vigor.

But the raft kept in the course of the current without a perceptible deviation; and my heart sank as I divined the cause. We had no force—neither that of wind against sails nor arms at oars—to oppose the propulsion of the eddying flood.

By using the board as an oar or paddle, however, Congo was able to affect the movement of the raft to a slight extent; and I again conceived a hope that he might push it gradually to the fringe of wreckage along the Kernville shore on our right.

My eyes were fixed on the wreckage when a cry for help on my left startled me; and on turning my head I saw a man leave a chicken-coop which had broken into pieces of lath beneath him and vainly attempt to secure a supporting hold on an empty oil barrel. I directed Congo to push the raft back into the course of the current; and with little difficulty, I pulled the struggling man aboard.

He was a little old Ridger extremely uncouth in his appearance—with the expression of a monkey in his face, and such a stiffened crook in his right leg that he could walk on the raft only in a half-erect posture, which further increased his resemblance to an ape. He had been in the water evidently but a very short time; for he was not exhausted in the least, and began to chatter cheerily before the muddy water had ceased to trickle from his shocky hair into his upturned face.

"I say—I dunno w'ut's y'ur name, but I 'llow Cap'in 'ill 'bout kiver the ground—I say, Cap'in, be youens rayal flesh an' blood?"

"Certainly, my good man; why do you ask?"

"Well, w'en I see you fust a-comin' fur me, an' I see you a-stan'in' up like one uv them thur marble statutes in a cimetry, an' I see thet w'ite star uv yourn jes above y'ur forehead, I sez to myse'f, sez I, Chippy—thet's w'ut all the Ridgers round hyur calls me—Chippy, short fur Chipmunk, you know—Chippy, sez I, thet's a sperret uv light; an' w'en I see thet thur Jim Dandy uv a big buck nigger a-pushin' an' a-shovin' with thet thur board uv his'n, an' I see them thur warts an' scars —I never see the beat!—jes up an' all over

his face, sez I to myse'f, sez I, Chippy, thet's a sperrit uv darkness; an' ef ary mossback's to be yanked out uv this hyur puddle an' laid up somewhurs on a log to dry out like a tortle, it'll be by youens who hev power above an' below. I say Cap'in—it comes nayteral to call you Cap'n, fur, you see, Cap'in, w'en I wuz a so year ol'—jes about knee-high to one uv them thur hoppertygrasses—I be to git up 'an hustle fur my keep an' sitch an' shoe-leather; so I ups right then an' thur—you may jes bet I did!—an' I goes a-boatin' on the ol' State Canal hyur; an' I druv' a six-hoss team uv mules wunst all the way from one en' hyur in the mountins to the yother en' in Pittsburgh; an' the way I come to git this hyur game leg, wuz, w'en I wuz a-comin' back, jes this hyur side uv Lockport, I wuz kicked right hyur above the knee-cap by the ornriest mule ez ever see a tow-path, an' thet wuz jes Rat-tail Jake. So, you see, I be to know a wrinkle ur two 'bout boatin', an' not min' gittin' a duckin' now an' agin. But I say, Cap'in, can't ary uv youens gi' me ur loan me a chaw ' tobakker—jes to keep my teeth from chatterin', fur I feel a'most a'mighty shaky in these hyur dreepin' clothes gettin' wetter an' wetter in this hyur shiverin' rain."

"We cannot; but I can give you instead a little work to do that will answer the same purpose," I replied a little testily. "Come to the edge of the raft and assist in bringing to it the two girls clinging to the telegraph pole in front of us. Take hold of the smaller nearest you, and I will catch the other. Steady, Congo, steady!"

Immediately afterward, we added two more to our number, a middle-aged woman with an ugly gaping cut in her scalp and a boy with his left arm broken. At the same time a rat-terrier and a large opossum came aboard without assistance, and curiously from the same piece of drift-wood, a short hollow butt of a tree, on the opposite ends of which they sat facing each other and apparently more in dread of each other than of the flood, the dog with his hair bristling along his neck and back, and the opossum with her jaws held rigidly apart; and after getting on the raft, they seemed to regard each other still as the greatest danger to which they were exposed: the dog coming forward and the opossum going aft, where, coiling her long prehensile tail around a projecting splinter from the end of a rafter, she closed her jaws, but kept her eyes fixed in the direction of the dog.

At this time, the great Rink ahead of us appeared to hesitate in indecision. It had come to a point opposite Grubbtown, where the ascending current of the Kernville maelstrom met the descending torrent of the swollen Stony Creek; and whether it would turn into the descending or eastern current headforemost, as it were, or tail-

foremost, was a matter of the gravest importance to us in its wake. If it continued to go forward, it would still be a protection to us behind; but if it came backward, we would be in a measure in front of it and run a correspondingly perilous risk of being overwhelmed by it. I held my breath while the stupendous ark was trembling in the balance. At length, however, I saw the bow of the Great Eastern of the Johnstown Flood veer to the left, as it rounded the most southerly arc of the Kernville maelstrom and entered the descending current, and stop! quivering from stem to stern, and creaking and groaning in every joint!

The great structure, requiring a correspondingly great depth of water to float in, evidently, in turning out of the old and deep channel of Stony Creek to enter the new and shallow around through Hornerstown, to the east of Sandy Vale Cemetery, had struck the eastern bank of the original stream and could go no farther in that direction.

I breathed again; and became conscious of what was going on around and back of me on the raft. None seemed to have apprehended the danger we were in, and all were comparatively free from anxiety: the boy patting the head of the dog, the old monkey-faced man talking glibly in the Ridge dialect of Southwestern Pennsylvania, the girls holding each other's hand and looking vacantly at the incomprehensible sea of destruction around them, while Congo, with the board held idly in his hand, was addressing the motionless opossum on the corner of the raft.

"Sit still, Honey. Supper time will be coming by and by; and I am getting very hungry at this unusual work—been a long, long time since I saw so much water and handled an oar. Sit still, Honey. I've seen rougher seas than this; and we'll all go ashore together when we come to the right port, and I'll soon take off your wet overcoat and make you feel comfortable over a hot fire; and yoom! yoom! Honey, I'll kiss every blessed bone in your body before I say good-night to what's left of you!"

The raft kept on; and as it passed to the right of the stranded Rink, the contrast in size between the two vessels was appalling. At the same time another large structure similarly stranded appeared ahead a hundred yards or so; and with an exclamation of wonder, I recognized it as Turners Hall! and the fact that it had floated from the upper part of Johnstown! Unlike the Rink, however, before grounding, the Hall had turned completely around and presented to me its front, which, to a great extent, had been broken in in crushing the several buildings which it had encountered in its course; and in the large auditorium, I saw two men seated on chairs, with their

feet cocked up on the back of other chairs, and their hats on the side of their heads, smoking cigars, and placidly looking out on the awful destruction going on before them of hundreds of human beings and the accumulated wealth of a cluster of thrifty and progressive towns for half a century!—as placidly as if they were seated on the deck of a steamboat in one of the pools of the Monongahela surveying a gust-formed swirl of floating leaves!

Turning my eyes from these marvels of placidity, I saw that the descending current was divided into a comparatively small and unobstructed stream which ran along the ascending current west of the Sandy Vale Cemetery, and a large and spreading and seemingly variously obstructed torrent that swept through Hornerstown to the east of the Cemetery, leaving a vast area of dead and relatively shallow water between.

I saw at once, too, that the small stream was the safer for our fragile craft with its precious freight of human life, and I was about to direct all the able-bodied to make a united effort to turn the floating roof into it, when the stream itself relieved us—it being in fact the returning flood which had borne us hither; and the image of the two calm figures I had seen haunting me and affecting me in despite of my situation and experience, I felt the high tension of my being relax in a sigh and was conscious of entertaining a vague conviction that the crisis was over and our safety practically assured.

Scarcely, however, had we gotten fairly into the descending current, than it received a tumultuous accession from the great division which involved in its mighty torrent the descending flood of the swollen Stony Creek as well as a great part of the waters from Lake Conemaugh backing up from the Stone Bridge and the railroad embankment at the lower end of Johnstown; and the plaything of the raging flood beneath it, our raft dipped and sagged and bent up and down to such an extent as not only to fill us with alarm but oblige us all to sit down and hold fast to the rafters. But the roof held together, and after a little while, became steady enough for Congo and myself to resume our former postures and occupations—he at the wheel and I on the bridge of the first and last vessel I ever wish to be Cap'in of, the last of a long line of skippers though I be. And soon after, we added to our list of passengers an old woman uninjured, a young man with several of his ribs broken, spitting blood and deathly pale, and a boy babe of six or eight months, absolutely nude, whom the middle-aged woman at once wrapped in her apron and held to her bosom to allay his alarm and still his cries.

We had now on the floating roof ten human beings; and nothing

but the rafters appeared above the surface of the water on which we sat or stood in such a manner as to prevent its dipping unduly on one side or the other—or, in nautical phrase, to keep our vessel on an even keel. Another added, with the excitement incident, would jeopard us all. I decided to go to the shore and run the risk of colliding there with one of the many projecting masses of wreckage, which would furnish the survivors a possible bridge to the land, rather than continue as we were.

I directed all who could paddle with their hands or such floating pieces of boards which they could secure to go to the left hand side of the raft and exert themselves to the utmost, while the helpless were put on the extreme edge of the right to balance the rowers, and Congo and I stood at diagonal fore and aft corners, he to push and steer, and I to direct and lay hold of the first pier of wreckage we might come to that offered a reasonable road to safety beyond the reach of the flood.

With less trouble than I apprehended, and in a much shorter time, we reached the side of a partly careened house jammed against a mass of wreckage which seemingly extended to a low island, amid the dismally contrasted tombstones and pines of Sandy Vale Cemetery; and after I had taken hold of the rain-spout on the corner of the house and brought the raft to a standstill, while several relieved me, I exchanged places with Congo that we all might have the advantage of his vastly greater strength in maintaining our anchorage.

The monkey-faced man was the first to disembark and was a great help to the others—all availing themselves of his assistance but the middle-aged woman, who, gathering together the four corners of the apron in which she carried the naked babe, and taking hold of them with her teeth, climbed up the sloping side of the building to its junction with the roof, with both hands free and the baby dangling beneath her smiling face. The terrier, too, secured a foothold and ran to the ridge. Congo turned his head to see at the same time what the opossum and I were doing; and observing that he was dividing his attentions between us, I said to him sharply as I took a step toward him, "Congo, never mind the opossum now. Wait till"—

At this instant I felt a sinking of the raft and a propulsion forward, as if the level of the maelstrom had been lowered and the current accelerated by the yielding of some great obstruction.

I saw at the same time the partly careened house sink with a crash on its side and precipitate all those on it into the water on the other side amid a chaos of liberated wreckage, while the end of a

scantling rose from the water and struck Congo under the angle of the left jaw with such force as to raise him seemingly from his feet and send him staggering, stunned almost to insensibility across the raft, where he fell into the water and floundered about in absolute helplessness. My eyes followed him; and as I was about to run to his side to drag him on the left hand side of the forward part of the raft, I heard my name pronounced distinctly from the water on the right hand or landward side. I looked in the direction of the voice, and saw Philemon struggling apparently as helpless as Congo and as close to the edge of the raft. I was equally distant from both. I could save either but not both.

I ran to Congo; and falling on my knees, and clutching my both hands firmly in his grizzled wool, I held his head out of water; and, after exerting myself to the utmost for several minutes, I succeeded in getting him on the raft, where, with less danger perhaps but with greater distress to me, he threw his arms about wildly and tumbled and tossed in such a way as to indicate a violent disturbance of his mental faculties—the force of the blow having been transmitted by the ramus of the jaw to the temple and paralyzed partially the brain of the giant within.

At the first opportunity I looked back; and seeing nothing of Philemon, I burst into a flood of tears. And while I was weeping, I asked myself in an agony of doubt, Did I do right? I clutched my swelling bosom, and I pressed against my heaving heart; but the only answer I heard in the depths of my conscious self was YES!

On the spur of the moment, I had acted as I would have done after an age of deliberation. Instantly and absolutely my whole being had gone out to succor the big-hearted savage who had saved the life of my mother and my own prenatal existence in the lava-cavern of Hawaii, who had saved my life afterward in the burning log-pile, who had saved my life that very day in the flood, and who had been from the moment he was rescued from an ocean grave by my father, to the present moment, a personification of the most self-sacrificing devotion to his rescuer and his family it was possible for a gigantic negro to be; and after the first gush of tears over my leaving Philemon to his fate in the awful maelstrom of Kernville and myself a wretched woman to the last instant of my existence, I said to myself, I am satisfied—I have done my duty to myself and others. My tears ceased to flow; and I felt my being enlarge and my powers of doing and enduring increased indefinitely.

I turned to Congo and endeavored to keep him quiet with soothing words and gentle restraint; but he was seemingly unconscious of my

presence. I recollected, too, that when his brain had been impoverished by starvation and physical exhaustion in Hawaii, he became maniacal; and the greatest danger I apprehended was an acute attack of insanity as a result of the stunning blow. I looked around me to see what I could do in that awful emergency.

Behind us at a safe distance came the Unique Rink and Turners Hall, descending as they had ascended in the channel of Stony Creek. Before us the current was free from obstructions. The raft was without a tremor though driving along as rapidly as the current. There was nothing to be done in any emergency that I could foresee but hold on to Congo and the raft; and as there was no immediate danger in sight, nothing besides was suggested to my mind save the melancholy fact that with Congo in his right mind we might go ashore with comparative safety at several places where the wreckage was piled up in projecting piers, with relatively smooth water below them.

At length the raft passed out of the maelstrom of Kernville and entered the smaller but more violent and destructive whirlpool of Johnstown; and I saw to my great astonishment that in a few minutes I would pass over approximately the spot whence I had set out and made a complete circuit of two and a half or three miles.

"See, Congo, here is the place where you cut loose the horses; and we are not too far from the steep slopes of Green Hill to distinguish them if they have succeeded in making their escape thither. Look up and tell me if you can see either Bessie or Fannie. And see! in a minute we shall be crossing Main Street near the spot where the Hulbert House stood yesterday—where you heard the brass bands play, and saw the soldiers and the children marching, and ate peanuts and ginger cakes all day long. See, we are crossing it now! and there, behind that great pile of wreckage is the Franks-town Road, you know so well!

But my words made no impression on his disordered or bewildered intellect.

At length, he muttered, "Sit still, Honey!" and thinking that his brain might begin to work where it ceased—like a clock—I pointed to the opossum which still clung motionless to the rafter and talked to him about having her roasted for his supper as he had done, and gradually awoke him to a dim consciousness of where he was and what was going on around him.

As Congo looked around, I did so, too, and saw the Catholic Church of St. John ablaze with fire in the midst of the encircling sea—the flames spreading over the roof from the burning dwelling which had been swept against it, running up the lofty spire, and

consuming on its apex the holy symbol of Christianity—leaving seemingly the struggling thousands in the Valley of Death beneath it without hope!

At the same time, hearing a succession of crashes behind me, I turned and saw the Unique Rink and Turners Hall, as they followed our raft in the tumultuous whirlpool, go to pieces in a succession of collapses and flatten into floating masses of roof and walls and floors, which, jostling and jamming together in terrific confusion, lost their identity as parts of the colossal structures in a few minutes.

When the Rink began to dissolve I was seized with dismay; but I was not ready yet to sink in despair. I seized the board which Congo had used so effectively as a paddle and helm, and exerted my utmost strength to push the raft under the lee of the nearer of the two ends of the German Catholic Church which we were approaching in rounding the upper part of the Johnstown maelstrom, or the great eddy which having completed a circuit in Kernville made two-thirds of another in Johnstown. But without avail. And while I was struggling, I called to Congo with the voice of desperation. He came to my side. He took the board in his hand. He moved it to and fro, but he moved it without the guidance of an orderly mind, and the golden opportunity of finding a haven of safety under the lee of the sacred edifice—through the walls of which in the initial rush of the flood, a number of locomotives or other massive masses of iron wreckage from the Round House of Conemaugh Station, had been driven, leaving the two ends bridged by the roof standing intact—was gone forever. The raft entered the descending current, in which the maelstrom current united with the raging torrent still coming down the Conemaugh, and down it went along and over the northern side of the city with the speed of a race horse, rocking and writhing in such a manner that I lay down across the rafters and grasped them firmly, thinking the roof would break into pieces at any moment.

In the excitement strangely Congo's reason was restored, and standing firmly at his post with the board dipping deeply between two of the sheathing boards forming an effective rudder, he kept the raft much steadier than it would have been otherwise, and possibly prevented it from parting asunder.

After passing the great brick Store Building and the adjacent Office of the Cambria Iron Company, which had resisted the force of the flood, I saw that the railroad embankment between the Stone Bridge and the Station had given way; and I realized the cause of the special accident in the general catastrophe which had occurred in the Sandy Vale Cemetery. The moment the embankment had melt-

ed away—like the Fishing Club's dam, by the overflow and the pressure converting it into a deliquescent mass—the effect of the escaping waters in a river-wide rush was transmitted rapidly to the farthest point of the eddying backwaters over Kernville and Johnstown and imparted a new impetus to everything afloat.

As the raft rounded the curve of the Conemaugh at the lower or western end of Johnstown, I had a full view on my left of the fifteen or twenty acres of wreckage piled up against the side of the mountain above the Stone Bridge. I saw that it was afire in many places—here and there burning furiously; and hearing shriek after shriek issuing from the chaotic mass, I felt an icy shudder course through my blood as I realized that I beheld the beginning of a hecatomb of human beings unparalleled perhaps in the annals of civilized man! My eyes were fascinated by the flames; and in the intensity of my gaze, my imagination becoming excited, I saw instead of the stupendous chaos before me a shapely sacrificial altar on which lay smoking the Heart of Humanity, while Pleasure and Folly in the garb of mountebank priests danced in delight around it!

The vision vanished as the raft went through the rift in the railroad embankment by the side of the immovable Stone Bridge; and the hope of my heart asserting itself in despite of the convictions of my head that Philemon was one among the thousands who must have perished in the colossal catastrophe, I looked back over the deluged city and strained my vision to catch a glimpse of him among the living, somewhere—somewhere! but in vain!

At the same time, I heard the great clock of the Lutheran Church strike the hour of five o'clock—the solemn tones falling on my ear like a knell for the departed city—and the world of bliss which I had hoped to inhabit with Philemon Holland.

Immediately afterward, I reflected that I had been afloat three-quarters of an hour; and in that age of excitement and agony, I had floated over a course of over three miles.

Passing the vast iron and steel works of the Cambria Iron Company on our right, and entering Cambria City at a fearful rate of speed, I directed Congo to keep in the middle of the current as well as he could; thinking it infinitely safer to float down the river on the staunch raft the roof had proven itself to be than run the risk of striking the partly submerged houses and the equally dangerous trees on each side. A string of frame houses, moreover, preceded us on the curved back of the swollen river; and as they were more or less intact, and dotted with people, they gave us assurance of safety that was encouraging in the extreme. In a half hour at most, I

thought, we shall have passed Cambria City and Morrellville and entered an open country where we can find a capacious harbor of safety in an overflowed bottom-field.

But on and on we went without finding the looked-for haven of safety, and entered the gorge of the Laurel Range of the Appalachian or Alleghany Mountains, which I have heard old canal-boatmen call the Twin Rock Gap, from the peculiar markings of a stone by the side of the canal, which bore a fancied resemblance to two children with their arms interlocked. On the summit of this range twenty miles distant, the Heart of Appalachia stood; and with the thought of my home and the many dear ones there to myself and especially to Congo, my eyes moistened; and to distract my thoughts from a subject that might unnerve me with emotion in an emergency, I looked up and down the gloomy mountain sides, with white clouds rising here and there from the warm earth saturated with water; and then at the groups of people here and there above the reach of the flood, surveying in a stupefaction of awe the evidences of an overwhelming but incomprehensible catastrophe beneath them.

At length, as we were approaching Sang Hollow—now a station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, formerly a deep ravine in which sang, the Ridger's corruption of the Chinese word ginseng, was found abundantly by the gatherers of the precious root—I was startled by a succession of screams ahead of us. I looked down the river and beheld the string of houses, one after another as they came to a certain spot in the middle of the river, roll over and break into pieces, scattering their human freight with the wreckage in every direction. It was the most continuously thrilling of all the awful sights I had seen as yet; and as there was no escape seemingly from meeting the same fate as the succession in front of us, I called out to Congo to come to the centre of the raft and be on his guard; and, when I heard him at my side, I laid my hand on his massive arm that had been so often a tower of strength to me, and braced myself to meet the inevitable shock.

But the roof passed the spot without a jar where the houses before it had gone to pieces; and from the tops of bushes which I discerned bending and swishing in the water on each side of the raft, I divined the cause. There was an island in the middle of the river submerged sufficiently to permit the passage of the flat roof, but not the houses of deeper draft by several feet.

Below the submerged island we encountered a succession of billows which tried our roof severely and compelled us to lie down on the rafters and hold fast to them to prevent the waves and floating

timbers from knocking us off; and when in this position, a beautiful blue-eyed boy of two or three years of age, stripped of all his clothing save a fragment of a shirt around his neck and over his shoulders, and bleeding from a number of scratches on his body, was thrown against the breast of Congo; and immediately the frenzied child threw his arms around the neck of the gigantic negro and fastened them there with all the strength the fear of death could evoke in his exquisitely rounded limbs.

At length, the turbulent billows passed, we rose to our feet—poor Congo in a dilemma which both of us began to appreciate painfully when we found the frightened boy could not be taken from the neck of the big-hearted negro without using force, which, in the child's frenzied condition, would result at least in distracting convulsions if not indeed in death. Congo, smiling and weeping at the same time, looked at the child and then at me; and then, shaking his head, gave an expression to his thoughts which was more effective than any sequence of words he might have uttered.

"Let us save him if we can, Congo," I said, impulsively, but with a sense of choking in my throat as I thought that in doing so Congo would run a greater risk than I.

To add to Congo's discomfiture, which seemed to be inexpressible in words, on looking around the raft over the head of the child clinging to his neck, he discovered that his paddling and steering board had been swept away, and the opossum was not to be seen on any of the four corners of the raft or in the turbid waters around it. At length, the poor fellow ceased to look around him, and, coming to my side, stood a statue of despair that affected me by sympathy almost to the point of giving up all hope and ceasing to exert myself further to effect an escape from the mighty rush of waters.

Soon after, observing a board floating near, I went to the edge of the roof, and secured it. It proved to be a new oak fencing board, ready pointed for insertion into a morticed post. I called Congo to take hold of it and keep the raft in the middle of the current as before. But he heeded neither my words nor actions in his apathy and insensibility; and before I could arouse him from his stupor of mental and muscular inaction, I was obliged to put the end of the board in his hand and start the contraction of his fingers upon it with the pressure of my own: and immediately the great machine was put in motion. He seized the board; and finding it much more serviceable than the one he had before—in fact, a long, strong, and flexible oar which he could grasp easily and use quickly and effectively in steering, pushing, or paddling, he took heart again, and went to work cheerfully, indifferent to the weight of the frenzied child clinging to his

neck, but carefully guarding his naked body from the end of the board.

And on we went till the increasing dusk of evening, combined with the mist and rain, and the low-hanging clouds of the exceedingly gloomy day, added an increasing danger to our extremely perilous position at best in broad daylight.

On and on, until, discerning in the dim light a vast area of flooded bottom-land on our left, I directed Congo to leave the middle of the great current which was following the bed of the river around the field and go with the direct but shallower overflow, where along the southern or farthest edge we would find in all probability smooth backwater and a safe landing.

But no sooner, apparently, had our raft left the bed of the river, than a broken tree which formed a snag just beneath the surface of the water, ripped off one of the sheathing boards of the roof and the shingles nailed to it; and the roof dipping and sawing, the snag came up between the rafters and held it fast. The next instant, the rushing waters coming against the dipping roof tilted it to such an angle and whirled it around to such an extent that Congo and I were thrown apart into the river current from which we were about to escape the moment the roof struck the snag. We were half the length of the raft apart while on it, and presumably we were the same distance from each other when we descended into the rushing torrent—I in front and Congo behind. I struggled to keep my head above the surface, instinctively taking hold of everything floating which my hands struck—sticks, blocks, twigs, and the like, but evidently nothing that gave me any support. At length, I experienced a smothering sensation while I was whirled passively round and round . . . .

I awoke some time during the night. The rain was beating down upon my partly upturned face. After staring blindly about for a moment, I closed my eyes to prevent the rain drops from falling into them. I made an effort to move my head—my arms—my body—my legs—but I could not stir in the least from the position in which I found myself in some unaccountable manner that caused me no more pain than that of constraint. I marveled at this, and vaguely considering this and that, became unconscious again. . . .

XL.

When I awoke the second time, it was broad daylight; and as my face was upturned still, I saw the clouds sweeping above me in

breaking masses without discharging rain. Presently, hearing a slight shuffling and clattering at my side, I lowered my eyes as well as I could and saw the brass-capped tube of a photographic camera directed toward me, and a photographer standing by, looking up at the clouds, with his right hand on the brass cap, and holding an open-faced bull's-eye watch in his left. I was wide awake; and without being conscious where I was or what had taken place, I realized instantly from the camera and the attitude of the artist, that I was about to be photographed.

At length, from habit perhaps more than intent, the photographer turned to see whether or not his subject was still in the position he had focused it, and looked into my open eyes.

His brows rose till his forehead was corrugated with horizontal wrinkles; his eyelids parted to the utmost limits of their expansion; his chin dropped, and as his mouth opened and his chest rose with a long inspiration, his nostrils were compressed and his nose pinched to a pallid point. His amazement and horror were intense; but as I saw him with lowered and oblique vision, he presented an appearance so ludicrous to me that I photographed him indellibly in my memory by the instantaneous process of which I am possessed as a birthright.

His soft, brown, narrow-rimmed felt hat, was thrown back till it rested partly on his neck and shoulders, revealing a bumpy bullet head, the shocky reddish hair of which recently had been cut as closely to the scalp as possible with a horse-clipper; his neck was long and the apple protuberant; his body was short and his limbs disproportionately long and meagre—making the rather stylish hand-me-down pepper-and-salt business suit that fit his body too short by several inches for his legs and arms; and altogether he suggested a spider agog, with all its eight eyes concentrated into two.

Perhaps I smiled, or revealed a pleasurable delight in my eyes—I cannot say; presumably I did both; for with the expiration of his breath, he was encouraged to speak and act, but in such a way that indicated he was in a state of great mental and physical agitation.

"I thought you were dead! upon my word! Wink as much as you please, but sit perfectly—I beg your pardon, cannot I do something to relieve you? My name is Zmytte—Z-m-y-double t-e—Zmytte, *the* Photographer of Pittsburgh, synonymous with Enterprise, Originality, and Bedrock Prices. Give me your hand, please. Ah, you cannot, I see. Your body and arms to the elbow are buried in the mud. You see, when the telegram of R. P.—Robert Pitcairn, you know, Superintendent of this division of the Pennsylvania Railroad—came to Pittsburgh last night, 'Johnstown has been wiped

out,' I jumped on the first train east and came as far as I could—to Derry, and then hoofed it here to Nineveh—a long tramp through the rain, I tell you—nearly twenty-three miles—where fortunately I have an aunt living, the widow Magruder—in a frame house not fifty yards away—who took me in and gave me a cup of coffee at daybreak that I might begin work as soon as possible: business, you know, is business; and, by the bye, I will just run over and get her and her son Murray to assist me in extricating you from your horrible predicament, half buried in the mud, and your head held up by your hair in the stiffened right hand of a gigantic negro lying behind you, with his left hand pressing to his broad bare bosom a yellow-haired naked boy, with his arms around the neck of the giant; and lying across the legs of the negro, the carcass of a horse on its back, with its head and neck twisted round, and its legs sticking up; and dangling on one of the hind legs a broken and battered but readily distinguishable rocking-chair from the parlor of some richly furnished house that has been swept away. I beg your pardon, Miss, but I doubt if I or any other enterprising photographer will be able to find a more significant and effective group to illustrate the horrible character of the catastrophe, the news of which is speeding now around the world and thrilling the hearts of millions. Sit perfectly still; wink as much—I beg your pardon; shall I bring you a cup of coffee?"

"Yes, if you please; and since I know Murray Magruder, the hunter and trapper, very well, tell him, please, his friend Jane Jansen, is here, living and uninjured, but half-buried in the mud as you have described me but as I cannot see myself, and begs him to come to her relief."

"And to think you know my cousin! I will be back in a minute. Sit perfectly—I beg your pardon; I will get Murray before he goes away from the table where I left him, to come with a shovel, and my Aunt Matty, to come with a cup of coffee."

In the deep sleep in which I had passed the night, I was refreshed to an extent that surprised me. As the photographer described my situation, I followed him intelligently and appreciated the effectiveness of the group as an illustration of the horrors of an overwhelming deluge; and I remembered Murray Magruder the instant his name was mentioned; but, strangely I had only a vague realization of what had taken place and that I really was half-buried in the mud with my head upheld by the corpse of Congo; and far from considering my situation horrible in the extreme, and my person foul and forbidding with the mud and slime deposited on it by the receding waters of the flood, I seemed to be, while looking up at the

overcast sky, in no particular place, to have no visible body, and to be simply an amusing existence that somehow created amazement and horror.

In a few minutes the photographer returned, much more excited than when he went away from me, but under the control of an orderly and methodical will. The narration of his story to his aunt and her son had intensified his appreciation of the horrible scene he had witnessed, and the fame and fortune he had missed by waiting a moment for the breaking clouds to part and give him a better light than he had when he focused the group, and put his mental faculties into their usual running order. By an occasional turning from me to his ready instrument, I divined the cause of a great part of his excitement and concern and quietly said to him, "I can close my eyes and sit perfectly still a few moments longer. Take off the brass cap of your instrument and secure a negative of the group you have described to me before your aunt and Murray come. It is little enough that I can do for you in return for what you have done for me."

"Never, Miss Jansen, never! As a man of business in business for all there is in it, I would have deemed myself the happiest of photographers to secure the only negative of the extraordinary group of which you form a principal part, when I believed you were an inanimate clod, like the corpses behind you; but as a man born of woman, since I have found that you are living and well, I would deem myself the basest of mankind to take a mercenary advantage of your extraordinary escape from destruction and make vulgar in the eyes of the world your inexpressibly horrible situation as a young woman in the bloom of youth and beauty! As a man of business, I regret; but as a man born of woman, I rejoice. I may look at my camera, but I do not touch it; and I come to you with the most sincere congratulations on your escape that a man may offer who, from one week's end to another, except during business hours, lives in the happiness of his wife and children, and begs now to afford you any relief in his power without any further reward than the happiness he shall feel in the act."

I heard every word the man said. I understood his speech from end to end. I was silenced by it. But in the strange reaction of my mind from the terrible strain and exhaustion of the day before, I said to myself, What an amusing mockery! This spider-like photographer a Janus—an enterprising and original man of business who calls himself Zmytte—Z-m-y-double t-e, and talks shop like a parrot; and a man of woman born who feels like a philanthropist, reasons like a casuist, and expresses himself like an orator! How

Philemon and Robley would laugh in their sleeves to see and hear him!

On the arrival of Mrs. Magruder and Murray, the ejaculations of wonder, horror, and congratulations that came from their lips would fill a chapter. The cup of coffee was held to my lips by the good woman; but in the position of my head I could take but a sip at a time. This was sufficient, however, judging from my sensations, to pervade my whole body; and had the effect of restoring in a great measure my mind to a natural realization of my situation and surroundings. The world of amusement and mockery vanished, and the world of the grossest reality laid bare to the bones was within and around me.

While the widow held my head between her hands, Murray, with the exercise of great force, bent back one after another the rigid fingers of Congo's hand and disentangled my hair; and as my head sank into the hands of his mother, I found that the muscles of my neck had lost their power of contraction from their prolonged tension in one position. At the same time, Zmytte was shoveling the mud from around my body; and in a little while, after Murray had relieved the busy photographer of the unusual implement in his hands, my arms were liberated, and then my body and legs; and with their united strength I was drawn out of the muddy hole in which I lay and turned on my side to see with my own eyes the gruesome situation I had been in.

It was as the photographer had described it, with the exception of Congo's hand on his still outstretched and uplifted arm; but I saw in it a significance that none but myself perhaps could see, knowing all the relations between us during my pre- and post-natal existence. I saw the self-sacrificing spirit which had characterized the big-hearted savage in every moment of his existence, manifesting itself in his gigantic corpse in a manner so unmistakable in its meaning, and so happily contrived by chance to form a most effective scene in a picture or as a group in marble, that I did not wonder that my discoverer, the photographer, as a man of business, regretted, as he might the loss of fame and fortune, his failure by a moment of cloudiness to secure for himself a negative of the group of which the giant was the central figure. With his last breath he had pushed me in front of him through the raging waters toward the shore, and held my head above the flood; until he sank from exhaustion with the millstone of the beautiful boy about his neck—not torn away as he might have been in an instant and the giant released, but gently held with an outspread hand against the massive chest of the heroic African.

I explained the situation to my deliverers. They wept like children; while I—I had felt all the pangs the day before it was possible for the human heart to feel: my emotional nature was exhausted —I shed not a single tear.

By noon I had been carried to the house of Mrs. Magruder, and thoroughly cleansed by the good woman and dressed in her clothes and laid on her bed; while Zmytte and Murray with a great throng of people from the town of Nineveh and the surrounding country were engaged in searching among the debris of the flood for the living and the dead; removing, when found, the only one of the former besides myself, a little girl with a broken arm and internal injuries of a serious nature, to a house of strangers suddenly from sympathy become the nearest of kin, and the several hundred of the latter, including Congo and the unknown beautiful boy, to the planing mill of Mr. Neunebaker, where they were washed and laid out for identification, the inquisition of the coroner, and burial, as might be determined on afterward; and soon after a slight repast, and a discussion of the best thing to be done under the circumstances, with Mrs. Magruder and a neighbor, Mrs. Mitchell, while they soused my muddy clothing in several waters and soaped and rubbed and rinsed and wrung the several pieces of my apparel again and again to restore them to their original color, (curiously, the detergent qualities of the petroleum with which they were polluted expediting the change,) I determined on a course of action for the following week or two at least.

To carry out my plans, however, it was necessary for me to have a piece of paper and a pencil to write a note to my Aunt Melissa. I had a pencil in my pocket; but after searching high and low in the house, Mrs. Magruder declared there was not a scrap in the house. Scarcely had she said this, when she espied on a shelf under the clock an old Agricultural Report which she took down at once, remarking, "Keep a thing for seven years and you will find a use for it. I have kept this for three times seven." She then tore out several of the full page lithographic plates of cattle and sheep which had printing on only the one side, and handed them to me with a smile of great satisfaction on her face.

I wrote on several of them the following letter:—

"My Dear Aunt:—Long before this reaches you by the kindness of Murray Magruder, you will have heard of the destruction of Johnstown by the breaking of the Fishing Club's dam, which formed the Conemaugh Lake of our enchantment for the past several months; and you must be filled with painful anxiety awaiting the details.

By force of circumstances, we were all involved in the overwhelming flood. Grace, Robley, and Sylvester—I know nothing of their fate. Philemon, I believe to be drowned, from the circumstances in which I saw him by the merest chance for an instant. Congo and I were together; and after drifting about in a house and on a roof in the great eddies formed by the backwaters in Kernville and Johnstown, we were swept through a wash-out in the railroad embankment near the Stone Bridge, and carried down the river to Nineveh, a distance of nine and a half miles, where our raft collapsed, and Congo, with a little boy hanging around his neck, was drowned while holding my head above the water and pushing my insensible body before him to a bank which limited the overflow. Early this morning, we were found together in a manner that told in an unmistakable action made as rigid as a statue in death, the story of the big-hearted hero's sacrifice to save the lives of the little boy and myself. His body is lying here now, at the head of more than two hundred men, women, and children who have been found here already. After you have broken the awful news to Arabella and her children, and given them all the comfort your sympathy can suggest, let Yoko, as quietly as possible, make a coffin out of the pine boards on the barn floor—and be sure to make it large enough, while Yalu holds the lantern to minimize the risk of setting fire to the shavings and hay. Then, not later, if possible, than three o'clock in the morning, let Yalu bring the coffin here in Robley's spring-wagon and drive pretty fast to get here at nine. Murray will return with him and show him the way. After breakfast, then, let one of Robley's men make all the necessary arrangements for the funeral—having the grave dug in the holy ground that contains the dust of all our dear ones.

"And now my dear aunt, another word to your heart. I feel that I am involved in the cause of this awful destruction of millions of property and thousands of human beings. I accepted the invitation of Sylvester. I went to the lake. I made it the means of my pleasure to a certain extent as well as any of the members of the club; and I was no more ignorant and unconscious of the real danger of the suspended sea of waters behind a clay embankment that might melt any minute into mud, than Sylvester, and doubtless three-fourths of the members besides. I must do now all that lies in my power to mitigate the widespread and lasting effects of the catastrophe; and I trust you will assist me.

"From what I have seen, the great work of relief, from the stupendous magnitude of the disaster and the mountainous environment of the scene, must be done by great organizations—the Cambria Iron Company, the Pennsylvania and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad

Companies, the charitable orders, associations of citizens, and perhaps the State; still there will be much to be done that can be done best by individuals who have a motive that will subordinate self and sustain them in suffering, and the means to make their efforts satisfactorily effective: and as one of these I believe I can be of some service, and relieve myself—for the time being at least—of the distressing responsibility which I share with Sylvester and his associates, and which I will carry in my heart to the grave.

"Among the sufferers, I shall be affected most by the motherless infants and little children; and these I will devote myself to, if my plans meet your approval. Their greatest want will be milk; and that to a great extent we can supply, in the following manner: After milking to-morrow morning early, let Yoko drive all our cows and half of Robley's, at my risk, to the farm of my old friend 'Squire Burkholder, a mile or so from Kernville. Here I will meet him in the evening and have everything arranged for their reception in one of the 'Squire's fields, and a lodging-place for us secured somewhere. Let him carry two large buckets, and drive slowly but steadily so as not to overheat the cows. And after the funeral, let Zambie come to assist in milking and carrying, and bring a change of clothing for himself and Yoko. By the way, too, let Yalu bring with him to-night, two of my everyday gowns, my brown hat, two pairs of stockings, and the heavy-soled shoes which Yoko oiled the day before I came away; also, the bag of silver, containing forty-seven dollars, in the lower left-hand drawer of the safe. With the clothing I have at Rhododendron Cottage, (which I will visit as soon as possible,) and the bills in my pocket which have been dried and are as good as ever, I can get along for a while—at any rate until my requirements shall have become known better from experience.

"In conclusion, please open telegraphic communication at your earliest opportunity with Robley's father in Baltimore and Grace's in Pittsburgh, and send important news by messenger to me at 'Squire Burkholder's. The living and the dead are scattered over many miles; and in the chaos that prevails, it will be a long time before the appalling list of the latter can be made out—if ever. The wires here are monopolized, and will be for several days, by the railroad, the press, and the authorities having the public welfare in hand, to the exclusion of private messages.

"Hoping almost against hope that the death of poor dear Congo is the only life-long heart-pang I shall be obliged to suffer, when the full measure of the disaster is known, and sending all the sympathy to Congo's family that words can bear from an equal sufferer in his loss, I am, Your niece, JANE JANSEN.

"P. S.—Neither Mrs. Magruder nor Murray will take anything from me in return for their services. If it can be done, then, let Yalu catch the bull-calf 'Achilles,' which Murray took a fancy to a few weeks ago, and conceal him in the wagon; and he will be obliged to accept him when he comes here."

XLI.

After the departure of Murray, I sat for several minutes in silence reviewing what I had written, with the pencil still in my hand and a blank page before me; and at length, my mind reverting to my discovery by the photographer, I began almost unconsciously to sketch the group; and becoming interested as I progressed, I finished the picture with great care—modifying the positions somewhat to make the details of the representation more intelligible and the contour of the whole more artistic, considered either as a picturesque or a statuesque group.

I made the drawing without any definite purpose; but some time later in the afternoon, after the photographer had come to the house, covered with mud from head to foot, and so exhausted, that he cast his fine camera into a corner of the room as if it were a piece of useless furniture, I said to him, "After you have washed your hands and face, as I see you are about to do, please come here—I have something for you—a souvenir for you to keep of our strange meeting."

His ablutions over—his short hair, long neck, and short sleeves permitting him to proceed with dispatch in soaping and sousing his face, head and neck, and his hands and wrists without removing his collar and coat—he came to my side; and, taking up the picture, he looked at it several minutes with a strange admixture of surprise, delight, and disappointment in the expression of his face.

"Miss Jansen, this is a proof of your genius as an artist," at length he said with great deliberation, "and I shall prize it very highly not only as a keepsake but as a work of art. The slight alteration you have made in the position of the several figures adds greatly to the effect of the group—especially the suppression of the body of the horse by sinking it in the mud behind the body of the African Herakles; the elevation of the chest of the negro, bringing the manner of his holding the child into view; the removal of his coat and the substitution of a ragged shirt which reveals the mighty muscles of his arms and chest; the change in your own apparel,

from the commonplace to the classic; and the addition of the broken cog-wheel in the foreground, symbolic of the iron works and the railroads which have been destroyed; and the uptilted corner of an ornate dwelling in the background, symbolic of the city which in a great measure has been wiped off the face of the earth. It might be labeled appropriately 'Faithful Unto Death,' 'A Hero's Sacrifice,' or assuming the figure of the woman to represent yourself in reality, 'Saved.' Indeed, Miss Jansen—not to flatter you, though what I may say in sincerity may be flattering to you—you have made on very indifferent paper a very remarkable picture of the effects of a general deluge; for you have represented here, not only men, women, and children, but the different races from the highest to the lowest, and as well, the range of human achievements from the subordination of the animal kingdon to the ultimate attained by machinery, or the range of human life from labor in the field or in the shop to ease and affluence in a palace; and in addition to all this, in the upward look of the woman with her back to the dead, you have expressed most happily the range of human aspiration, from a life on earth evolving from youth to age and involving death, to a life everlasting of peace and happiness above the clouds. But, Miss Jansen, permit me to say, while your picture is, as I said a moment ago, a proof of your genius as an artist, it is not what the photograph I was about to take would have been in the eyes of the world and invaluable as such, namely, a proof of the destruction of Johnstown by an overwhelming flood of waters, and the indescribably horrible scenes to be witnessed in the wreck of the great city scattered for many miles along the bank of the Conemaugh River. Your picture, however truthful in every particular, might be questioned and set aside as an artistic ideal or symbolic representation—something to delight the eye; while a photograph would be an unimpeachable reproduction of the shuddering reality and secondary in its effect on the human heart only to a sight of the group itself. By the way, Miss Jansen—please accept my card—if ever you come to Pittsburgh, and desire to have a photograph of yourself taken, call at the Zmytte Gallery and you will not be disappointed—or money refunded. Courteous attendants in waiting, and every convenience for out-of-town visitors. And if you will permit me to suggest, Miss Jansen; you would make a striking Rembrandt—your finely chiseled features are the most regular I have ever seen and remind me of a statue of some Grecian goddess I have a photograph of in my collection; and as a Rembrandt—I see with the eyes of an artist in my business, Miss Jansen, and I trust you will consider my remarks not out of place—the patch of grey hairs above your forehead will never

be seen in the high light on the top of your head."

The strange man added much more to the same effect, in his constant wavering between himself as a man of keen apprehension and fine feeling, and unusual powers of expression, and himself as a rapacious money-getter in the line of his business.

Half an hour later, I heard him muttering to himself outside; and going to the window, I saw him staring at the picture which he held before him with both hands stretched out as if it were something endowed with life and great strength and was struggling to get away. An instant afterward, he deliberately tore the paper into several pieces, and, after rolling them into a little ball between his palms, threw it away. Turning, then, with a troubled look on his countenance, he saw that I had witnessed the destruction of the picture, and said to me without the slightest embarrassment, "I did it, Miss Jansen, after mature reflection. Some day, I thought, when business would be dull, I might come across it, and say to myself, 'How much better off I would be to-day if I had taken Miss Jansen at her word, and removed the cap of my camera, while she sat with closed eyes a moment longer in her horrible situation!' and to prevent the possibility of such an unworthy thought, I concluded to tear the picture to pieces, and did so."

After a pause of a few seconds, he resumed, "I have made a mistake in coming here that compromises me seriously. I was in my gallery at the time I heard the news of the destruction of Johnstown, and on the spur of the moment, as a matter of business, I decided to come and if possible be the first on the ground as an effective advertisement of my enterprise. But this is no place to be engaged in one's own affairs for gain; and my blood runs cold, Miss Jansen, when I sit in judgment on myself and pronounce myself a veritable ghoul in intention but happily spared from being one in fact by a glance from your opening eyes. To the last breath of my existence, I shall be indebted to you, as only a husband and father can feel indebted who desires above all things to live in the love and the highest estimation of his wife and children. I have not made a negative to-day, and will not. Now, to the point. I have heard from Mrs. Magruder an inkling of your intentions; and I have come to the conclusion to drop my business, for a while at least which I can afford to do, and join with you in affording all the relief in my power to the afflicted. As an earnest of my willingness to labor in this new field, I may say that, until I became exhausted, I have assisted from early morning in the horrible work of searching for dead bodies in the mud and wreckage and removing them to the improvised morgue in a planing-mill; and if you will permit me to accompany

you, and supplement you in your special work of relief, as only a man may hope to do as a man among men and a father among children, who has ever in his mind his own beloved little ones at home to make him sympathize with the sufferings of all others, I shall consider it an honor as well as a favor, and will endeavor to prove myself in every way worthy of your condescension."

"With pleasure and great encouragement in my project, Mr. Zmytte," I replied; "for I have been accustomed for the past four years to work in double-harness with an estimable man; and I have learned to appreciate the mutual advantages of the opposite sexes when engaged in a common pursuit."

XLII.

The following Sunday morning, the sun shone in a cloudless sky and gladness reigned seemingly everywhere—even amid the muddy wreckage in the valley of the Conemaugh and among the thousands of commingled sufferers and sympathizers, and curious sight-seers not yet melted by a surfeit of affecting sensations into the common mud of humanity—everywhere, save in the heart of the silent sufferer, merging in a tearless stupefaction of woe, an individual bereavement in the collective calamity as yet without bounds.

Yalu and Murray came at the appointed time with the coffin and the calf; and after Yalu, (by the special permission of Dr. R. B. Hammer, coroner of Westmoreland county,) had gone with the body of Congo, carefully swathed in muslin which I had purchased in the store at Nineveh, and decked with all the flowers Mrs. Magruder and Mrs. Mitchell could collect for me in their several gardens, Murray was constrained by the circumstances to yield, but only on the relieving consideration to his conscience that he might be permitted to sprinkle the bull's head with a few drops of the muddy water of the Conemaugh and rechristen him Congo, in commemoration of the self-sacrificing hero.

Zmytte left his camera in the care of his aunt; and having taken up my bundle of extra clothing, we wedged ourselves into the densely packed train that came from the west to Nineveh Station, and proceeded to Sang Hollow, as far as the condition of the track would permit. Thence we walked, partly along the track and partly over the hills by a short-cut path, to Cambria City, where I inspected the hundreds of dead bodies gathered together for identification in several places, to learn the worst that might have happened to me

at the earliest moment. Several of the corpses had cards pinned on them, containing the names and residences of the dead as they were identified by any of the throng that viewed them; and on one my companion found a card bearing my own name, which he removed and considerately concealed from me till we were alone, when he handed it to me, with the enquiry, "Do you recognize the hand-writing?"

"I do not."

"I believed you would not; for the person who mistook the body of the young woman on whom I found this pinned, was certainly not an observing acquaintance. Her face and form though comely or even beautiful are no more like yours than every-day is once in a thousand years. I beg your pardon if I embarrass you, Miss Jansen: I have left the camera of an artist behind me, but not his eyes."

I wondered who could have made the mistake; and regarding the removal of the card a fortunate happening inasmuch as it might have misled and prevented the true identification of the body, I put the card in my pocket and thought nothing more about it.

When we arrived at the Stone Bridge, I beheld the conflagration which still raged here and smouldered there amid the acres of wreckage which had been piled almost tree-top high in the original bed of the Conemaugh above the arched obstruction, along the foot of the mountain toward Kernville; and looking over the flaming and smoking mass, I surveyed a lake of muddy water which in ghastly mockery mirrored the shattered walls and the tilted roofs of the ragged remnants of the former City of Johnstown!

A few minutes before our arrival, a woman had been rescued alive from the great burning area; and a shudder ran through my blood, as I heard men and women with blanched faces around me remark, "One saved; but who can say how many have perished, and passed into indistinguishable ashes!"

From the Stone Bridge to the western side of Kernville, we clambered along the mountain side among the thousands of men, women, and children who had gathered there from every part of the country for many miles around—many of them, in their utter inability to comprehend the catastrophe by reason of its immensity, or feel a sympathetic pang for a sufferer by reason of their numbers, regarding their excursion to the ghastly sepulchre of thousands as a pleasure picnic, were laughing and shouting and partaking of their luncheons and liquors in a way that contrasted shockingly with the real solemnity of the scene and the awful significance involved in it to countless thousands of human beings to the end of their days.

Thence we made our way to Rudolf's Roost, the residence of my old friend Rudolf Burkholder—the 'Squire by general acclamation, and a grand embodiment of the long-headed Teutonic leaven that is impressing its characteristics on the mass of the population of Pennsylvania, more and more perceptibly as the years roll along; and somewhat to my discomfiture, I learned from his good wife, Mother Gertrude, whom I found almost distracted among a rabble of refugees on the porch, that her husband was locked up in a room upstairs suffering the most excruciating pain, and permitting none to enter but herself to minister to him.

"Dear me, my daughter! I am absolutely beside myself," exclaimed the disturbed old lady, adjusting her cap and apron mechanically while she spoke, "running up and down and here and there, between the 'Squire who is as cross and surly as a whole cage full of bears with sore heads, and these poor people about the house. Excuse me, Jane—Now, Tommy, my boy, run out and tell Matilda to take out the bread—it has been soaking long enough in the oven; and tell Mike to quiet that barking dog in the smoke-house with some milk, or the ham-parings on the second shelf in the pantry—I do wonder whose poor starving beast it is!

"Dear me! if I were not made of horse-shoe nails and fiddle-strings, as the 'Squire says, I would be dead with all this worry and confusion. Please take chairs, if you can find them, and sit down and be comfortable. You see, my daughter, we had just risen from the supper table, and the 'Squire had eaten heartily of a pot-pie I had made of an off-colored Plymouth Rock rooster, that had disappointed us besides in his get-up, when the news came that the Fishing Club's dam had burst and drowned half the people in the Valley from South Fork to Cambria City; and the 'Squire became deathly sick at once. I managed to get him to bed; and a little after midnight, when the house was filling up with wet and muddy and hungry people, and I was all in a tangle, he began to howl with pain and kept it up till I really thought he would raise the roof from the house! The pain started first in the ball of one of his big toes; and then it went to his heel, and ankle, and knee, and every joint of his body; and then to his stomach and bowels. And I did everything a woman could—I made him mustard plasters and turpentine stupes, and fried onions and burnt tobacco, feathers, and sulphur, and soaked flannel with camphor and arnica and witch-hazel; and the more I did for him, man-like the worse he got. And, of course, I sent here and there and everywhere for doctors; but none came—most of them being drowned, you know. By chance, however, half

an hour ago, old Doctor Postlewaite came driving past in his rattle-trap of a seventeenth century buggy—coming down from the Ridge to see for himself the ruins of Johnstown, I suppose; and I sent one of the men out to call him in: I would not have done it myself for the world; for, between you and me and the gate-post, while I believe he has not the long nose and the short tongue he has, for nothing, and that he is the best of physicians as well as the worst of collectors, yet he is forever and ever disparaging the blue blood of the Burmeisters that flows in my veins and intimating that the Burkholders are not any better than they should be, and I begin to feel my bristles rise the moment I see him. And dear me! here he comes—the stairs creaking under his weight! Talk of the d—octor, and he's sure to appear.

"Well, Doctor, I presume you have examined the 'Squire to your satisfaction and diagnosed his ailment with your usual comprehension and precision," continued the excited woman, turning from me to the ponderous old physician as he came to the foot of the stairs, and, looking over Mother Gertrude's head, nodded a general recognition to the throng in the room and a particular to me, whom he had seen betimes behind the register in the Heart of Appalachia; "and you can tell me now if you will, whether or not he is going crazy?—in short, what is the matter with the 'Squire?"

"Gout," replied the physician complacently.

"Nonsense!" retorted Mother Gertrude, nettled at once, and reddening to the roots of her hair. "Are you not ashamed of yourself to villify a respectable man in his own house, before his own wife, and in the presence of his guests? A more temperate man in his eating and drinking, and a more regular in taking exercise in the open air, than Rudolf Burkholder, never breathed the breath of life. As well tell me, hob-nailed liver or jim-jams."

"Inherited," interjected the doctor quietly.

"Nonsense!" retorted Mother Gertrude again. "I knew his father and his grandfather as well as I did my own; and they were as abstemious as the 'Squire, and horny-handed sons of honest toil in the fields and forests like himself—which everybody not a thousand miles from here is not."

"No matter, mother," replied the physician gravely; "his great grandfather might have been a high-liver in Germany—a gourmand and a guzzler in ease and affluence—some one of his many illustrious ancestors certainly; and the same mental and emotional shock which he received with the news of the destruction of Johnstown, which caused the fit of indigestion when he rose from the table Friday evening, has developed in him a latent tendency to gout which

he has inherited somehow from his ancestors; as, I doubt not, the Johnstown Flood will bare to the bones a great deal more that has been hidden in humanity for ages!"

"Nonsense! nonsense! the most intolerable nonsense I have ever heard you utter; and I have borne before until I thought my back would break. I know the history of the Burkholders from a to izzard, and I defy you to name me one that was an intemperate wine-bibber."

"Noah," responded the grave physician, looking over the head of the irate woman, winking at me, and distorting the lower part of his face, as if he was striving to keep down a smile by swallowing it as often as it rose in his gullet from some seat of humor and pleasantry in his anatomy.

"Noah be hanged! The only Noah mentioned in the history of the Burkholders was an adopted son of Gottlieb Burkholder, the mayor of Frankfurt-an-der-Oder. He was a Maier, and had not a drop of Burkholder blood in his veins; and besides, he died without issue."

"Well, well, no matter."

"Yes, but it does matter, when a good name is involved; and it does not stand to reason that the 'Squire is afflicted with gout, any more than it accords with the history of the family; for while the excruciating pain began in the ball of one of his big toes, it is not confined to that joint; and already, it has jumped from joint to joint into every part of his body."

"Very true, mother; it is the grasshopper kind, which the old doctors, before they learned to speak and write every-day English, used to call aberrant, erratic, or irregular gout."

"But, my good man—and you cannot gainsay it in English, Latin, or Greek, or that sweetest and most expressive of all the languages of the globe to me, Pennsylvania Dutch—the 'Squire's pain is not confined to the joints, as it should be if it is gout, or anything of the nature of gout; for almost from the first, it has been betimes in the stomach and betimes in the bowels. So, confess that you are slandering my good husband and be hanged, as you deserve to be, at once."

"No; not yet; it is the crab kind of gout, as well as the grasshopper, which the old doctors used to call misplaced, retrograde, or retrocedent gout; or rather, it is a cross between the grasshopper and the crab; but howsoever designated or acquired, the disease with which your good husband is afflicted is undoubtedly"—

"It is no such thing; and I will not have it!"

"Then let us compromise and call it gastro-arthritis, which, in

this case, may be translated liberally, the Irony of Fate; since it has been developed in the last man in the world that should be afflicted with a resultant of what he condemns the most vehemently and avoids the most scrupulously, the vices of the rich."

"Well, I do not care; but you shall not call it the gout, and lower my good husband in the estimation of his friends. Now, for the treatment, since we agree at last in our diagnosis—What do you prescribe?"

"First, a discontinuance of your domestic remedies, Mother Gertrude, if you please, which, as you have discovered, I dare say, have an effect on your good husband, second only to his g—astro-arthritis."

"You horrid man! The 'Squire may die a thousand deaths before I ever will call you in again."

"Then, a compound of forbearance and patience, to which a little flannel or a feather pillow may be added, as the pain in his foot may suggest; until I can get back from my office with more specific remedies, the names of which, not being in the high German of the Keystone State, would jar in your ears if I were to utter them, so considerately, I refrain."

"Go on—having borne what I have, I can endure anything you may say."

"In the meantime, since I see a remedy before me which will do him more good than all the drugs in the pharmacopœia, I advise, direct, and prescribe the administration thereof at once."

"And what is that, pray?"

"Miss Jansen, here, whose reported destruction in the flood he has been bemoaning to me. Her name not only appears in the published list of the lost; but your hired man, Mike, has told him that he himself identified her body among the dead found in Cambria City, and pinned a card bearing her name on it. Take her up this very minute, and the gentleman whom I saw through the window accompanying her."

The physician took his leave; and Mother Gertrude following him to the gate, smiling, and whispering several sentences of an agreeable import to both, I inferred that their jarring and jangling was more apparent than real—more a habit of antagonizing each other to draw out their several natures and enlarge them, rather than to overcome and suppress. I was confirmed in this by the first remark she made on her return, "Dear me! Jane; that is always the way with us. Next to the 'Squire, I really think he is the very best man in the world; but somehow—well, cats that spat, you know, do not always fight. Come along."

I followed Mother Gertrude, and Mr. Zmytte followed me; and as quietly as we could, we ascended the stairs, and entered the room to find the afflicted big-bodied, robust, and vigorous man of fifty or thereabout, sitting in a wide arm-chair, with his right foot on a pile of pillows on the floor, grinding his teeth in a paroxysm of pain, and barely recognizable in the distortion and discoloration of his face.

As Dr. Postlewaite had said, the poor man was suffering from an acute attack of the gout for the first time in his life; and the disease had been developed in him from an inherited tendency, (which he was free to admit if his wife was not,) by the shock which he experienced on learning of the overwhelming catastrophe, within a mile or so of his door. And, as might be inferred from the well-known nature of the disease, he was now as irritable and unreasonable as in health he was the opposite.

"I am glad to see you, Jane; but do not come near me—do not move. And, mother dear, do go down-stairs and silence that mob of rioters. Talk about a man's house being his castle! Thunderation! the very instant of my existence I require a refuge from even the shadows and echoes of the outside world, my house becomes an asylum for all the iron-shod and donkey-voiced riffraff of the country. There is somebody slamming the gate now, as if he were closing it in the face of a pursuing bull; and why those mossbacks and jayhawks cannot sit down on the bench on the porch, without dragging it over the floor from one end to the other, I cannot imagine!"

And much more to the same effect the hyperesthetic sufferer blurted out, before I ventured to say a word.

At another time, or under other circumstances, I perhaps would have sympathized with my old friend in his suffering and felt a corresponding degree of distress; but coming as I had from the very heart of the horrors and agonies of the Valley of the Conemaugh, I was absolutely callous to his temporary tortures of a physical nature purely, and unconsciously afforded him a certain relief by my stone-like immobility.

In fact, had I not realized that the morbid condition of the good and great man, with all its attendant apprehensions, illusions, and exaggerations of sensation, was the measure of the sympathy he instantaneously felt for the thousands of sufferers in and by the overwhelming catastrophe, I would have turned from him with contempt and loathing as a mockery of misery and manhood.

At length, after we had exchanged a few personal remarks, I broached the object of my visit and briefly detailed my plans to him. He listened with impatience; and before I had concluded, he blurted out with a vehemence that surprised me, "No! I cannot and

will not be bothered with any such arrangement. I sympathize of course with—confound this excruciating torture!—the homeless and the distressed; but not when their condition is the result of their insatiate greed and consummate folly. They had no business to build their city in a mountain gully and hang a plaything of a fish-pond half as big as a township four or five hundred feet above their heads to come down upon them some day inevitably and drown them like rats in a trap. They deserve all they have got, every mother's son of them!"

"You are right, perhaps, 'Squire, in condemning some, the wise and experienced, those who should have known the danger and destroyed the dam at low water and by degrees—or rather, who should never have built it at all; but"—

"I will not argue the question."

"You will not condemn," I continued, "the good old mothers of these foolish men, and their faithful wives who cling to them in their folly."

"There! not another word. You women cannot talk to a man a minute about justice without pouring in a broadside about good old mothers and faithful wives"—

"And little innocent children, that never yet, in want of clothing, food, and shelter, made an appeal in vain to a man or woman worthy of the name of human beings—and never will to my good old friend 'Squire Burkholder, though he be tortured at the time with all the ills that afflict mankind in addition to the gout."

"Stop! the gout is all in one. But what did you say, Jane, you wanted to do?"

"I want to rent the best of your meadows for a month at least, that I may turn into it this evening eleven head of Jersey cows and milk them and carry the milk into the upland parts of Kernville and Johnstown, where the survivors of the great flood are congregated, and give it to the starving babes and little children whose mothers have been drowned, or swept down the river many miles from them and cannot get back. Will you rent it to me?"

"No! you confounded—I beg your pardon, you wily Mountain Witch. I will not rent you an inch of my land and you know it, as well as I do myself. Come and take all I have—farm, house, barn, outbuildings, horses, men, chickens, hogs—everything about the place but the dear old woman to whom I was wedded before you were born, or it might be another; and if that will not suffice, buy, beg, or borrow in my name among my good neighbors until you are satisfied. You thought I would deny you anything, you confounded—you wily Mountain Witch? You, who have beguiled even old

Gershom Pearlesteine, the Jew peddler who has been hawking needles and pins and nicknacks over the mountains for the past sixty years, into thinking you are his daughter? You—confound this—I beg your pardon—but who is this gentleman you have brought along with you—another victim of your wiles, I'll warrant?"

"This is a photographer from Pittsburgh who has volunteered to assist me—his name, Mr. Zmytte. Let me present him to you—Mr. Burkholder, Mr. Zmytte."

"You come recommended well, Mr. Zmytte, and I am glad to know you. Your first name is?"

"Lycurgus."

"And your father was?"

"Leonidas."

"I thought so. I saw a resemblance between you and somebody whom I knew, but I could not place him in my mind. You are a son of Leonidas Smith, of Somerset county, a friend of mine in his lifetime; and though not so good looking, perhaps, bigger than you by a half and brawnier, while he called himself Smith—how came these changes?"

"When my father died, I was a little boy; and as he left nothing but a good name and a large family of boys and girls behind, we were obliged, one and all, to go to work at once for a living. Thinking I could do better in a city than in the country, I went to Pittsburgh; and, after selling newspapers in the streets for seven years and accumulating a snug sum of money, I apprenticed myself to a photographer. A short time afterward my employer failed. I bought his establishment; and having married his eldest daughter and employed him—now my father-in-law—as an operator, I continued the business under the name Zmytte for the effect it would have, not only in singling me out from the honorable herd of Smiths, but also in forcing recognition and remembrance by the public, which is the foundation of success in any business."

"Just so; the same old story in a new dress. The more intense struggle for existence in the city than in the country creating a better opportunity to make money and a greater greed to possess money, or the means of living; while the body, by and through which living alone is possible, is stunted and weakened in the ceaseless strife, till even the name it bears is warped and twisted from Smith to Zmytte. Take my advice, Lycurgus—with the lesson of city life and city pleasure and city destruction of human life by the thousands, which the awful ruins in the Valley of the Conemaugh afford to-day—come back to the country, with your city wife and your city children, if such you possess, and build up your body and

the bodies of your wife and children to a healthy and vigorous standard, under the name of Smith; that when they die, as die we all must some day, they will die singly on a downy bed surrounded by loving ones in tears, and not in a huddled herd of thousands in a river wallow to be fished out by gaping strangers and buried in doubt as to their identity by an agonized tearless survivor. But—confound this infernal gout!—this is no time for preaching. Abide here with Jane—whom all the old men in the country, for many miles around her mountain home, love, and the young men, too, I do not doubt—and take my place in assisting her in her good work, which I am prevented from taking now by this—Please get out of earshot as quickly as you can, that I may express myself as the exigency of the case demands."

Having descended from the atmosphere, heavily laden with the odors of Mother Gertrude's domestic remedies, which surrounded the afflicted advocate of country life with a maximum of growth and health, in competence, against a city life with a minimum, in affluence, my companion, lost in reflection, remarked, "A third lesson like the two I have received already, from you, Miss Jansen, and your truculent old friend, and my wife and children will not know me when I return. You have made me throw aside my camera—the symbol of my business; he would have me throw aside my name—the symbol of my success in the struggle for existence in a great city; while the third person to instruct me will compel me to cast aside all the little individuality I have left in my deteriorated and most commonplace carcass under the name of Smith.

"And that third person, I opine, Mr. Zmytte, from the good heart you have inherited from your worthy father, will be the first motherless babe whom you feed and fondle into smiling health amid the wreckage of the Johnstown deluge."

"So be it, Miss Jansen, I sincerely pray."

Soon after, I encountered Mike between the house and the barn.

Eyeing me suspiciously, he turned to one side to avoid meeting me directly; but I turned also, and confronted him face to face.

"Sure, thin, it was your twin sister?" said the astonished Irishman, raising his hat.

"No, Mike; I never had a sister."

"Thin, your mither, the very image of her purty daughter?"

"No; my poor mother died many years ago."

"Thin, be the powers, there's more raysons than one for the ould 'Squire's callin' you a witch!"

"Howsoever, Mike; I hope you will not mistake another for me again, living or dead; and that you may know me as a particular

friend from this time on, please accept my card."

And I handed the wondering man the very card which he himself had pinned on my supposed body among the dead in Cambria City.

XLIII.

Yoko arrived with the cows somewhat later than I expected; but he had been careful not to overheat them by rapid driving; and accustomed to a great mountain range, they endured the heat of the day and the fatigue of the long journey of twenty-one or -two miles remarkably well.

I assisted in the milking; and the dusk of evening having set in before this operation was finished, I gave half or more to the hungry refugees who had come for shelter to the big barn on the Burkholder farm, and sent the remainder—about six gallons in two large buckets—into Kernville with my assistant, who zealously begged not so much for himself, he said, as for 'Squire Burkholder whom he represented, to be the first to carry milk into the city for the relief of the infantile sufferers.

Several hours afterward, while I was writing a message to the housekeeper of Rhododendron Cottage, reporting my safety, and requesting the transmission of my baggage by the bearer, with any news she might have of my missing friends, my assistant returned, seemingly in a condition of physical collapse from exhaustion, but with the fire of enthusiasm still gleaming in his eyes and flickering in a faint smile of satisfaction around his mouth.

"I am glad to see you back, Mr. Zmytte."

"Mr. Smith, if you please, Miss Jansen. I am not in business here."

"As you will, Mr. Smith; but tell me how you have succeeded—how you disposed of the milk—how you found the little ones after night, if at all?"

"That was the easiest part of all—I went wherever I heard a cry, and bawling out, Here's your nice fresh milk!—you know I carried newspapers in the city for seven years, and it came naturally to me to call out what I had, as soon as I got started—I was surrounded in a little while with a crowd of customers begging for spoonfuls and drops; and the hardest part of all was to hear the dipper rattling against the bottom of the bucket amid the sighs of the women and

the cries of the children. I wish, Miss Jansen, you had a thousand cows instead of eleven."

XLIV.

We were all up at break of day the following Monday morning; and after milking the cows and setting the milk to cool in the big stone trough of the 'Squire's spring-house while we ate a sandwich and drank a tin-cup of coffee standing among the refugees on the porch, I sent one of the 'Squire's employees in a spring-wagon, with my note, to the housekeeper of Rhododendron Cottage—or rather, one of his pets, a full-blooded American Redskin, To-ga-to-maugh, by name, otherwise, Injin Jim, the 'Squire's Big Injin, the 'Squire's Pet Copperhead, and the like, whom the enthusiastic exponent of country life versus city life kept about him in the expression of his admiration of the superb physique of the open-air-breathing savage. Immediately afterward, Mr. Smith, carrying two buckets, Yoko carrying two, and a volunteer among the refugees the two I had filled for myself, and I, with the dipper, trudged into Kernville, and met with the experience of Mr. Smith the evening before.

In the afternoon, accompanied by Yoko, I got across Stony Creek at the ferry that had been established, and visited the Sandyvale Cemetery, where the body of Philemon might be found if he perished where I had seen him struggle seemingly hopelessly in the raging waters. I did not tell Yoko why I went to that particular part of the wreckage; but he soon divined the cause; and while I groped about in a stupefaction of woe otherwise absolutely inexpressible, he silently turned over boards and rubbish and scanned carefully every trace of a human being which he found—hat, shoe, or shred of clothing: leaving all in the end as in the beginning, an infinite desert shore of desolation.

Afterward, I went to the several morgues which had been established in Johnstown and the immediate neighborhood, and silently passed from one to another of hundreds of dead bodies awaiting identification and burial by friends or strangers, as the case might be, without seeing one that bore any but the vaguest resemblance to Philemon or other of my missing friends.

At length, seeing a newsboy selling Pittsburgh papers containing presumably the lists of the dead as far as they had been made out, I purchased one of each; and near the head of the list in the first journal I opened, I saw my own name and farther down the names

of Sylvester and Philip—evidently for Philemon—Holland. I could read no more; but I was not satisfied. I was not among the dead, while my name appeared in the list; and he might not be similarly; and in the confusion that reigned among the scattered and bewildered survivors, I realized that little reliance could be placed in the accuracy of any list as a whole for weeks and months—if indeed, ever!

As I was about to return to 'Squire Burkholder's, I was accosted by a young man who had been employed in some capacity about the Merchants Hotel and who recognized me.

"You are Miss Jansen, I believe?"

"Yes."

"I thought I could not be wrong. I never saw you but once in my life before; but once is enough to see some persons and never forget them. A man has found a scrap of paper down here that concerns you; and if you will come with me, I will identify you; and I doubt not, he will give it to you."

A little while afterward, I had placed in my hand by a stranger a muddy piece of paper which I found to be the first bill I had ever made out as an innkeeper—that on which I drew the flattering likeness of my first guest, Gershom Pearlesteine—then unknown to me, but ever afterward Papa Pearlesteine; and below the items of the bill, and continued on the other side of the paper, I discovered a properly executed will, in which, in a few words, the old man gave, bequeathed, and devised to me all his property, real, personal, and mixed, of whatsoever nature or kind, and wheresoever the same might be found at the time of his death.

"He had a mint of money somewhere," said the man who had recognized me; "but I will not congratulate you on your fortune until you have found his strong-box in the wreckage of Johnstown, which is scattered from here to the Gulf of Mexico, if all the accounts of the flood you see in the papers are to be believed."

"I thank you, my friend, for the favor you have done me; and I beg to assure you, that I would learn of the escape of the poor old man with his life, with infinitely greater joy than the discovery of a dozen chestfuls of gold labeled mine."

"Well, I wouldn't, Miss Jansen, if I were in your shoes," frankly responded the man. "He was just about ready to die at any rate; and the Jew's life he led was worse than a dog's—carrying a pack on his back from morning till night, that would stagger a white man in an hour. But he had one redeeming quality: if he did not know how to live, he certainly did, as this paper testifies, how to die. Good-bye."

Hastening home to 'Squire Burkholder's, the cows were milked, and the milk cooled while supper was eaten; and away we went as in the morning with twenty gallons of milk or more to nourish eighty or a hundred little children in the crowded dwellings which surrounded the desolated districts of the deluged city.

Returning after nightfall, I found awaiting me my baggage from Rhododendron Cottage, and a letter which agitated me to such an extent I could not open it for several minutes; for I recognized it from the handwriting as having come from Grace.

XLV.

"My Dear Jane:—I cannot tell you how glad Robley and I are to know you are still in the land of the living; and I have such worlds to tell you of what has happened to us, I do not know where to begin. My mind is like a keg of nails, pointing in every direction. But no matter; we got out alive; and we hope that Philemon and Sylvester got out alive too; then, excepting dear old Congo, of whose loss you have written, our party would be intact.

"How we managed to escape is quite a story. It appears from Robley's statement to me, that, after you and Congo went your way to take the unknown girl to her home, Robley drove down Main Street till the water coming into the carriage obliged him to stop, and hail two men, who were on an improvised raft of fencing-boards and scantlings in the street, to come to his relief. And, of course, the raft frightened the horses, when it was pushed up to the carriage; and it took several minutes for Robley to quiet them. Finally, Papa Pearlesteine and Robley got on the raft, leaving Sylvester to hold the horses; and when the raft came to the door of the Merchants Hotel, Robley got off into water up to his waist; and Papa Pearlesteine got the men on the raft to take him across the street to Luckhardt's jewelry store, while Robley would be engaged in getting Philemon and me down stairs, and through the foot or more of water in the hall, to the front door.

"That is the last Robley saw of Sylvester and Papa Pearlesteine; and as Sylvester was right in the way of the van of the flood that swept away the big four-story Hulbert House on the one side of him and the equally big Swank block on the other, as if they had been piles of sand instead of bricks and mortar, the chances are a million to one that he was drowned or crushed to death by the falling walls and jamming wreckage around him before the mass was

swept across the lower part of Kernville to the mountain-side beyond.

"The warning whistles began to blow when we were going down stairs; and when we were going through the hall, Robley carrying me, and my band-box containing my new hat, in his arms, and Philemon wading after us with our grip-sacks, the water suddenly rose two or three feet. 'Too late! too late!' cried out Philemon behind us. 'The dam has given way evidently; and we may as well go up stairs again, and wait till the flurry is over. Come, Robley, with your dove—you must not put her out with the coming but the going of the flood, if you would have her come back with a rhododendron branch from the summit of Appalachia.'

"And up the stairs we went again, and a little faster than we had come down; for everybody in the house was running up and down and here and there in the wildest excitement. On the second or third floor—I do not know exactly which; for I was too badly frightened even to scream; and I am sure if I had not been with Robley, I would have dropped stone dead at the first shriek of the locomotives to alarm the people—we got into one of the back rooms; and through a window facing the east, we saw the first great wave of the flood strike the city more like a solid wall twenty or thirty feet high, beneath a dense black cloud of dust and spray, than a rush of water. As it approached us, however, the resemblance to a moving wall disappeared, and a divided torrent of waters became apparent, more like two great battering-rams than anything I can liken them to: the foremost coming almost directly toward us down Clinton Street and leveling and carrying away everything in its course; and the hindmost, away on the other side of the city, following approximately the course of the Conemaugh, and destroying everything in its way similarly.

"As the main body of the former swept past us on our right, and we heard a succession of thundering crashes in the direction of the Hulbert House, we all stepped back from the window and tremblingly cowered against the wall opposite—I know I did, for one.

"At any rate, scarcely a heart-beat after we got to the wall, the eastern side of the Merchants Hotel came thundering down, dipping to a steep angle the floor we were on, and dumping all the furniture and our grip-sacks out into the water, and nearly stifling us with dust from the crumbling brick walls and the falling plastering.

"A moment after, a frame house came drifting past the room-wide opening in front of us, and lodged against the ragged side of the hotel, presenting to us a garret window invitingly open but the

width of the dipping floor from us.

"'Better a frame house that floats and carries us, like a boat, a thousand times over, than a brick that comes tumbling down over our heads, and sinks like a stone!' 'And so say I;' cried out Philemon and Robley, as soon as the opportunity to escape from the falling hotel was presented to them. So, sliding down the steep floor against the side of the frame house, we crawled through the window into the garret. A few minutes afterward, the house swung around into Clinton Street, and away we went across Main and down Bedford and over Stony Creek and the lower end of Kernville, and then up through Kernville to Grubbtown, just ahead of a big building Robley thinks must have been Turners Hall, and which I thought every minute would strike against our little house and knock it to pieces.

"At length, after we had started to come back from Grubbtown, our house grounded, and falling over partly, imprisoned us in the angle of the garret between the floor and the edge of the roof. Happily the garret was not plastered and we held on to the rafters, but could see no means of escape except in the subsidence of the waters. Some time afterward, however, a drifting log knocked several boards off the southern gable and we crawled through the hole, Philemon first, then myself, and Robley last, just as we happened to be in the garret. Then, on account of the driftwood above the hole, we could get no farther without swimming around the capsized house, under the arch formed by the wreckage piled against it, to the lee side of the building on the north. But we could not tell whether or not we could get out there, even if we did swim around the house. And there we hung undecided what to do, till Philemon dropped into the water, saying he would soon see; and away he went through the gloomy passage; and that is the last we saw of him. For, about the time we were looking for his return, the house fell flat on its side, and the whole pile of wreckage above us and about us, and a dozen or so of men, women and children, who had climbed upon it, came tumbling down into the water around us.

"Robley and I were protected from the falling timbers by the projection of the roof beyond the broken gable of the house to which we clung; and as soon as an opening appeared in the drifting wreckage around us, Robley made me take hold of a floating door and cling to it for dear life, while he, swimming, pushed it toward the shore. But just as we got started fairly, I saw a poor woman near us, struggling with both her hands to get on a piece of wreckage while she held in her teeth the four corners of an apron in which was tucked a baby; and I screamed to him to let me go and save

them. But he would not listen to anything I said; and before I knew what he was about, he shoved me against the top of a pine tree which projected from the water and compelled me to let go my hold of the door and seize the tree; and as I did so, I floundered about it and finally struck something like a stone in the water with a pointed top, but on which, by holding to the tree, I could stand as firmly as if I had been on solid ground. And what do you think it was? You could never guess in a million years! It was a monument on somebody's grave; for we were in Sandyvale Cemetery; and the tree I was clinging to was an arbor vitæ, which, you know, is the Tree of Life! Did you ever hear the like of it!

"Well, while I was standing on the monument holding to the Tree of Life, Robley pushed the door to the woman and the baby, and succeeded in getting them to a place where the woman could wade out without any danger. Then he came back after me and took me ashore. And there sat the woman in the mud, holding the corpse of the poor baby against her bosom, rocking to and fro, and weeping aloud in the most violent grief. The baby had drowned while the woman was struggling in the water, probably before Robley got to her.

"Now, for the strangest thing of all. Robley got down in the mud, and, having taken the baby from the woman, laid it down in the mud and worked with it in some way or other, I do not know exactly how. Then, having wiped out its mouth, he put a corner of the apron over it; and getting down flat in the mud by the little thing, he blew his breath into its lungs again and again, and worked with it with his hands; and after a while he started the baby to breathe of its own accord! I never was so astonished at anything in my life! And then, when we got out of the mud on comparatively dry ground, above Hornerstown, the woman fell on her knees before Robley and thanked him in the most pathetic manner for restoring the child to life. She said the baby was not hers; but that it had been picked up by a number of persons on a floating roof and given to her to keep; and that she had no children and would adopt it if the mother should never be found; 'and oh, do not ask me my name, for I will not tell you, lest you lead somebody to follow me and take the dear thing from me; and while I have no milk in my bosom to nourish it, I will run twenty miles into the country but that I will find a cow to supply the necessary nourishment!' And I said to Robley, tell the poor woman ours, and never mind hers; and say to her that if ever she or the baby should be in want to come to us right away: and Robley did, adding, 'Now, take your baby and run!' And somehow, Jane, just as the woman started off, I wished in my heart I had gotten the dear little thing myself, and

burst into tears.

"Then, such a time as we had getting here! We struck out, of course, for the Frankstown Road; and in clambering around Green Hill above the crowd of excited people there, we started a little avalanche of loose stones and mud under our feet; and Robley hallooed to the people below to get out of the way. And what do you think? Another of the strangest things happened. Your two horses were in the quarry above us; and recognizing Robley's voice, they whinnied and came to the edge of the quarry and looked down at us. Robley went up to them and taking Bessie by the foretop, led her to the Frankstown Road; Fannie, with a collar hanging around her neck, following behind; and I, lower down on the hill, clambering from rock to rock and over one little gully after another, more like a goat fantastically dressed in a woman's rig as ragged and wet and muddy as it could be and hold together, than a human being. However, we all got to the Road; and a woman who lived handy in one of the houses on the steep hillside—holding on by her toe-nails and eyeteeth, as she expressed it—having given Robley a piece of her clothesline, he made a bridle for each of the horses.

"Then, Robley set me astride Fannie's wet bare back—mind you, while we were surrounded by twenty-five or thirty men, women, and children. So you can imagine my predicament, especially when the inevitable bad boy in every company of children began to bawl out, 'Hurry up your cakes, Bill, an' see city siss ride clothes-pin!' Did you ever hear anything so awfully ludicrous! I laughed and everybody laughed; and the more I laughed, the lower I leaned on Fannie's neck and pressed my heels against her sides to hold on; and while Robley was mounting his horse, Fannie, either in a frolic or a fright—I do not know which—started off on a gallop up the hill; and the closer Bessie and Robley came to her heels, the faster the vixen ran. Oh, I was scared nearly to death before she stopped stock still, and began to nibble grass by the road-side; and such a jolting as I got, I never experienced anything like it. And then, just to think of the spectacle I must have presented to the breathless big-eyed Bill, assuming that he got up to the bad boy's side, as I started off! and the awful destruction of Johnstown going on in the valley beneath us!

"Well, some time after dark, I got so sick and sore, I could not and I would not go an inch farther; and I told Robley that he might go on to Rhododendron Cottage alone if he pleased, but that I was going to lie down by the road-side; and that I did not care whether I died or not. 'All right,' he said, and on he went; and, of course, I followed without saying a word. He knew I did not mean what I

said, and that I could endure more than I thought.

"At length, seeing a dim light in a window not far from the road, Robley got off his horse and felt along the fence for some opening to get into it, and found a set of bars, which he let down and we went in. And would you believe it, the middle-aged man and woman who came to the door had not heard a word of the big flood, and were engaged in counting their eggs and weighing their butter preparatory to doing their marketing the next morning in Johnstown. 'And you say, the stores are all destroyed?' asked the woman eagerly. 'Yes.' 'Dear me! what will I do with my butter and eggs!' she exclaimed; and I thought I would die! And after a while, Robley having explained and described the calamity to the good people, the woman trembled all over and the man got so husky he scarcely could speak; and they could not do enough for us.

"The woman, who turned out to be Mrs. Marlatt, took me into the kitchen and stripped me and washed me like a child. Then she dressed me in some of her own clothes which were a mile too big for me; and when she got through with me, I was ready for a fancy ball, as you can imagine. At the same time, out in the barn, Mr. Marlatt was performing the same function for Robley; and the farmer's clothing was as much too little for Robley as his wife's was too big for me; and when we all came together in the light in the sitting room, I giggled of course, and Mr. Marlatt began to laugh and ended in coughing, and Mrs. Marlatt put on her spectacles and looked at him as if she had never seen him before, remarking, as she took them off and laid them on the mantel-piece, 'Were it not for the buttons on your jacket, Bub, which I sewed on with my own hands, I would not know you from a side of sole-leather—you have outgrown your pap's clothes amazingly!' And Robley actually blushed and was so disconcerted, that he put his hands in his pockets and looked for all the world like a country-jake from wayback, as the boys say. Pretty soon, however, Robley began to laugh, and we all laughed; and ever since, Robley has called me Siss and I have called him Bub. Then we had supper and went to bed—Mrs. Marlatt and I sleeping together in her room, and Mr. Marlatt and Robley in the spare room.

"We were up at daybreak the next morning; and while Mrs. Marlatt and I were getting breakfast, what do you think? Robley was so ashamed of himself in Mr. Marlatt's clothes, that he went out to the barn and washed his own and brought them into the kitchen and hung them up to dry around the stove, saying he would never go out of the house again until he was in a suit that did not make him ap-

pear so supremely ludicrous as his generous friend's. As soon as his clothing was dry, accordingly, after breakfast, Robley rigged himself up in it, and Richard was himself again. Then, having hitched up Bessie in Mr. Marlatt's old-fashioned high-spring buggy—leaving Fannie until he should return the buggy and harness—Robley and I parted with the Marlatts as if we had been the best of friends all our lives, and drove to Rhododendron Cottage.

"Here we found everybody in a whirl of excitement and bewilderment, and everything topsyturvy, as you can imagine; and hour after hour, as we learned more and more of the extraordinary damage to property and destruction of human lives, effected by the bauble of pleasure that we had come to play with a while as a fitting prelude to our happy marriage, we became positively stupefied. On reading your letter, however, and learning what you are doing already with your wonderful knack of knowing what to do and how to do it at all times, Robley and I have concluded to join you in your labor of love for the relief of the little ones especially, who in their absolute innocence and helplessness are, as you have remarked with justice, the chief sufferers for the sins of omission and commission of the pleasure-blind builders of the dam above and the business-blind builders of the city below.

"Expect us Tuesday evening. With Robley joining in my love to you and the hope of my heart that Philemon and Sylvester may be among the survivors of the great catastrophe, I remain,

Yours, affectionately, GRACE.

"P. S.—Robley has just come in with a list of the dead in which your name appears, and Philemon's and Sylvester's; and since you have turned up living, he reasons so may they—but shakes his head sadly when he recalls the circumstances under which he saw them last. Again wishing you the fulfillment of your heart's desires, I am,

Yours, etc., G. G.

"P. S.—From a knife-cut in Fannie's collar and the fact that your horses are not hurt in any way, and from the place where they were found, Robley says you must have cut loose your horses before you sought safety in flight; which is just what you would do and nobody else in the world would think of doing in the face of the awful flood; and that you must have been in Bedford Street, or its immediate neighborhood when the rush came, and might have escaped by jumping on the horses and letting them run. But all men are wise after the fact; and the dearest man in the wide, wide world is no exception. Yours, etc., G. G.

"P. S.—Wonders will never cease! Just now I have been handed my new hat in the band-box just as it came from the milliner's. It

was found exactly in the place I dropped it when the side fell out of and the ceiling came down in the room we were in in the Merchants Hotel. And just to think! if we had remained where we were then, we would have escaped without so much as a wetting. So, you see, if you missed absolute safety by the breadth of a hair, so did we; and the judgment of the wisest of men and women in overwhelming catastrophes is no better than none at all.

"By the bye, too, Jane, you know there is a great bend in the Conemaugh at the picturesque viaduct you admire so much—somewhere between South Fork and Johnstown, no matter exactly. Now, here the overflow of the mighty flood from the Fishing Club's dam swept through the railroad cut across the isthmus, a hundred yards or so in width; and having a less distance to go by two miles than the main body, it got into Johnstown that much sooner. This is what occasioned the sudden rise of two or three feet in the water in Johnstown, while we were in the hall; and Robley thinks we could have waded thence to the Frankstown Road easily in the time it took the main body of the overwhelming flood to come the two miles it was behind the overflow. He thinks also that this first wave is that which induced you to get out of your carriage and cut loose your horses. Howsoever, by driving us and everybody else in the city up stairs, this overflow was undoubtedly the means of saving the lives of thousands. G. G.

"P. S.—For the fortieth time, and positively the last. I forgot to tell you of a fortunate occurrence that facilitated our escape from Sandyvale Cemetery. When all the floating houses and wreckage began to drift down to Johnstown again, the backwater fell rapidly; and, to a great extent, the flood coming down Stony Creek kept in its proper channel and left the overflowed region to the east comparatively shallow and free from danger. And now that I have written this, I do wish from the bottom of my heart, I had not. For that which was fortunate to Robley and me was most unfortunate to Philemon, separating him from us and carrying him down stream again. Ten thousand kisses and hopes for the best. G. G."

XLVI.

At the appointed time Grace and Robley came and entered into the work of our little company at once—Grace with her usual enthusiasm modified to earnestness and persistency, and Robley with a colorless seriousness in his handsome manly face I had never ob-

served before. Grace insisted on learning to milk at once; and while she took my place in stripping Golden, the gentlest of my cows, I took Robley up stairs and presented him to 'Squire Burkholder, remarking as I left them together, "By putting the 'Squire on his feet again, you will add a hundred men to our little band actuated and guided by a heart and head of corresponding size—a Briareos whom mankind will not call Ægæon as of old, but the good 'Squire of Johnstown to the end of time: so do your best, Æsculapius, with the blood that coursed in the veins of the right side of Medusa, and fail not, lest to your eternal disgrace witchcraft come down the chimney when science goes out at the door, and succeed in effecting a cure by the mysterious means which only witchcraft knows."

"And that of the Arch Witch of the Heart of Appalachia in particular, you wily woman—you witch of witches if ever there was one in the world!" exclaimed my enthusiastic friend, as I hurried down the stairs.

I found at the gate awaiting me Yalu and Zambie, with Robley's spring-wagon heavily laden with clothing and provisions which the good people of the mountain in the neighborhood of the Heart of Appalachia had accumulated and sent to me for distribution among the destitute. And the supply came not a moment too soon; for the number of refugees about the house and barn of 'Squire Burkholder had exhausted almost wholly his stores of food and clothing. There was a hint involved in the fresh supply, moreover, which Robley and I were quick to take. That was for Yalu to make regular trips between the two places and supply us with food which could be purchased cheaply in the mountain villages; or that failing, could be obtained as a last resort from our herds and pens of full-blooded live-stock.

And so in the midst of the great operations for the relief of the survivors of the Johnstown Flood in the Valley of the Conemaugh—in which the thousands coming to relieve frequently found themselves as sorely in need as the most destitute of the sufferers—our little company, which was known among ourselves as the Burkholder Relief Corps, quietly performed its special work in the outskirts of the desolated region where the infantile sufferers chiefly were to be found in crowded garrets, sheds, and tents, and frequently by the roadside, beyond the limits of the labors of the infinitely greater associations of the great cities of the country, the railroad companies, the charitable organizations, the churches, and the State.

In despite of the exacting and engrossing nature of my occupation, however, I was affected by these great operations of others going on

around me, especially by those conducted by Mr. William Flinn, or Dynamite Bill, as he was known familiarly, for the removal of the acres of solidified wreckage in an about the channel of the river above the Stone Bridge. With an army of six thousand men, drawn at once from the quarries, public improvements, and other works of the great contracting firm of Pittsburgh, Booth & Flinn, equipped with the most powerful hoists and tackle, and supplied with seemingly unlimited quantities of dynamite for blasting and petroleum for burning that which was combustible, this energetic and commanding man attacked the compacted conglomeration, which included railroad locomotives, iron bridges, passenger and freight cars, tracks, tons upon tons of wire from the ruined mills above, machinery of all kinds, stones, bricks, houses, trees, furniture, miles of telegraph wires, store-goods, horses, cows, dogs, hogs, sheep, cats, and human beings—in fine, much of everything to be found in the great industrial valley; and in a few days time, by the discharge of quarter of a ton blasts of dynamite in advantageous places, he began to make the removal of the stupendous mass, which seemed to defy any agency known to man, a possibility.

By chance, I witnessed the first of these blasts, which may be likened not inappropriately to an explosive volcanic eruption—saw the cascade of a myriad of fragments of the miscellaneous mass, and felt the shock that shattered like an earthquake brick walls on the mountain side half a mile distant. Immediately afterward, I engaged with the throng in inspecting the fragments scattered over a great area; and hearing a boy near me pronounce the name "Sylvester Holland," I turned and saw that he was reading the name on a small object which he held in his hand. This proved to be the lid of Sylvester's gold watch, having beneath his name the subscription, "From J. J."—that is, from Jules Jerome, his maternal grandfather.

The boy took the relic, as I directed him, to the official repository in Alma Hall, where it was registered, and afterward given to me; and ever afterward, I felt a shudder in my heart with every blast I heard, and in my excited imagination, saw the form of Philemon rise in the upheaval of wreckage and part and pass into a shower of fragments indistinguishable from the infinity with which they were commingled!

At the end of ten days, 'Squire Burkholder was well enough to hobble on crutches about the house and over the farm, and relieved Robley and myself of much of our exacting labor there. At the same time, however, Mr. Smith succumbed to the unusual work and exposure, and with symptoms of typhoid fever, was sent by Robley's

advice to the Hospital on Prospect Hill; to the great distress of all, but especially the good 'Squire, who had begun to call him his son, and "the making of as good a man as ever his father was, if not so big and brawny."

Soon afterward, I became aware that I was breaking down, more from the solicitude of Robley for my welfare than from any sensation of sickness or suffering which I felt. I was conscious, however, that I had lost my appetite and was apathetic in the presence of distress, and unmoved by the most shocking sights in the excavations made in every part of the ill-fated city and at the morgues; but I was strong enough to go my accustomed rounds among the grateful little children morning and evening, and visit the hospitals, morgues, and information bureaus in the spare hours of the fore and afternoon.

At length, late in the evening of Thursday, the 20th day of June, Robley came to me and said, in a tone of voice that affected me more than his words, that it was an imperative duty for him as a physician and friend to take me home at once; that I was pale and haggard and wasted, and would fall an easy prey to the prevailing fever of a malignant type which was threatening to become a scourge and the most serious obstacle yet encountered in cleansing the city of its thousands upon thousands of tons of disease-breeding filth, and relieving the sufferers under such sanitary conditions in midsummer as excited the fears of all physicians. "To-morrow morning early, Yalu will return with the empty wagon; and you must go with him and remain at home until you have regained your health and vigor—or, at any rate, until you have learned that you are not infected with the malignant fever that has become almost epidemic here. Do not say no, for I will not heed it; nor will either Grace or your grand friend the 'Squire, who join me in saying that when you are well we are your slaves, but when you are sick, we are your master."

"Not to-morrow, Robley. And when you recall the day, you will yield without a word. Let Yalu remain until Saturday morning and I will return with him to meet whatsoever there is in store for me in the future as bravely and uncomplainingly as my powers of endurance will permit—to the end."

The morrow was Friday, the 21st day of June, the day which the four of us had named with one voice, in the heyday of our happiness, our wedding day, and gave as a satisfactory reason to all concerned that only the longest day of the year could hold our infinity of heart-beats of bliss.

The good man turned with tears standing in his eyes, and went

away from me, with uncertain steps. Afterward, through the open door, I heard him speak in an undertone to Grace and the 'Squire; but what he said, I can infer alone. Whatsoever, however, when Grace and I went to bed, the tender-hearted girl lovingly put her arms around me and held me close to her bosom throughout the night.

XLVII.

A sad silence pervaded the house and farm of 'Squire Burkholder the following morning. I affected to be cheerful; but my heart failed me when I found no response, and I became as silent as those around me.

In the morning, after visiting all my little friends in the division of the territory allotted to me, I sent Yoko back to the 'Squire's with the empty buckets, and spent the morning in the hospital writing a letter for Mr. Smith to his wife and children in Pittsburgh, and the afternoon in Sandyvale Cemetery, as nearly as I could determine in the very place where I had seen Philemon last. There was a fascination about the spot which I could not resist; and I had visited it so often during the past three weeks, that insensibly I came to regard it as the special sepulchre in the vast columbarium of the Conemaugh Valley in which the body of my beloved was entombed.

In the evening, I went out with Zambie—he carrying the buckets of milk, and I a basket containing my supper; for, before returning, I desired to visit the morgue and see the several bodies which I heard at the 'Squire's had been found during the day in a remarkable state of preservation in a cellar filled with sand in the lower part of Johnstown: I still had a spark of hope left that I might find the body of Philemon, and be able to identify it and have it buried, if his friends in England would permit, in the sacred enclosure that contained the remains of my maternal grandparents, my parents, my brother, and Congo.

On the way to the morgue, however, I missed Zambie from my side; and having observed him several times when passing casting a longing eye toward a crowd of laughing men and boys who had assembled about a sail-like spread of canvas between two upright poles, in the sandy waste in the upper part of the city, I suspected that he had gone thither to satisfy his childish curiosity and get a stolen relief in a few minutes of boisterous glee from the dreary monotony of carrying milk from one week's end to another, I turned

in the direction of the unknown sport: musing, as I trudged along wearily in the sand, on the hardening effects of familiarity with the horrible and ghastly, and the resilience of youth and health in a little while, from utter destitution amid the indiscriminate wreckage of a deluged city, to rollicking sport.

When I came to the crowd, I looked up and saw over the shoulders of those in front of me, the words "Hit the Coon!" painted in big letters above a circular opening in the centre of the canvas, and "Five shots for a Nickel," in similar letters beneath; and projecting from the hole in the centre, the head of Zambie—the woolly crown and the grinning face of the big negro boy alternately presented to my view as he lowered his head to receive the balls as they were thrown at him on his least vulnerable part, the top of his head, and amuse all with his winks and grins of the most contagious good humor as he turned up his face to acknowledge either a hit or a miss alike. The sport seemed harmless enough, and irresistibly laughable to everybody in the crowd but myself, to whom it was indescribably painful. I realized that the big country bumpkin had been inveigled into taking the place of the experienced negro in dodging the balls thrown at him, and that, soon or late, he would receive a ball on his nose, in his mouth, or in his eye, which would turn his grins of pleasure into grimaces of pain, and reward his tricksters for their trouble with a new lease of laughter. And scarcely had I formulated this thought, than lowering his head at a feint made by the thrower and turning up his grinning face immediately after, the simple boy received the ball on his flat nose with such force, as to knock his head back through the opening and make him bellow with pain like a bull-calf, amid a shout of laughter from the crowd of men and boys that made me shudder. I hastened around the throng to the back of the canvas and rescued the bawling boy from the hands of his deceitful sport-loving captors. Then, as I was about to lead him away, he raised another laugh by looking around for his hat which had been hidden; a third, when he picked up his buckets and found them filled with sand; and still a fourth, when, on emptying the buckets, he found his hat stuffed in the bottom of one.

At another time and place, in my usual health and spirits, when I found the overgrown savage baby was more frightened than hurt, I might have laughed as lustily as any in the throng; but weary almost to the point of exhaustion, in the lowest stage of despondency, and harrowed at heart, on this most mournful mission to the very vortex of the horrors of the vast sepulchre of Johnstown, the morgue, I saw and heard and led the boy away more like a machine

than a human being of flesh and blood.

Having come to the morgue, I saw at a glance that none of the several bodies recently exhumed bore the slightest resemblance to Philemon; and giving way under this last feather of disappointment, I sat down on a coffin in a state of stupefaction; while Zambie, as I afterward learned, sat down a short distance from me on one of his upturned buckets, blubbering, and wiping the trickling blood from his nose betimes with the sleeve of his blue jean shirt.

After a while, I was conscious of the approach of a poor old woman leading a partially paralyzed and extremely emaciated blind man, with the upper part of his face covered by a thick green veil, whom I had seen daily for the past week about the morgue, and heard the people around me talk about familiarly as Poor Billy Blind-staggers, with that strange combination of pathos and the most ghastly bathos or horse-play everywhere to be found amid the ruins of the flood-swept city. I saw her seat the wretched wreck with great care and tenderness on a rough-box a few yards in front of me, and then come to the coffin on which I sat and sit down by my side. I heard her sigh and say, "I am very tired and hungry. Please, Miss, if you have a bite in your basket to spare, I beg of you to give to me, to share with my dear charge in front of us who is wasting away from day to day, happily blind and demented, that he can neither see nor comprehend the awful misery he is in himself and surrounded by in this horrible Valley of Death."

I opened the basket and gave her the supper I had prepared for myself. I saw her take the chicken-leg which constituted the greater part of the meal, and put it in the uncertain grasp of her poor charge and guide it to his mouth, until she set the jerking automaton to eat himself; and I saw her take the bread which constituted the smaller part, and eat it with avidity as she resumed her seat by my side.

I heard her say, "I thank you, Miss; that will give us a new lease of life—until to-morrow, perhaps;" but I heard without heeding: I had heard so many tales of exceeding sorrow and distress, the fountain of emotional response within me was exhausted.

But the woman continued to speak as she sat by my side, and I continued to hear with no more feeling than a phonograph. "You see my dear charge there is more like a dead man than a living. He floated on a telegraph-pole all the way from Johnstown to Blairsville—twenty-seven miles, I believe—where he was rescued and brought to my house by my only son, Thomas, who, on returning to the river to rescue more of the sufferers screaming for help as they

were swept past the town during that terrible night, was drowned in the flood himself, and his body never recovered.

"The doctors say the base of his brain is injured; and that he will never recover the right use of his limbs and his mind, without an operation of the gravest character, which they, not knowing the poor man and not being able to find out who he is, are unwilling to perform and assume all the responsibility. Oh, my heart is nearly broken to find out who he is; and I have sacrificed all the little I possess in the world as the widow of David Wadsworth—who, I am sorry to say, though a good man was given to drink and died bequeathing only his appetite for liquor to his son Thomas, and his debts to me—to bring him here, where people come from all parts of the country to identify the dead, that his identity may be discovered. Oh, I believe I should die for very joy if somebody would come and name him; for I can tell from his hands that he has never been obliged to work; and from his scarless body that he was not addicted to drink and involved in frequent quarrels, or meeting with daily accidents like my husband and son; and from the shreds of clothing hanging to his almost naked body when he was found, that he wore tailor-made clothes cut in the latest fashion; and especially from the expression of his lovely blue eyes, which though sightless and divergent are apparently uninjured, (and which, to let people know that he is blind, I keep veiled during the day,) that he is an educated man of thought and feeling of a higher order than either David Wadsworth or his son Thomas, who, as I said before, were good men but woefully intemperate."

When the woman spoke of the lovely blue eyes behind the dark green veil, I lifted my eyes and scrutinized from head to foot the emaciated figure in ill-fitting garments sitting on the rough-box in front of me; and fancying I discerned in the disjointed shadowy figure a resemblance to Philemon in a similar condition of nervous disorganization and muscular waste, I was aroused from my stupor sufficiently to request the woman to remove the veil and let me see his eyes, adding, that the veil over the upper part of his face and a three weeks' growth of beard on the lower hid his features to such an extent that recognition was impossible.

The woman, standing between me and the miserable man, removed the veil, and stepped aside; and looking into the face of Poor Billy Blind-staggers, I saw and recognized, as in the revealing but bewildering light of a streak of lightning, the features of Philemon Holland!

My blood ran cold; my brain burned and my eyes blazed in their sockets; my bosom began to swell, and I felt an oppressive sensation

of choking in my throat; but otherwise I sat motionless and insensible as a stone.

An instant later, my eyes staring but seeing no more than the blind before them, I saw in my imagination my heart-broken mother, as I had beheld her often in life, stand before the wretched wreck of my poor father, and the more pitiful shadow of humanity in my wan and wasted and hopelessly crippled brother, and smile, while she ministered unto them; until both she and they faded from my vision.

I rose to my feet. I bowed my head in resignation to the awful future before me. I staggered to the jerking, swaying form before me. I took his hands in mine; and the instant I felt they were living flesh and blood, I kissed them and bathed them with my tears till I sank insensible at his feet. . . . .

When I awoke to consciousness, I was lying on a rough-box surrounded by a sympathetic group of men and women, one of the latter of whom was bathing my forehead and displaying the patch of white hairs on my brow to the group, remarking as she did so, "She was born a woman, to feel and endure as only a woman can. Behold this blazon of blight on her brow. When the heart is harrowed, youth becomes age and the blackest of hair becomes as white as the driven snow."

"Where is Zambie?" I enquired, as I rose to a sitting posture.

The woman, who had been bathing my brow and talking, pointed to Philemon, still sitting as I had seen him before I fainted at his feet.

"Oh, no, not he—not he; but the big black boy that carried my buckets of milk, that he may run to 'Squire Burkholder's and bring Dr. Benham here, with his spring-wagon to remove the poor man, and his most faithful attendant in this dear old tender-hearted woman, to a place where they will receive the best of nursing and care which their condition demands."

"I will go in his stead," responded several volunteers among the men.

"It is not necessary," said the woman who had taken charge of me in my insensibility. "As soon as the negro boy saw that you had identified one who was believed to be dead in this wretched being, he said he would run and tell Dr. Benham; and away he ran as fast as his long strong legs could carry him."

I was satisfied; and having waited an hour perhaps, in which time I regained my composure and determined on a course of action, Robley came in such a state of excitement as to incapacitate him from doing anything without the guidance of a less disturbed mind;

and in a short time, after thanking the sympathetic people who had gathered around me and assisted me, I was on my way toward the good 'Squire's, with my arm around the wreck of Philemon Holland on the back seat of the wagon, while the happy old woman, Mrs. Wadsworth, sat on the front with Robley.

XLVIII.

Dr. Postlewaite, by chance, happened to be at Rudolf's Roost when Zambie brought the news of the discovery of Philemon and was induced by the 'Squire to remain and give him the benefit of his wisdom and skill as a physician and surgeon; and on our arrival, the ponderous old doctor, Robley, and the 'Squire took charge of Philemon; while tender-hearted Grace, with innumerable kisses, conducted me up stairs and put me to bed; and Mother Gertrude performed the same kind offices to Mrs. Wadsworth, in whom she found a schoolmate of thirty or thirty-five years before at the Blairsville Seminary, and perhaps the most beautiful and intelligent of the eighty young ladies then in attendance.

I slept profoundly the early part of the night, but tumbled and tossed with disturbing dreams the remainder; and when I arose and began to dress, I became so faint I was obliged to lie down for a few minutes again. I was able to go down stairs in a little while, however, holding to the balustrade, and found Robley's spring-wagon in readiness for the removal of Philemon and myself to the Heart of Appalachia.

To my enquiries about Philemon, Robley said that he was in a better condition to endure the journey to our mountain home than he had been the evening before to bear the trip from the morgue to the 'Squire's, and that it was necessary to place him in the best sanitary condition at the earliest moment possible."

"Is there any hope of his recovery?"

"Whatsoever there is lies in an immediate constitutional treatment to build up his body, by giving him the most invigorating air of the mountain tops to breathe, and the most assimilable food to eat, while a healthy action is given to the divers parts of his body by bathing, friction, active and passive exercise, and carefully considered medication."

"What is the matter with him?"

"My dear Jane, during the night, I have been in consultation with Dr. Postlewaite, and an eminent surgeon from Philadelphia, Dr.

Ogleby, and with differences of degree, extent, and gravity, we are unanimous in our diagnosis and general treatment; but our determination can be expressed only in technical terms, and you would not comprehend his condition a whit better after hearing it than before. Suffice it, in the most accurate language I can employ which has any signification to you, in the great exhaustion of his body, incident to his prolonged exertion and immersion, the more watery parts of his blood have had a tendency to escape through the walls of the arteries and veins and capillaries into the loose tissues around them; and the rapid, frequent, and doubtless oftentimes violent, movements of his head and neck in his efforts to breathe, while clinging for so many hours to the telegraph-pole in the raging river, have caused this escape to take place into the soft tissues and so-called ventricles in the lower part of the brain; and by pressure, and otherwise, the effusion benumbs and disturbs the several important parts of his nervous system which are situated there and have intimate association and connection with practically every part of his body. The seat of this little flood—if I may term it so, in contradistinction to the Great Flood of Johnstown, of which it is a sequel —is beyond the realm of any instrument yet devised by the ingenuity and skill of surgery; and the only thing that can be done is to promote the absorbtion of the watery fluid into the blood again before the parts of the nervous system involved shall become soft and disorganized"—

"In which event?"

"They will be incapable of performing their function."

"And the silent sufferer melt away to an end?"

"Even so."

"Let us set out at once, then, in the one direction in which there is hope."

Robley went out of the room; and lowering my head to lay it on my arm on the little table in the room, I saw a sheet of paper on which, during the night, he had recorded the evidences on which he and his fellow-surgeons had come to their conclusion; and getting from them a new insight into the mystery of all mysteries—the art of divining the secrets of the very sanctum sanctorum of life, and especially that particular life in which my being was involved—and a gratifying proof of the intelligent interest taken in my behalf by Robley, I folded the paper and put it in my pocket for preservation and future study.

In the peculiar condition of my mind, however, I could not banish the contents of the paper from my mind; and over and over again as we drove slowly home—Robley and Grace on the front seat,

and Mrs. Wadsworth and I, with Philemon between us, on the hind —they recurred in varying sequences and in more or less fragmentary parts, but always terminating in the same technical phraseology which I presume involved to the understanding of a surgeon the discourse of Robley to me. At length, the recorded symptoms assumed the shape of lettered leaves lying before the cavern of the Cumæan Sibyl, who, indistinctly seen in the depths of her subterranean abode had a shadowy resemblance to Robley; and as I approached I read, "Strabismus and fixed stare, with pupil rather dilated" on one; "Staggering in reeling arcs, rather than in tangents" on another; "Pulse slow, soft, and compressible, irregular and changeable in rhythm" on a third; "Tongue, pale and flabby, slightly livid, impeded and tremulous" on a fourth; "Emaciated and anæmic" on a fifth; "General anæthesia" on a sixth, and so on, on the leaves singly; while on them all together, I read, "Effusion into the third and fourth ventricles and the subarachnoid spaces." Presently, then, the wind would scatter the leaves and I with infinite worry would gather and arrange them again, only to have them scattered and gathered in turn, indefinitely.

And the greatest relief I experienced in meeting the dear ones at home, from whom I had been separated seemingly for as many years as weeks, was in breaking up this distressing train of thought in my feverish brain.

XLIX.

A week afterward, I felt as well as ever, and Robley pronounced me free from any of the symptoms of the fever which had assumed a malignant form in the Valley of the Conemaugh, and which he regarded justly with great dread; and I devoted myself to the care of Philemon, who had been improving from the moment he received proper food and attention at the hands of Robley, and inspired a hope in all of ultimate recovery.

At the end of six weeks, he could walk without staggering and articulate distinctly; but his mind was beclouded still, his hearing dull, and his eyesight an absolute blank; and at the end of three months, in the latter part of September, he had regained the use in a great measure of his intellectual faculties, while his hearing was improved greatly, and his sense of sight not at all: his eyes appearing to be uninjured in any way and free from the strabismus which intensified his ghastly appearance so much at the

time of his identification.

In the meantime, I had been in correspondence with his greatly distressed grandfather, Jules Jerome, and his heart-broken mother, in England, with a view to his removal thither at the earliest opportunity that he might be examined by the most experienced of the surgeons of London, and derive all the benefits possible at their hands in the way of restoring his sight. The time had come now, when he could travel safely with Mrs. Wadsworth at his side, whom he regarded as a second mother and on whom his grandfather and mother had showered so many gifts of money and clothing, in token of their grateful appreciation of the incommensurable services rendered Philemon in his most miserable condition of absolute helplessness, that the good woman was bewildered in their contemplation; and it was agreed on by the four of us once more in a happy congress assembled, that Robley should accompany Philemon and Mrs. Wadsworth to New York and see them safely aboard the most luxuriously appointed of the new Cunarders. However, while Robley was writing to the steamship company to secure the most fitting accommodations, Philemon interposed a wish that he might see—forgetting for the moment his blindness—Grace and Robley married before he went away. I added the wish of my heart to his; and the happy pair revealed a mutual yearning to the same end by blushing in silence.

Under all the circumstances, after the subject had been broached and discussed, however, it was deemed best for Grace and Robley to return to Idavöll and be married there in such form as would be most agreeable to her father and mother. Then, after coming back to the Heart of Appalachia, they could accompany Philemon to New York, and after seeing him embark, make a tour of the eastern cities if they saw fit, or return to supervise the completion of their beautiful mountain home, Rosenborg.

This was done; and the last of October, 1889, saw Philemon and Mrs. Wadsworth safely landed in England, and myself in the best of health and spirits in the Heart of Appalachia entertaining two of my most highly prized friends, the Good 'Squire of Johnstown, Rudolf Burkholder, and my first assistant in supplying milk to the little sufferers of the great flood—formerly, Zmytte, the photographer of Pittsburgh, synonymous with Enterprise, Originality, and Bedrock Prices, now Lycurgus Smith, the superintendent of the large farm of the good old 'Squire and the prospective inheritor of a goodly share of his estate: and so changed in his personal appearance since his recovery, having acquired a fresh healthy complexion, a new growth of lustrous hair, and an increase in weight of fifty

pounds at least, that I looked at him a second time before I was sure of his identity.

L.

During the following six months, as week succeeded week, and letter followed letter from Philemon indicating increasing vigor of mind and body without any appreciable change for the better in the condition of his organs of vision, I realized, with increasing concern and solicitude, the necessity of enlarging my business to meet the possible and probable demands of the future. I planned and schemed to make every inch of the mountain tract and every room in the wayside inn yield the greatest possible revenue, in addition to what I might make, as my mother had done before me, as an artist, with less skill than my mother, but with more imagination, a freer and stronger hand, and a wider business acquaintance. In doing so, not to be misled, I deemed my future husband practically a dependent whose assistance in divers ways would balance the exactions of his existence in a condition of comfort consistent with his culture and situation in life, and I made a liberal allowance for the maintenance of a growing family of my own. In the end, I was satisfied that the future presented no more serious difficulties in the way of living comfortably and happily than the present; and with the happiest of hearts, in response to the repeated solicitations of Philemon, I named our second wedding day the anniversary of our first, the twenty-first day of June, the fateful day in which by the merest accident I discovered him in the unknown wreck of the Johnstown Flood, Poor Billy Blind-staggers.

At length, however, during a visit of Robley and Grace to the former's father and mother in Baltimore, when I was floating above the earth in an atmosphere of expectant bliss perfumed with the breath of the sweetest flowers of spring, a woman, in destitution, and with distressing symptoms of fever, carrying a babe, sixteen or eighteen months old, came to the Heart of Appalachia and begged, in the absence of Dr. Benham to whom she had come for aid, that I would give her food and shelter until his return.

I had my hat on my head, when the poor woman addressed me; and taking it off as I preceded her to a comfortable room, she saw the white spot above my forehead as I turned at the door, and recognized me with so much emotion that I doubt not her fever was aggravated greatly by it.

"You have saved our lives once, good woman; and you will save them again! How fortunate I am in my misfortune; and how happy I am in my misery! And you will not betray me and take from me the very child you put into my arms for safe keeping? Oh, no, no, no; you will never sever and make strangers of those whom your goodness of heart has made mother and child!"

From the first sentence she uttered, I suspected the identity of the woman and the babe as those I had taken on the raft while in the maelstrom of Kernville and whom afterward Robley and Grace had taken ashore in Sandyvale Cemetery; and I was right in my surmise, as I learned, beyond the possibility of a doubt, from her account of the restoration of the babe by Robley which corresponded with that given by Grace.

I sent for Dr. Mansfield; and the good old physician responding to my summons at once, the poor woman was found to be suffering with enteritis which simulated typhoid fever, and unquestionably would be seriously ill for a week or ten days with the best of treatment.

She was put to bed accordingly and the babe given into the hands of Cora, the good woman who had nursed me in infancy so carefully and tenderly; and I sat down by the bed to assure the sick woman by my presence that she might trust to us to take the best care possible of herself and the child.

The following day, the poor woman, affected by my attention to her, burst into tears; and after I had wiped her face repeatedly and begged her to be calm, she settled her head on the pillow and said, "You do not ask me who I am, or what; and fearful that you may at any moment, when I cannot tell you, I can endure the suspense no longer. A stranger I came to you and a stranger let me go from you, over the hills and far away, or to the grave. My husband is dead—I saw him crushed in the flood, and my name has appeared in the list of the dead of Johnstown, and the body of another has been identified as mine. I have no relatives of my own blood—and no friends among the relatives of my husband, an old widower, when I, his housekeeper, married him. Several of my step-children I have never seen. They do not know me, nor I them. They are satisfied—perhaps happy; and they should not be apprised of the truth, to grieve again. With respect to the child, I know nothing more than you. And should I survive this illness, I have only one wish that you permit me to go as I came, to be a good mother to the dear babe that has made life a priceless treasure to me; and should I not survive, that you will be a mother to the child in my stead."

"If none appear, who have a natural claim to the child, I certainly will do all in my power to make a worthy man of him and be happy in doing so at whatsoever cost to myself in care and work."

"That is medicine to my mind which you alone, in the absence of Dr. Benham and his wife, can administer with a happy effect. Now let the pills and potions of Dr. Mansfield take charge of my body and kill or cure, I am content."

From day to day, the unknown woman sank, and her death became inevitable in the course of the next.

The next came; and the sinking woman having signified to me, by an expression of the face which I had learned to interpret as correctly as her words, that she wished to see the babe, I went down stairs as noiselessly as possible to bring the rosy-cheeked child to her.

On my way through the hall, I observed my mail in the rack and brought it along with me, to read while the sick woman would be interested in the babe; and when I entered the room, I found her asleep; and not wishing to disturb her, I took the child into an adjoining room, and set him on the floor to play with the flowers in the carpet while I read my letters.

The first I opened was in a large official envelope, and read as follows:—

"GREENESBURGH, PA., 3 April, 1890.

"MISS JANE JANSEN,
LAUGHLINSTOWN P. O., WESTM'D CO., PA.

"DEAR MISS:—I beg to congratulate you on a piece of good fortune which has happened to you, of which I perhaps am the only person living who knows the facts. About a year ago, Phineas Dobson and his wife Matilda, in her right, consulted me about the validity of their claim to the tract of mountain land which you and your aunt occupy and hold in common as the heirs at law of Alexander Graham, deceased. On examination, I was surprised to find that the title to the land was indisputably in Mrs. Dobson, as the accompanying abstract will reveal to you; and a few days before the Johnstown Flood, I had all the necessary papers drawn to dispossess you and your aunt by an action in ejectment. It so happened, however, that, on the fatal Friday, Mr. and Mrs. Dobson were visiting friends in Johnstown and were drowned. Their bodies have been identified positively and buried by friends of Mr. Dobson. This seemingly ended the matter; and I was about to write you the letter I write to-day, when I learned that a child had been born to Mrs. Dobson about six months before the Flood. If the child survived the parents, the title vested in it; and I set out to find it among the

living or dead of Johnstown. The identification of the infant seemed to be hopeless at first; but having found the physician who officiated at the birth of the child, Dr. Wallace McLea, I learned from him, and secured an affidavit from him to the truth of his statement, that at the time of birth he observed a curious malformation which would be persistent and furnish a means of absolute identification, living or dead. This consisted of a deflection to the right of the several terminal joints of the backbone, which anatomists consider the remains of a caudal appendage; and howsoever serious the matter, involving as it did the dispossession of two most estimable ladies from a valuable estate and the repossession of an infantile rightful heir, it became so ludicrous to me that I could prosecute it only by allowing myself now and then in secret a few minutes of unrestrained laughter. All the statutes of the State of Pennsylvania to the contrary notwithstanding, the land in question became an estate tail; and in my facetious visions, a chain of title became a string of monkeys holding one to another's tail, up, up, up, to a supporting limb of the sturdy old oak of our Commonwealth. Then came a series of punning allusions to the Lost Tales of Miletus, the Tales of a Grandfather, a Pashaw of Many Tails, a Tale of a Tub, etc., etc.—sufficient to disgust me with punning for the remainder of my days. And finally came a thought to haunt me and distress me like a nightmare, that howsoever foolish the beginning, and indescribably horrible and awful the middle of the Johnstown Flood, its ending in the last remaining joints of the tail of humanity was comical and grotesque in the extreme: a farce succeeding one of the most stupendous tragedies effected by human agency the world has ever seen! For several months, however, as I deemed it a sacred duty to my clients, I went among the living and the dead; and having examined the bodies of all the motherless infants of whom there was any knowledge, (including several of those which may be said in truth to have survived only through the agency of yourself and your assistants in supplying them daily for weeks with the necessary food,) and all the corpses of infants which have been recovered up to this time, I have found none with the prescribed malformation: and as consistently as I can, with the fee of my departed clients in my pocket, I am glad of it; for I, perhaps more than any other, know and appreciate from my investigations the incalculable good you have accomplished without ostentation in ministering to the infantile sufferers of the Johnstown Flood, and hold you in the highest esteem.

"In fine, Miss Jansen, I believe the child is dead, with its parents; and you and your aunt, Miss Graham, are now absolutely

secure in the possession of your valuable tract of land; and with the heartiest congratulations, I remain,

Yours Truly, ANDREW J. CLIFFORD.

"P. S.—Please accept with my compliments the accompanying Abstract of Title and Brief, in which you will find all the necessary data to an understanding of the Dobson claim and the hair-breadth escape you and your aunt have made; and in the light of what I have reported above, I trust you will pardon while you smile over the facetious endorsement on the papers, *Nulla vestigia retrorsum*.

Yours, etc., A. J. C."

Concurrently with the reading of the letter, I realized with a shudder that there was one infant survivor of the Flood whom the writer had not examined, and who might be, with greater probability in consequence of the extended search, the lost heir. This was the child on the floor before me, whom the unknown woman in the next chamber had carried miles away into the country and concealed in every way possible to her, in her engrossing desire to possess him as her own. As I closed the letter, I halted between an impulse to take up the child and examine the conformation of his backbone, and a restraint of fear of the overwhelming consequences of an identification of the heir in the infant in my charge; and while I sat in this distressing perplexity, Dr. Mansfield laid his hand gently on my shoulder, as he remarked in a low tone, "Our unknown patient is dead; and unless you intend to adopt the child, I would advise you to notify the coroner of the county at once and let him take charge of both—the dead and the living—at the expense of the county."

"No, Doctor; I will bury the woman at my own expense, and keep the baby"—

I was about to add "Out of the abundance of his own estate," when I reflected that as yet I had not determined the identity of the child and the rightful owner of the Heart of Appalachia. Instead, I said, "Please call, on your way home, at the shop of your old friend, the undertaker, Mr. Beverly, and tell him to come here at once; and leave me your bill for attendance on my unknown guest, at your earliest convenience. Short reckonings, you know, make long friends; and while to-day I may be able to pay my obligations, to-morrow"—

"I will take your paper for a million, Jane, without endorsement. But never for attendance on the poor. I have no charge on my books against you. Good afternoon."

And as the good old physician went out of the room and down the stairs, I inspected the babe, and found the malformation as de-

scribed in the letter of the attorney—an unmistakable deflection to the right of the terminal vertebræ of the infant's backbone!

LI.

During the long night that followed this discovery, I suffered the extremities of mental anguish. I saw my dear aunt and myself absolutely penniless—all our personal property sufficing to pay the mesne profits of the Heart of Appalachia for a few years only of the long time we had possessed it in ignorance of the rightful claim of another; I saw the families of Arabella and Yalu wandering about in utter destitution and helplessness; and I saw Philemon stare in his blindness at the stone walls of misfortune which surrounded him and wring his hands in an agony of despair.

At length, in the chaos of our sudden reduction from a comfortable competency to absolute destitution—or, seemingly in comparison, from a condition of infinite affluence to homeless beggary—I saw our dependents separated but earning a living on the several farms of Robley, 'Squire Burkholder, and others of my friends; while my aunt and myself, in a cottage near the market for our wares, sat from dawn to dusk with needle and brush in hand, smiling in each other's face to beguile our weariness of heart over our most miserable struggle for existence—while Philemon pressed betimes his nose against the window-pane of a charitable asylum and looked in vain through his sightless orbs over the tiled roofs and chimney-pots of London, and over the illimitable waste of the Atlantic, to catch a glimpse of the woman he loved among the strangers in the Heart of Appalachia.

Again, I saw the eyes of all mankind turn to the unconscious babe in my keeping, and see not that he is other than he came to me, a waif from the Johnstown Flood; and while they see him grow in health and comfort to manhood and take his name and station in life as one of the happy family of the Heart of Appalachia, the tongues of all mankind tell only of my exceeding kindness and goodness to him; while I, conscious alone of having defrauded by concealment the innocent babe and the unsuspecting boy and man, suffer in silence the most excrutiating tortures of retributory justice for secret crimes.

Turning in bed, to put an end to the distressing vision, I saw another equally trying—I saw the eyes of all mankind turn toward the child and see through innumerable folds of garments the malforma-

tion that established his identity as the sole owner of the Heart of Appalachia and all its belongings, and shudder at my heartless hypocrisy and criminal deception; while I, in fancied security, commingled with honest men and women as friends, and talked of deeds of charity and love, and uttered the holy word of Honor with the placidity of an automaton of brass.

And oh! the myriad of accidents that might befall the child in despite of every precaution I might take to protect him while I kept his identity a secret locked in my own bosom! I trembled as one after another they came in a seemingly endless succession in my troubled vision.

Whether or not I slept a minute during the frightful night, I do not know; but with the first crowing of the cock, I experienced a vague feeling of awaking from a nightmare; and while I was wide awake, in the reaction of the relief I felt, I determined to investigate every item of the Dobson claim and consult the best attorneys of Western Pennsylvania with respect to its validity before revealing to anybody the identity of the child. There might be an error of fact or judgment in the abstract and brief which had been sent me; and with the same justice that I might admit the claim when found free from error, I might reject it and cast it aside as a thing of naught, affecting neither the child nor myself, if found defective.

In despite of this determination, however, to await without further alarm and anxiety the result of my investigations as soon after the burial of the unknown woman as possible, I rose at the first peep of dawn; and, after dressing hastily, I hurried out of the house and over the way to the cabin of the Korean family to see with my own eyes and be satisfied that the child of such overwhelming import to all of us in and about the dear old homestead was, as I had given him to Cora the evening before, in the best of health: and found him so.

LII.

The brief of Mr. Clifford detailed the circumstances, by which the title to the Heart of Appalachia became involved, as follows:—

In 1830, a German from Reading, Berks County, Pennsylvania, by name, Hans Zimmermann, or John Carpenter, in English, purchased the tract of land from the legal owner at the time, and had the deed executed to him under the name of John Carpenter, in accordance with a not uncommon practice at the time.

In 1831, the new purchaser went on the land; and some time dur-

ing the year, removed with his wife, Wilhelmina, and an only daughter, Roxanna, to Schellsburg, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, leaving an only son, John Carpenter, (with a wife and three children,) on the tract as his tenant, as appears a matter of record in various ways in Bedford County.

In 1839, the wife Wilhelmina died; and the following year, the father, leaving a will to which his signature was affixed in German, Hans Zimmermann, and under which it was probated, recorded, and indexed.

By the will, the father devised the land to his daughter, then in her eighteenth year, intermarried with Levi Steiner, and residing in Adams County, Illinois. By the same instrument, the several notes given by the son from year to year in payment of the rent of the tract, were canceled; and the son was appointed the sole executor.

The son and executor in due time settled the estate of his father, and, as his filed accounts show, remitted to his sister, Roxanna Steiner, her share of the moneys arising from the sale of the personal property, after payment of the funeral expenses and debts.

Soon after—in fact, on his way home from Bedford, after filing his final account—the son and executor, John Carpenter (the tenant now by subserviency, of his sister Roxanna, or by continuation of the relation of tenant and landlord, that had subsisted between him and their father,) turned aside to lodge over night with a friend, and was burned, with all the papers which he carried with him, in the destruction of the dwelling of his friend by an accidental fire.

Among his papers at home, however, was found a will, dated in 1839, in which, in general terms without description or definition, he gave, bequeathed, and devised all his personal and real estate to his wife, Isabella, and appointed her his executrix.

This will was probated and registered; and, as far as the records show, the executrix never filed an account—holding nothing in trust.

Isabella, then, and her three children, Basil, Bernard, and Bertram, continued to reside on the mountain tract; until, at length, she dying intestate, the three sons, presumably being the owners of the land as the heirs at law of their mother, and nothing appearing a matter of record in Westmoreland County to the contrary, conveyed the same to Alexander Graham, my grandfather, in 1850.

In the meantime, Roxanna Steiner, in whom the legal title vested on the death of her father, Hans Zimmermann, or the real John Carpenter of the records of Westmoreland County, at the age of nineteen gave birth to a daughter, Anne, and, becoming insane at the time, spent the remainder of her days in a lunatic asylum in Illi-

nois—dying in 1885, in her sixty-fourth year, and one year after the decease of her husband: an incapable person legally, by reason, curiously, of infancy, insanity, and coverture during nearly the whole period of the occupancy of the mountain tract by her brother's family and their representatives in Alexander Graham and his descendants.

In 1860, Anne Steiner, intermarried with Abner Jennings, gave birth to a daughter, Matilda, and died of puerperal fever eight days afterward.

And this Matilda Jennings, in time becoming the wife of Phineas Dobson, the title to the land vested in her in 1885, on the death of her grandmother, Roxanna Steiner.

And this Matilda Dobson, dying intestate, with her husband, Phineas, in the Johnstown Flood, the title vested in her peculiarly marked child, in case it survived her.

Or, in the event of its having perished with its parents in the great catastrophe, the title, reverting to the estate of the original John Carpenter, or Hans Zimmermann, by the extinction of the line of his devisee, Roxanna, became vested in the collateral line of her brother, John.

And all the children of John in time, for a valuable consideration having conveyed, with a warranty, all their estate, right, title, interest, property, claim, and demand whatsoever, in law, equity or otherwise, howsoever, of, in, and to the Heart of Appalachia and every part thereof, to Alexander Graham, the title became vested in him and his legal representatives, (my Aunt Melissa and myself, standing in the stead of my mother.)

LIII.

I first drove to Bedford, the capital of Bedford County, and then to Greenesburgh, the county-seat of Westmoreland; and, with the assistance of competent attorneys, (without the knowledge of Mr. Clifford,) I found that the facts in the case were as Mr. Clifford had stated them in his papers, and the accompanying affidavits formal and correct with respect to the legitimacy and legal status of Mrs. Dobson and Mrs. Jennings, and the age, insanity, and coverture of Mrs. Roxanna Steiner; while the conclusions of the learned lawyer were treated by his brother attorneys as a mere matter of opinion and far from conclusive—my Bedford counselor siding in a measure with Mr. Clifford, that the legal title was in the Dobson child, and that

the statute of limitations would not run against infancy, insanity, and coverture, albeit, by tacking on one disability to another, the period be extended to a thousand years, the act of 1856 to the contrary notwithstanding, while he doubted the sufficiency of the identification of the child; and my Greenesburgh counselor antagonizing Mr. Clifford to the extent of declaring that my aunt and I not only had a colorable and presumptive title to the land, but such an acquired title by our adverse holding—peaceably, openly, and notoriously—for fifty years, "that nothing under the shining canopy could defeat it," as he expressed it.

I was not satisfied. In fact, I was more perplexed by my counselors than by the facts which I encountered in my investigations. Their mode of reasoning and their code of ethics were so different from mine, that the longer I considered their various and conflicting statements, the more discordant and uncertain everything and everybody involved in the matter became—including myself.

Finally, in my bewilderment, I went to Somerset, the capital of the county of the same name, to consult an old attorney there, whom frequently I had heard my guests refer to as "not only a good lawyer but a good man," which seemed to indicate to me that there was a foundation in fact for the belief which I was beginning to entertain that a good lawyer might be a bad man, and, conversely, a good man, a bad lawyer; and that I should use my judgment in accepting or rejecting the advice of an attorney in everything that involved my integrity and honor as well as I should another equally learned in another department of human affairs.

Leaving my carriage and horses at the Vannear House, I set out to find the office of the good lawyer and good man combined, and soon came to a building which answered the description I had received from the proprietor of the hotel. I stopped in front of it, however, in doubt; for not only was the small tin sign by the side of the open door an absolute blank from the defacement of time, but a noisy group of boys were playing at marbles on the pavement in front of the passage, and a fine old Irish setter was sleeping in the sun on the sill, while a glance through the open door revealed an interior more like that of a clean and tidy country-woman's parlor than a country-lawyer's office.

"Can any of you boys direct me to the office of Mr. Beaver?" I enquired of the boys at play.

"Mr. Beaver?" queried the brightest of the lads, rising and looking around at his playmates. "I never heard of him before. He must be a new-comer. What is his first name?"

"John, I believe."

"What does he do for a living?"

"He is a lawyer, and known by everybody in the county, and certainly you must be acquainted with him, my little man."

"Oh, now I understand—you mean Uncle John, do you not? This is his office. Never mind the dog—step over him—he wouldn't bite anybody."

"But I can see there is nobody in the office?"

"Well, you can bet Uncle John isn't far away, or old Tanbark wouldn't be snoozing here in the sun. You will find him at work in his shop in the rear of his office. Open the door between and walk right in."

Whereupon, thanking the boy, and raising my skirts so that I might step over Tanbark without ruffling his hairs or temper, or disturbing his dreams, I stepped over the sleeping dog, crossed the cleanly scrubbed oak floor of the parlor-like office, and knocked at the door of the shop.

"Come in! Come in!" I heard an old man's voice respond, but seemingly at a greater distance than the interior of the chamber.

I entered and found myself in an apartment the like of which I had never seen before, and to which I can apply no more appropriate name than a Patch of Paradise. A work-bench, with a great display of fine cutting, sawing, filing, and polishing tools upon it and around it, constituted the most conspicuous object in the room; and a number of unfinished fishing-rods and divers fishing appliances on it indicated that the bench and tools were adapted especially for their manufacture. Above the bench, on the wall, was a display of sporting guns, powder-horns, shot-pouches, game-bags, rods, reels, and creels, and the like, tastefully commingled with trophies of a hunter's and fisherman's skill, in divers skulls of such beasts and fishes of prey, as the lynx and pike; while on an end of the bench, lay an otter skin, and on it, asleep in the sunshine streaming through the window, a large, sleek tortoise-shell cat.

On the wall opposite the bench, a mocking-bird hopped from perch to perch in a cage, and, in rollicking delight, mimicked all the singing-birds of spring in the elevated region of Somerset.

Before a window facing the south, a flower-rack stood with a fine collection of plants in bloom, tulip, hyacinth, geranium, and rose. Before another window, a small aquarium, with a pair of the triple-tailed gold-fish of the Orient dreamily swaying and folding their tripartite trains without moving their bodies, in a happy suspense, contented in the contracted ocean of a gallon or two of water.

In one corner, a grand old clock—motionless. In another, a big

Brahma hen sitting in a basket.

In the capacious open fire-place, a smouldering fire of wild-cherry wood filling the room with a most delightful perfume. The rug in front of the fire, a black-bear's hide; and the several chairs in a semicircle around the rug, a rustic rocker and two arm-chairs made of rhododendron roots and unbarked hickory saplings.

"Sit down and make yourself at home," I heard the same voice say that responded to my knock, as I entered the charming shop; and looking around to see the old man from which it came, I saw that he was not in the room but in the garden near the back door ajar, testing a newly-made fishing-rod by swishing it in various ways, and noting carefully its curves, flexibility, and proportionate weights.

And while the exceedingly careful, precise, and exacting old man tested his rod, I sat in one of the rustic arm-chairs, and, in despite of my anxiety to return home before nightfall, with my awakened sympathies by the delightful surprises, I soon was in harmony with the motionless clock, the contented fish in their bucket of water, the singing bird in his gilded cage, the sleeping cat on the otter-skin, and the hatching hen in her basket in the corner, and enjoyed the most blissful half-hour of repose I had known for a twelve-month.

At length, after the old man had marked in mysterious characters the results of his tests from one end of the new rod to another, he separated the several joints and brought them into the room and laid them on the bench, remarking, as he did so, "Ah, pussy, coming in out of the sun, I came within an ace of disturbing you before I saw you; but an inch of a miss is as good as a mile. And—well, well, can it be that, in my interest in my work, I have been so inconsiderate to others as to ignore them, and especially a lady and a stranger who presumably has called on me on business and perhaps may be in a hurry? I humbly beg your pardon."

And thereupon I became acquainted with Uncle John Beaver, a grand old man of the finest mould—an embodiment of the serenity of a healthy, happy, wise, and honorable old age, as perfect, perhaps, as the birch-scented Highlands of Southwestern Pennsylvania ever have known.

I felt at ease at once in his presence; and in a short time after we had exchanged a few remarks about the nature of the case and the situation of the land affected, I felt impelled to reveal to him the peculiar and distressing dilemma I was in myself between my duty and obligations to my dear aunt, almost as helpless as an infant, on the one hand, and my duty and obligations to the babe, which the

overwhelming catastrophe of the Johnstown Flood had consigned to my special care, on the other.

"I see—I see," quietly said the old lawyer, adjusting carefully the two pairs of spectacles which he wore over his long straight nose, and combed with his descending fingers his long white beard, "there is involved in this, not only the title to a valuable tract of land, but the honor and peace of mind of a conscientious young woman, eager to distinguish the right from the wrong in a divided duty, and brave enough to dissever the right from the wrong at any cost: a most interesting case. Now, my child, read to me carefully all the papers you have and tell me your story freely and fully, while I work away at your side with my rods—or go a-fishing in fancy, which is the next thing to fishing in fact: and fishing in fact, you know, is only another name for sitting on the bank of the river of time, in silent contemplation of the transitory relations of all the ephemeral persons and things in existence as they float by.

The old man went about his work, scraping here with a piece of glass where he had made a peculiar mark on one of the sections of his new rod, and filed there where he had made another mark, and adjusted a number of gauges with great nicety, while I read all the papers in the case, reported the results of the examinations made by the Bedford and Greenesburgh attorneys, and revealed the distressing doubt in which their divergent and otherwise unsatisfactory opinions left me.

Having concluded my story, the old man continued to manipulate a section of his new rod until he had brought it to his exacting standard of perfection. Then, scrutinizing it from end to end with a smile of satisfaction, and remarking, "There, that will do," he laid it down on the bench, and took up another—as he did so, turning to me and saying, "And now, my child, you want to know what to do, and have a reason for doing so that will meet all the demands of your exceptionally comprehensive and uncompromising conscience.

"In the first place, my child, you know that all things are in a state of transition—themselves and their relations to one another shifting constantly from one complication of infinite scope to another. This is the natural condition of all of us and every atom of us, and every part and parcel of the hypothetic whole around us, the universe. Now, in the affairs of mankind, to minimize the effects of these mutations, laws have been laid down and governments established, which may be likened to a system of balances, or checks, by which, in a measure the natural disturbances are reduced and adjusted—cosmos succeeding chaos, certainty, uncertainty, and peace, war. This is the artificial condition in which you and I live in the

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, for example: not as a young woman and an old man as we are in a state of nature, but as citizens in an artificial world, secondary in its complication only to the natural world to which it is a kind of compensatory attachment.

"Now, since the natural world is undergoing an infinity of changes constantly, so the artificial world of law and government, to meet the demands of these mutations among mankind, is undergoing similarly an infinity of changes; and that which is the best of laws or governments at one time and in one place, may be the worst at another. Or, to meet the demands of your enquiring conscience, that which is right for you and me to do in a state of nature, may be wrong in us as law-abiding citizens in the artificial Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. And when you found your code of morality as a young woman differed from that of the lawyers whom you consulted, you were unconsciously a representative of our natural, unrestrained, or savage state, while they were as unconsciously perhaps the representatives of our artificial, trammeled, or civilized state.

"In connection with this, I may say here, that many men and women not comprehending the true relation between the natural and artificial, go through life in the distressing condition of doubt you are to-day: their natural impulses constantly beating their wings against the wires of restraint. By way of illustration, and touching a point in your case, there are many half-blind people to-day, who, because they see no title to land in a state of nature, argue and wrangle that our artificial system of land-tenure is wrong in itself—that one man's right to stand upon, to live upon, and to use and enjoy a part of the earth's habitable surface to the exclusion of all others, is as good as another's; overlooking, in the obscurity of their vision, the beneficial effects to themselves, or society at large, which have followed the inauguration of the system, permitting the holders of land to work and not war, to come and go safely and not stand in dread, to live in security and die in peace—not otherwise. I venture to say that any reversion of the artificial system of land-tenure to-day in the State of Pennsylvania to or toward a state of nature, or equal rights, would result in infinitely more harm than good.

"Now, that you may see yourself in your double capacity distinctly, and never lose sight of the distinction between that which is natural in human affairs, with its own particular code of morals, and that which is artificial, with its artificial code of ethics, let me take up your case as it might come up for trial in a court of justice.

"On the one side, there would be the babe; and on the other, your aunt and yourself. And assuming that you would have

equally able attorneys, the babe would win over and over again in the lower court, where all the natural impulses of humanity would be in favor of the infant having unquestionably the legal title, as it is termed technically—your sympathies and those of your aunt, as women, spontaneously and irresistibly would be with the child, with its awful involvings of half a century of insanity and the indescribable horrors of the Johnstown Flood; and the sympathies of the jury, composed of men, many of them fathers, and none capable of separating his artificial citizenship from his natural self, would be the same as yours; while your aunt and yourself would be successful in the higher court, where only the artificial relations involved would be considered by the judges learned in the law, or having their natural instincts and impulses subordinated to their artificial acquirements and obligations. With them, the statute of limitations would be conclusive, being on the side of public peace, governmental stability, and the least of evils to all concerned, or society at large as well as the litigants; and the constructive title which your aunt and yourself have acquired, by the peaceable, open, and notorious occupancy and possession of the land by yourselves and your predecessors, by purchase and descent, for fifty years, be deemed paramount to the technical legal title, or the mere right of property, which is legally the equivalent of no right at all, in the child.

"In conclusion, it was right in you, in a state of nature, in the vortex of the Johnstown Flood, to risk your life to save the unknown infant; and it is right in you to do all in your power as a woman to nourish and educate the child which you have taken in charge; but as a law-abiding citizen in the artificial Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, with its elaborate and intricate system of adjustments, checks, and compensations, you would be doing wrong in acknowledging the validity of the Dobson claim, or the worthless legal title of your little ward, and robbing your aunt and yourself of the valuable tract of land which you have inherited from your ancestors and hold to-day by an acquired title, simply by the operation of the law, which is as good and fair and just as any other artificial tenure in the eyes of the law.

"Now, let me present you with a fisherman's or fisherwoman's complete outfit, which I finished a few days ago; and when you return to your mountain home, go a-fishing at every opportunity and meditate on what I have told you; and when your ward shall have become big enough to hold the rod, take him with you, to start him in the only way of acquiring a right knowledge and understanding of the true relations of mundane things in general and human af-

fairs in particular, by silent contemplation on the bank of the river of time, and not while struggling in the stream. But whatever you do, hold on to your land.

"You shake your head. You will take neither my advice nor my rod. You are unwilling to have your natural impulses restrained and your inborn inclinations changed. Well, well, my child; the time will come when you will be fettered and trammeled like the rest of us—yea, like your Uncle John here and his companions in the artificial world of this little room; and I sincerely hope that when that time shall have come, you will be contented with your lot as we are here. See these plants in the perfection of bloom, though each is confined to a little earth less than six inches in diameter. See these fish in their little glass-walled tank, infinitely more tranquil and secure than they would be in the illimitable ocean. Listen to the mocking-bird, singing as cheerily in his gilded prison as in the groves of Louisiana. See my old cat, General Grant—his predatory instinct checked by his artificial life to such an extent that he sleeps within a leap of his natural prey. And see your old Uncle John, the most enthusiastic sportsman in the country, restrained by rheumatism and enfeebled by age, yet happily engaged from day to day and year to year—taking no note of time, as you may infer from his clock—fishing and hunting in fancy with the keenest relish of youth in fact. And will you not be contented now, my child, to be converted from a natural to an artificial personage, as all law-abiding citizens must be soon or late?"

"No, never! Uncle John," I replied, rising to my feet. "You have taught me to see my way clear, and I will do what I believe to be right. I was born a woman, and I will die a woman, and I am glad of it; though I never appreciated the fact fully that I was a woman, and never can be a citizen or artificial personage inconsistent therewith, until this moment.

"If the impulses in me were good, to save the life of the child in the midst of the Johnstown Flood, at any risk to myself; the same impulses now, I believe to be good, that impel me to save the estate of the child, at any cost to myself.

"The three sons of the younger John Carpenter had no title to the land, and they passed none to my grandfather; and if their Aunt Roxanna, before she became insane, could have recovered the land from her nephews, her descendant should not be prevented from doing so by reason of the insanity of the old lady, or the negligence of her husband to have a committee appointed to take charge of the estate of his afflicted wife, and bring suit in her behalf before the period of twenty-one years had elapsed from the death of the elder

John Carpenter. A wrong cannot be made a right by the operation of time; and there is no statute of limitations in the code of honor as I understand it."

"Well, well, my willful child, since you will gall yourself with the fetters which your citizenship has put about your limbs, what do you think you should do, if not take my advice and rod and go a-fishing?"

"Renounce my claim at once to the land in favor of the rightful heir; in which renunciation, I doubt not, my dear aunt will join without a word: for she is a woman as well as myself, and knows only natural right and wrong, and never heard a word about artificial or legal right and wrong in her life."

"You cannot, my child."

"Why not? I have been the arbiter of my actions from childhood, my will supreme; and my judgment, after the most careful and comprehensive consideration I can give the matter, is final."

"Simply, because, my child, you are bound hand and foot whether you admit it or not. You are in the artificial world of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and you are an infant in the eyes of the law and will be until you are twenty-one years of age, and absolutely incapable of doing anything to affect your title to the Heart of Appalachia: and I am heartily glad of it; for before you shall have reached the age of twenty-one, you will learn to see yourself as others see you, besides your Uncle John; or you will be married to a good man who will refuse to join with you in your quit-claim deed or disclaimer, and defeat your intentions."

I sank back into the arm-chair, in which I had been sitting, in a state of mental collapse; for, curiously, in all my investigations and consultations with my attorneys, I had recognized the legal disability of infancy in others, but had ignored it absolutely in myself—so accustomed as I had been for so many years to a life of independence, that I seemed to be deprived of my very existence by being compelled to admit my legal or artificial infancy as an adamantine fact; and when I recovered my senses, I found I had taken in my hands the proffered rod of the good and wise old man and was ready to go a-fishing, or do anything that he might direct.

That, in substance, was to report the discovery of the child at once to Mr. Clifford, and beg him to withold any proceeding in behalf of him until I should have attained my majority and be capable of being appointed guardian of the person and estate of the child, whatsoever it might be in the artificial world of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

"Conceal nothing, my child; and all will go well. And ever bear

in mind, that whatsoever you do as a citizen, millions of human beings besides yourself are involved and interested, and must be considered by all who would do their whole duty."

LIV.

Late in the afternoon, I parted with Uncle John with a promise that he and his aged wife, Aunt Betsy, would attend my wedding, "if the length and utmost stretch of their slowly contracting tether would permit," as he expressed it; and after supper, I set out with a five-hour drive between me and the Heart of Appalachia by the glimmering light of an accrescent moon.

Giving my trusty pair of high-bred mares a rather unusual freedom from the thraldom of the bit, while I held the lines loosely in my left hand, I grasped the little bundle containing the several sections of my new fishing-rod with my right, and went a-fishing in fancy, if not in fact, like the happy old man who had wrought it with infinite care and consummate skill and given it to me as a souvenir of himself and a symbol of his teachings.

And sitting on the bank of the river of time in silent meditation, I saw in my imagination the begodded Buddha, Sakya Muni, sitting for years in contemplation, in the midst of the intensely striving and struggling millions of India, until, the real relations of everything and everybody around him having impressed themselves in his being and become formulated, he rose and began, as he expressed it, "to turn the wheel of the Law," which has been the religion, or the life-and-death code of morality of a third of mankind ever since.

And gradually I saw the image of this ancient Meditator under the shadow of the Himalayas pass into the likeness of the modern Uncle John under the shadow of Appalachia, fishing in fancy or in fact, while he formulated his comprehensive doctrine of the dual nature of the world in which all civilized people live—a natural environment of Appalachia, for example, with unrestrained Jane Jansens wandering about in it and thinking and acting as they saw fit as willful savages, and an artificial Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, peopled by artificial persons called citizens, who, one and all, are restricted by an infinity of checks and guided in all their actions by a special code of morals which adapts itself to the mutations of the natural world, and shifts and changes from time to time, but at any particular time is the ultimatum of Justice and Right.

This vision passed, I saw my good friend Lycurgus Smith, as he appeared in his double capacity to me, as a man of business and a man of woman born, while my head was upheld in the death-grip of poor Congo; and I smiled a second time at the strange partition the circumstances of his life had made of his individuality.

And with my smile, this vision passed, and in its stead came a well-defined thought that Smith was a man and Uncle John was a man; and that it was natural for a man to be a Janus, a natural and an artificial personage, a man of woman born and a man of business, or a sportsman, delighting only in hunting and fishing in the unbounded mountain wilds of Appalachia, and yet not only submitting cheerily to all the restraints of law, rheumatism, and old age, but teaching artificial restraint to the savages who consulted him as the essential spirit of the Rule of Enlightened Life.

"But I was born a woman and I would die a woman, and I was glad of it," I repeated the remark I had made to Uncle John; and I felt that I could never be dissected and dissevered into two opposing beings or characters while I lived.

Then, happily, I thought of Antigonē; and I said to myself, I understand now fully and satisfactorily the engrossing sympathy I have felt from childhood in the life and death of that grandest of the Grecian heroines of antiquity to me. She was a woman. A man never would have committed the artificial crime which condemned her to a horrible death; for a man would have recognized his artificial duty as a law-abiding citizen of Thebes, as paramount to his natural duty as a brother, and obeyed the injunction of Kreōn. But I would have done as she; and so would Grace; and even that gentlest of women, my dear Aunt Melissa; and doubtless the life of Antigonē in literature for twenty centuries has resulted from the fact that in her Sophoklēs has delineated a true woman whom all natural men and women consciously or unconsciously recognize.

What further thoughts of a kindred nature I might have had, before reaching home, had not a little accident befallen me, I cannot say; but in approaching the bridge over the mountain stream at Judge Picking's, at the foot of the ascent from the valley to the summit of the Rhododendron Ridge of Appalachia, my loosely-held pair of high-bred mares veered a little from the middle of the turnpike to slake their thirst, and tilted me, with Uncle John's fishing-rod in my tightened grip instead of the lines, over the side of the bridge into a pool of cold water, fully two feet deep! and away they ran as fast as they could go with the empty carriage behind them! leaving me, in my wet and heavy clothing, at midnight to walk several miles to my mountain-top home, and realize at my leisure the necessity

of checks and guidance to high-bred mares if not to high-bred maidens, and that a woman can be no more a fisherman in fancy or in fact, than she can be otherwise than she came into the world and will go out of it, a woman.

LV.

For several days after my return from Somerset, I looked upon the fishing-rod which Uncle John had given me as a rod of chastisement: the cost of repairing my new carriage being considerable, and the injury done to Bessie and Fannie in running away incalculable and perhaps irremediable. I wandered about the house and farm thoroughly subdued—broken to the bit—manacled—caged—a whipped child of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Gradually, however, my long uncontrolled and boundlessly free and independent nature, while breathing the exalting and expanding atmosphere of the Heart of Appalachia, asserted itself; and, at length, I found myself in my musing not only opposing Uncle John but defying all the lawyers and judges of the land—saying to myself betimes:—

I will err on the side of human nature rather than human artificiality.

The laws of Pennsylvania have been made by men, not women, and the judges who interpret them are not of woman born but hatched by artificial incubators; else the great artificial world of the Commonwealth would not depend for its peace and stability on putting a limit to the disabilities of infancy, insanity, and coverture, in order that the strong may be strengthened at the expense of the weak and helpless, the hale and hearty aggrandized by the estates of the unfortunate and afflicted, and artificial citizens, with their artificial codes of morality, and artificial corporations, so far evolved from human nature as to have no code of morality at all, wax overwhelmingly great on the unprotected property of wives and mothers.

There is something rotten in the state of Denmark for a verity, when wrong becomes right by the mere operation of time: when fraud, collusion, conspiracy, and the basest of crimes may defeat in a civil action, for the welfare of society at large, the innocent, the pure, and the good; while in a criminal action, the voice of the law in the name of justice to all, proclaims in thunder tones, "It is better that ninety and nine guilty men escape, than that one innocent man should suffer!"

And with all due deference to good old Uncle John, the clearest and most comprehensive expositor of the aim and scope of the art of making laws for the government of mankind, I have ever met in person or in print, I believe that, as in the arts of painting and sculpture, and story-telling, and other elaborate inventions of intellectual activity, a return to human nature in the raw betimes will be productive of incalculable good rather than harm. By the changes incident to growth in all things, the art of law-making and governing may become monstrous, in part or as a whole, in its departure from the normal end of its existence; and I believe that in this disregard for the innocent and helpless in a civil suit, by putting an artificial limit to natural disabilities, which a jury might determine the sufficiency of as well as any other matter of fact, is an excrescence of greater evil than good, and should be cut off. Better far that ninety and nine hale and hearty adults bear the expenses and endure the tribulations of litigation, than that one innocent infant should suffer by reason of any reasonable disability to twelve good and true men.

In fine, I believe there is too much judge and too little jury—too much of the artificial and too little of the natural—or too much man and too little woman—in the administration of justice in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to-day; and despite of all the lawyers and judges in the State, and the statute of limitations, and any and all other enactments that will give me an unfair advantage over the little babe whose life I have been instrumental in preserving, I will save his estate, at any cost to myself.

With this determination, before communicating with Mr. Clifford, or revealing the identity of the child in my charge to anybody, I impatiently awaited the return of Robley and Grace to test my humanity and my code of morals by theirs—they being as good a man and woman in their instincts and impulses, I believed, as it would be possible for me to find among my friends and acquaintances.

LVI.

On seeing me, after their three weeks' absence, both Grace and Robley turned pale; the former clasping me in her arms and kissing me affectionately between her tearful questionings, "What is the matter? What awful thing has happened? You look as though you had gone through another Johnstown Flood? You said nothing in your letters about any calamity having befallen you—dear, dear

Jane, what is the matter? My heart is breaking to know, that I may kiss and kiss the hurt till I make it well."

At the first opportunity, I gave them the packet I had received from Mr. Clifford. Grace impatiently took the letter and read it aloud; and while she was indulging in one exclamation after another over the ludicrous feature of the overwhelming catastrophe, "Dear me! how perfectly absurd! The idea of human beings having rudimentary tails! I shall laugh over it to the end of my days! And for the life of me, Jane, I cannot see anything in this letter to harrass and distress you, unless you believe his awful assertion that you—Really and truly, Jane, I would die if I were to utter the stupendous absurdity!" etc., etc., Robley, recollecting the child he had resuscitated and suspecting that I had found in him in some way the rightful heir, sank trembling into a chair and unconsciously let the papers in his hand fall to the floor.

I fancied from my intimate knowledge of him for years that I knew the thought that was coursing in his brain, and said, "You are right, Robley, in your suspicion. The woman, to whom you gave the child, has come here in your absence, and died, leaving the child in my hands—and he has the deflection described in the letter."

"Oh Jane, Jane, you do not mean to say you have found the lost baby and that the baby has a tail? And for you to tell the story seriously to a physician and surgeon? What awful delusion has taken possession of you? And you, Robley, you sit there and tremble like old Graddy Beazley, and look as you did when you crawled out of the garret in Sandyvale Cemetery, like a half-drowned rat—tell me, really and truly as a doctor and as a man of honor, have human beings rudimentary tails?"

"Yes, Grace, they have. Organically speaking, human beings, you, Jane, I, and everybody besides, are beasts, having their nearest relatives among the apes and monkeys; and in the particular of tails, while human beings have fewer joints in their caudal appendages than monkeys and most of the apes, they have one joint more than the gorilla. The several joints forming the rudimentary tail of man are called collectively by anatomists the cuckoo-bone—*os coccygeus*—from a fancied resemblance in their shape to the head and bill of a cuckoo. And my dear wifiekin—you who regard everything novel and strange to you as ludicrous in the extreme—if you do not believe me, I will show you the picture of the bones in my 'Gray' and 'Owen'; and if you do not believe in a human tail then, you will, I am sure, when you see your dear friends, Jane and her Aunt Melissa, dispossessed of everything they have in the world

by reason of the wagging of one a little more to the right than the left of the median line, in the very infant you implored me to save at the risk of your own precious life, during our life and death struggle in the Johnstown Flood. Your laughter, then, will turn to tears, and your exclamations of incredulity to lamentations of woe; and you will not wonder what has made in a few short weeks a haggard wreck of Jane, with her aunt, and Arabella and her children, and Yalu and Cora and their children, to provide for alone should Philemon never"—

"Oh, Robley, by your love for me, I pray you—on my knees I implore you, not another word!" saying which the affectionate and sympathetic woman, clasping the knees of her husband, lowered her head and sank to the floor in a swoon.

I was affected greatly by the shock to Grace and Robley; and for several days after, I scrupulously avoided any allusion to the child in their presence that I might mitigate in a measure the misery which they felt in their sympathy with me and interest in my behalf.

In the meanwhile I did not ignore the child; but at every opportunity, when I could do so unobserved, I was busied with him awake, washing and dressing him, fondling him, and teaching him to stand and walk alone and call me Mamma, or brooding over him asleep either in Cora's cradle or in the jinrickisha of my dear little shadow of a brother, Jan, which I had brought down from the garret and furnished with new cushions and wraps for his use. And to my great delight I found that Robley and Grace also frequently went in secret to the Korean cabin to play with the babe, and talk to each other in a low tone over him.

At length, I was apprised by a little bird, in the shape of the youngest Korean girl, that Robley and Grace had taken the baby in the jinrickisha to Rosenborg, and that I was not to know anything about it, etc., etc.; and on their return, Grace took up the child in her arms, and, in a glow of enthusiasm, came rushing into the room where I was engaged in sewing: followed by Robley with a sunburst of gladness in his face in stead of the shadows of gloom since his return.

"Oh, Jane, Jane, the dear little baby, looking right into my eyes, has called me Mamma; and if you will consent, I will adopt him as my own; since next to yourself who saved his life first, I, as the wife of Robley who breathed the breath of life into him when he was as dead as a doornail, have the best right of anybody living to him! Then, you can be guardian of his estate; and by the time he reaches the age of twenty-one, if the two of us together do not suc-

ceed in making a good man of him who will recognize all we have done for him and assign all his interest in the Heart of Appalachia to you and your aunt—well, I do not know and I do not care what will happen twenty years hence. And Robley says it is the luckiest thing in the world that the child fell into your hands, instead of those of anybody else, who might deprive you, in the name of the child, of everything you possess in the world, except the esteem of your friends. And I have christened the baby already, too; and you could not guess in a million years the name I have given him, in case you will permit me to adopt him? No, you need not attempt it—Napoleon Bonaparte Benham! For if ever there was a child of destiny before the Johnstown Flood, it was the Little Corporal from Corsica; and if ever there has been a child of destiny since, it certainly is the beautiful boy whom I hold in my arms and who has called me Mamma already and would like to call me so again and always—would you not, you deary Nappy Bony Benny!

"So, it is all settled, Jane, if you say so; and we shall all be benefited by it—you by retaining the Heart of Appalachia for nearly twenty years yet certainly, and forever after that most probably; the baby will get the best of fathers and mothers in the world and an opportunity to show his gratitude to his preservers in due time; and Robley and I will have a good start in the way of—Now, you need not shake your head, Pappy Benny, for you know very well you did—did he not, you little deary, you! And you said something awful besides, Pappy Benny—you said that if the blazon on Jane's brow meant anything as you believed it did, the deflection of the baby's terminal vertebræ meant something too; and that Jane and the baby, accordingly, were the nature-marked Head and Tail of Humanity! and you cannot deny that you said it, Pappy Benny, in those very words—can he, you little deary monkey, you!"

"But we cannot, Grace," I replied, smiling.

"Cannot? Well, I would like to know why we cannot? I am sure, you can do anything in the world; and if Robley stands by me, I am sure I can do a good deal; and"—

"No, Grace, we cannot. I have consulted one of the best lawyers in Western Pennsylvania and have learned to my discomfiture that you and I are not fully grown women in the eyes of the law, but infants, like the child in your arms, and will be until we have reached the age of twenty-one; and we cannot be the legal personages you suggest. Otherwise, I would be happy to accept your proposition."

"The best of lawyers and all the lawyers be hanged! I used to think Tilly Sanderson was the most meddlesome creature in the world; but after I got to understand the real meaning of Mr. Clif-

ford's letter and Mr. Clifford's actions in trying to take your home from you and give it to another you had never heard of before, I learned what a superior demon of disturbance a man may be, and I said I would never have anything to do with a lawyer, if I live to be as old as Graddy Beazley, and I will not. I am a woman and the wife of Dr. Robley Benham, married by a clergyman in the presence of my father and mother and other witnesses, and about to move into my own house and be the mistress of it, and if any woman is a woman, I certainly "—

Eventually, however, I succeeded in getting my dear friend to recognize herself as a woman, in so far as all the natural relations of life are concerned, and an artificial infant in the artificial world of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and to agree with me to suspend all definite action with respect to the adoption of the child until we had attained our majority, which would be within a twelve-month.

Thereupon, I wrote to Mr. Clifford, in accordance with the advice of Uncle John, giving him a circumstantial account of the preservation and discovery of the child of destiny, and begging him to withhold all action in the matter until I should become an artificial adult by the operation of time and law on the second day of January, 1891.

The same day, I mailed to Philemon an account of all that had taken place, concealing nothing but the wretchedness of all involved except the unconscious infant, and exaggerating nothing but the cheerfulness with which I faced the future with its undreamed of trials and constrictions when I had written my last letter.

LVII.

My mind relieved now, I began to regain my usual health and composure in the sympathetic and encouraging company of Robley and Grace, who were busy from morning till night in putting Rosenborg in order for their own occupancy and the reception of a number of my wedding guests on the rapidly-approaching twenty-first of June. In fact, in arranging and re-arranging in the dear old homestead, for the seemingly all-involving event of my marriage, as well as assisting in the preparations in the new home of my nearest and dearest friends and neighbors, I lost sight of my subserviency to the infant in the care of Cora to such an extent that, in his overwhelming significance as an unconscious demon of destruction, he entered

my mind to disturb and distress only during the silence and solitude of night.

On the tenth, Philemon and Mrs. Wadsworth arrived in New York, and the following day were in the Heart of Appalachia; Robley having met them at the railroad station and brought them hither in my carriage.

The tears of joy in my eyes perhaps magnified and beautified the appearance of both; but when I saw them step from the carriage and stand in full view of me on the porch—with an arm of Grace around me, possibly as a safeguard in the event of my sinking in the anticipated emotion on meeting—I saw a larger man than I ever expected to see Philemon, as straight as an arrow, his shoulders thrown back well, the visible muscles of his neck and face full and hard, his complexion a beautiful commingling of pink and tan, his yellow hair lustrous—the whole man luminous with life, save two large orbs of clouded glass which stared at me with the ghastly significance of the empty eye-sockets of a skull; and I saw a larger woman than I ever expected to see Mrs. Wadsworth, a cheery old lady, with a white and pink complexion as soft and lustrous as a baby's, in a fashionable traveling suit of grey, with a dainty hartshorn cruet suspended by a silver chain from her girdle, a pair of grey kid gloves, and a Russian leather portemonnaie in her left hand, and a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses in her right, which she held before her bright eyes and hung on a golden hook on her bosom with the easy grace of a lady of affluence and refinement as a birthright.

I did not faint. Far from it. I rushed down from the porch and throwing my arms around the good woman to whom the preservation of Philemon principally was due, I expressed my grateful and affectionate regard by taking her in my arms and lifting and holding her bodily from the ground, while I kissed her again and again.

"Stop, Jane, stop! I can hear, if I cannot see. It is my turn now."

And while I lowered the dear old woman to the ground and still held her in my arms, I felt the long strong arms of Philemon fold around me, heard a faint crumpling of clothing about my ears and the top of my head, felt a pressure downward on the knot of my hair, and yielding to it, closed my eyes and turned up my face to meet Philemon's lips with my own in a long silent kiss—as sweet, as satisfying, and as compensatory for all the evils and woes that afflict mankind, as ever cemented for an instant or a lifetime man and woman.

JJ

LVIII.

On the fifteenth, Philemon and I, accompanied by Mrs. Wadsworth and my aunt, drove to Greenesburgh to procure our marriage license and call on Mr. Clifford, from whom I had not received an acknowledgement of the receipt of my letter.

The license obtained, we went to the office of the attorney, and in response to our knock, heard a shuffling about in the room which seemed to indicate alarm and concealment by several persons. Presently the key was turned quietly and the door opened cautiously, and the eyes of a young man in confusion appeared in the widening crack, surveying us with evident suspicion. A moment afterward, the door was opened wide, and we were admitted.

We found four young men within evidently guilty of having been doing something of which they were ashamed and anxious to conceal; and from the one who opened the door, who said he was a student of Mr. Clifford, we learned that the attorney had gone to California on a flying-trip to see about an investment of his own in San Diego, and that he was believed to be then on his way back and might pop in at any time. Then, having given the student my card and calling his attention to my letter, we were assured that he would bring the matter before Mr. Clifford as soon after his return as possible, and withdrew: Mrs. Wadsworth remarking, after we had passed out of earshot of the four disturbed young men, "When the cat's away, the mice will play."

"Yes," responded Philemon; "and if the mice happen to be students of law in Greenesburgh, the chances are a million to one they will play poker. Did not any of you that have eyes see a red or white button-like object on the table or floor? for a carpenter is not the only person in the world who may be known by his chips."

In the evening a number of Philemon's early friends, learning of his presence in the town and the occasion of his visit, called on him at the Fisher House to congratulate him on his escape from the Johnstown Flood, even with the loss of his eyesight, and indulge in the usual facetious felicitations of familiar friends and playmates on his approaching marriage: while Mrs. Wadsworth, my aunt and I sat in an adjoining room to the parlor in which the men were gathered, with open doors into a common hall, hearing every word that was said, and whispering to one another our wonderings and shocked sensibilities at the freedom of speech and the informality of manners of a number of young men gathered together—bigger boys than those playing hide-and-seek around the corners, but still boys with

so little consideration for one another's feelings as to seem like a number of insensate images knocking about and jostling one another, neither hurting nor being hurt by that which would annihilate a sensitive woman.

The following day we returned to the Heart of Appalachia.

LIX.

At eight o'clock in the morning of Saturday, the twenty-first day of June, 1890—as bright and beautiful and joyous a morning on the mountain tops of Pennsylvania as ever made existence ecstacy—my Aunt Melissa put the last touches to my toilet by inserting an open blossom of the pure-white rhododendron of the Alleghanies in the midst of the patch of white hairs above my forehead, and I was ready for the wedding ceremony which had been set for ten o'clock in the large parlor on the first floor. A glance in the glass, a smile of satisfaction, and a kiss on the lips of my dear aunt, and I hurried away to a front parlor on the second floor, where I could receive in private my special friends, and whence, through the slats of the shutters I could look down and see all that was going on below in a great measure without being seen myself: Cora's second daughter, Minnie, being in attendance to carry messages and enable me to communicate with whomsoever I wished.

I saw a score or more of my invited guests in little groups about the house and barn and on the lawn.

Here, a small party from Philadelphia, comprising an aunt, Mrs. Isabella Jansen, and two cousins, Miss Emily and Master Harry Rushenburger, (the only relatives on my father's side I had ever seen,) and Captain Siebold, the master of "The Wandering Albatross," on which my father's family had come from Japan, and who, during the past several years, since his retirement from the service of the sea, had been an occasional guest at the Heart of Appalachia: and among them, the first of the passengers I had taken on my raft in the midst of the Kernville maelstrom, the ape-like Ridger, Chippie, who in some way or other managed to escape with his life, and ever since regarded me in the light of an old shipmate whom, with perfect propriety, he could call "Cap'in" and "borrow a meal's victuals" and a "chaw tobaccer" whenever he came to the inn—the simple man evidently now affiliating with Captain Siebold by reason of his service as a mule-driver on the towpath of the old State canal and an assistant of mine in the Johnstown Flood, and amusing the

good old sea-dog greatly by a recital of his adventures.

There, engaged in an earnest and animated conversation, Lycurgus Smith, William Bainbridge, (or Big-foot Bill, as he was known far and wide, for the curious reason that he had the smallest and neatest feet and hands among the men of his neighborhood for many miles around,) and the Reverend Martin Luther Melville, whom I had invited to perform the marriage ceremony: the young clergyman being dressed in a lustrous new suit from head to foot, to secure which for the occasion, as I had been informed by a mountain gossip a week before, he had borrowed the money necessary from a storekeeper of the neighboring village and given a thirty-day "close" or "cow-catcher" note.

Here, Murray Magruder, "Long Tom" Ankeny, and "Painter" (that is, Panther,) Gilkison, in a semicircle before Tilly Sanderson: who, evidently, from her gesticulations, was giving the wondering hunters and foresters a history of the exchange of lovers in which she had played a mysterious part of the greatest importance.

There, shaking hands with one another, 'Squire Rudolf Burkholder and Uncle John Beaver, and Mother Gertrude and Aunt Betsy: the Good 'Squire of Johnstown and the Sage of Somerset presenting a striking contrast in their appearance, as representatives of the unconventional and conventional in life in Southwestern Pennsylvania: the former with a broad-brimmed straw hat in his left hand, his coat lying across the bend in his left arm, his vest open, the knot of his purple necktie under his right ear, and a red silk handkerchief of unusually large proportions in his right hand, with which betimes he mopped and wiped his face and neck; and the latter looking as if he had stepped just then from the finest tailoring and furnishing establishment in the country, the best dressed man unquestionably among all my wedding guests.

Here, Grace's "funny old miller," by name, Harvey Bowser, Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Dorsey and their two daughters, Jacob Metzgar, Editor Arthur St. Clair Baldridge, and the Honorable Simon Cameron Bradley, a member of the Lower House of Pennsylvania, and known to fame as the "Blue-rat Legislator," from the fact that the day Dr. E. A. Wood, of Pittsburgh, introduced in the Senate his bill to make Ground-hog Day a legal holiday, Mr. Bradley, of Somerset, in the House, introduced his, to purchase and set apart Somerset County as a State Park for the preservation of the old blue rat which has been exterminated in almost every other part of the country by the larger and more ferocious Norway rat, but which still survives in considerable numbers in Somerset County and has given name to the region, and all the inhabitants thereof, and everything per-

taining thereto.

There, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Gregory and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Benham, with the provisionally named child of destiny, Napoleon Bonaparte Benham, in the jinrickisha in their midst, and the recipient of innumerable caresses and doubtless the subject of innumerable remarks.

Here, Judge Lippincott, Colonel Thompson, 'Squire Herbert, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Magruder, "Old Mother" Merriweather, and Professor Dunlap, the ambitious schoolmaster of the district, who, during the past month, had accepted a challenge in the newspapers to debate the following fall with a distinguished orator of the capital of the county on the subject of capital punishment, and ever afterward carried in an outside pocket a copy of one of the journals in which his name appeared in print.

There, To-ga-to-maugh, alias Injin Jim, the' Squire's Pet Copperhead, and the like, in an elaborate costume of buckskin, feathers, and porcupine-quill-work which the 'Squire had purchased for him recently at Niagara Falls; with red and black bands crossing his face diagonally, large white rings depending from his ears and the septum of his nose, and a bow and arrow in his hands: the savage surrounded by a motley throng, comprising several of my rough-coated collies suspiciously sniffing at his heels, ten or twelve children, black, brown, and white, with Chin, my old Chinchu gander, stalking around and among them with outstretched neck and uttering his peculiar note of alarm and defiance, and Lily, the eldest of the Korean girls, half concealed behind a clump of rhododendron, gazing timidly but aglow with animation at her Redskin lover in his resplendent savage costume.

There, Michael O'Niel—the Good 'Squire's Mike—in a gorgeous dress second only to that of Injin Jim, vainly endeavoring, with all the powers of persuasion and persistency which the Emerald Isle had bestowed on him as a birthright, to sap the foundations of the monumental imperturbability of Nicholas Macorquordale and beguile him into regarding for a moment with appreciable pleasure the beautiful and happy world around him: greatly to the interest and amusement of several rosy-cheeked mountain maidens within earshot, who doubtless were a greater incentive to the young Irishman to dilate on the beauty and bliss of his surroundings than any real desire to extract a smile from Grace's hollow statue of Scotch pig-iron.

Here, the good old physicians and surgeons, Postlewaite and Mansfield, and old Graddy Beazley and Pete: the latter barely recognizable in a fashionable suit for a boy of his years in the city;

and with his early acquired knowledge of the medicinal plants of the mountain from the wise old woman of unknown relationship with whom he lived, and with his present association with Dr. Benham, doubtless an embryonic Asklepiad in the opinion of the old doctors, and the subject of divers complimentary comments and prophesies, if the smiles of satisfaction on the faces of all stood for aught.

There, a trio of tramps in conversation with one of the Ridge fiddlers I had engaged to represent as well as they could Apollōn and the Daughters of Mnēmosynē at the marriage of the Appalachian Antigonē: the Wandering Willies, evidently, having scented afar the usual liberality of a wedding-feast, now enquiring of one of the badged subordinates of the unseen master of ceremonies how long presumably they would be obliged to wait.

Here,—

"Miss Jane, I beg your pardon for interrupting you; but I have a note from Mr. Holland, which you are to read and reply to at once."

I turned from the window and received the following note and enclosure from Philemon, who had his headquarters at Rosenborg:—

"DEAR JANE:—My grandfather just now has arrived with his particular friend of whom he would give me no information, save the mystery involved in his remark, that the wedding ceremony cannot be performed without him. He is no less a personage than a Bishop of the Church of England, the Right Reverend Clarence Egerton Barrington, a life-long friend of my grandfather; and since he has come over the ocean in his old age, to officiate in the ceremony of our marriage, in the expression of his friendship for my grandfather and in accordance with the special request of my broken-hearted mother, (as you will learn fully on perusal of the enclosed letter which she has sent you,) I beg you will see your friend, the Reverend Martin Melville, at the earliest opportunity, and secure his gracious acceptance of the undreamed of situation and withdrawal in favor of the distinguished old gentleman and life-long friend from over the sea. We may be delayed here a few minutes perhaps—the old gentlemen having to unpack and array themselves appropriately for the occasion—my grandfather in a new suit which Mother Wadsworth says is as fine as the Prince of Wales ever did or will wear if he lives to be a thousand years old, and the venerable Bishop in his canonicals, of course; but in consideration of the exceptional honor done us through motives which you of all women in the world will appreciate and respond to, I hope you will abide our coming with the happy serenity which is one of your chief characteristics among your friends.

PHILEMON."

Then, on opening the enclosed letter :—

"My Dear Miss Jansen :—A broken-hearted mother addresses you—the mother of one poor boy swallowed up in the awful deluge of your mountain city and another reduced for a month or more to incommensurable misery and deprived of his vision for life. Be charitable unto her in her weakness and sorrow, as you would that others be charitable unto you in the extremities of helplessness and woe. The enclosed ring is made of the lid of the watch which alone revealed the awful fate of my dear boy. You sent the lid to me, and as long as it remained a lid, it was invested with such associations of Sylvester that I could not endure to have it in existence. I have had it melted—the gold purified and cast into the form of a ring ; and I send it to you, in the last faint hope of my broken heart, that you will be married with it to my poor blind boy, that, in the instant you become my daughter, you will invest it with such new associations of life and love as will soften to endurance, in the waning years of my life, the agonizing old. With it, accept my blessing : May the happiness that has been mine, as a wife and mother, be yours, without my woe. Mary (Jerome) Holland."

I sent for Mr. Melville and handed him the letters, without saying a word ; and before he had finished Philemon's note, he replied interjectionally as he continued to read, "Certainly, Miss Jansen—Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to step aside for the venerable Bishop—a great honor, I assure you—I appreciate the situation—and you are remarkably calm and placid—but I doubt not, like the ocean that at one time is as calm and smooth as a mirror, at another, when aroused and upheaved from your unfathomable depths by a sense of duty in an emergency, you would be an irresistible mountain wave ! But what is this ?—Most affecting words—Enough to break the poor woman's heart—A happy, happy thought in her misery to change the associations connected with the metal from death to life, and from desolation in the past to love in the future—And what a width of meaning and depth of feeling in the poor woman's simple blessing !—Of course, you will accept the ring and be married with it by the venerable Bishop of England—of course, of course—And in stepping aside for the Bishop, I am doing one of the most pleasurable acts of my life."

The reverend gentleman left me alone ; and having determined what to do while he spoke, I wrote the following note to Philemon and sent it to him by Yoko, in waiting for an answer at the door.

"My Dear Philemon :—With compliments and grateful appreciation of the honor intended, please convey my regrets to your highly-respected grandfather and his distinguished friend, the vener-

able Bishop, that I cannot be married in the way they and your sadly bereaved mother desire. I have insuperable objections to the use of a ring in the marriage ceremony, and the sentiments expressed in the marriage service of the Episcopal or Anglican Church.

Yours, etc., JANE."

A few minutes after Yoko's departure, while I was putting the ring and letters in a drawer of the table in the room, I was startled by a great commotion among the ladies and gentlemen on the floor beneath me, on the front porch, and around about the big stone house. I thought either the house or barn was afire; and realizing instantly that I occupied and held the property without any right or title that I would recognize, and that I was responsible for its preservation, I stood for a moment in shuddering alarm. Hearing peals of laughter, however, commingled with the screams of the women and the shouts of the men and boys, I bounded, in the relief I felt, to the window, and beheld through the slats a large swarm of bees alighting on the keystone of the arch which Robley and Yoko had erected in front of the main entrance the day before, and covered with hemlock and rhododendron; and in the reaction of my feelings, I could not refrain from laughter at the ludicrous scenes I witnessed, in several of which Pete—by reversion suddenly from the civilization of a city to the savagery of the mountain wilds—was a principal figure, slipping about with a blade of timothy in his hands, and slyly touching with its tip the ears of Judge and Colonel alike to put them to flight at once. As the bees, however, began to form a pendent cone under the keystone, the excitement among the scattered wedding-guests abated, and gradually even the most fearful among them approached through curiosity to behold the outcome of the invasion of the uninvited. At length, an empty hive having been brought to the porch by Yoko's brother, the Reverend Martin Melville took off his coat to officiate in one ceremony if not in another during the day, stepped boldly toward the swarm, and called for a table and a stand to make a platform under the arch on which to place the empty box that the swarm might be shaken into it and secured without further trouble.

"Look out, parson! You'll be stung to death!" cried a dozen voices at once.

"Ha! I'll take the stings and never feel them, so be it the bride get the honey! There never was a happier omen of good fortune than this; but the swarm must be hived by wisdom and care, and not lost by—Well, there is one under my left eye to begin with! But no matter—will not some one bring me Miss Jansen's veil?"

"Her bridal veil? O monstrous! monstrous! parson!" exclaim-

ed Judge Lippincott.

"No, most captious Judge; her b– veil, without the –ridal," responded the reverend gentleman promptly, with a mock deferential bow; and the ripple of laughter against the pulpit increased to a roar against the bench.

At this juncture, I was about to send instructions to Mr. Melville; but observing that he was not inexperienced wholly in the mystery of hiving bees, I turned from the window to learn the cause of a commotion which I heard on the stairway and in the hall behind me.

As I suspected, it was the bishop, whom Robley had brought into the house by a side entrance, without attracting the attention of the throng around the bees and Mr. Melville, and without subjecting the venerable man to the danger of being stung.

I was impressed deeply and favorably by the kindly nature of the distinguished divine, which was apparent to me in every curve of his well-rounded body and every extension of these physical curves in his graceful movements, but especially in the lineaments of his slightly-flushed face beneath a generous canopy of lustrous yellow-white hair, and audible in the deep rich tone of his voice.

After presenting us—not the venerable bishop to the young bride, nor the young bride to the bishop, but, at the same time, each to the other, Robley happily mastered the question of etiquette involved in our introduction, and left us, with the remark, as he bowed at the door, "I warn you again, Bishop Barrington, to be on your guard. Miss Jansen from childhood has been obliged to think and act for herself and has acquired such independence of thought and action among men in her diversified career, and such self-reliance, as to make her an antagonist not to be opposed rashly by anybody. The statue before you is not stone."

The bishop smiled at the speech of Robley, as an indirect compliment to me rather than a direct warning to him, and began to talk to me with the easy indifference of over-assurance in having me set aside my objections in a few minutes.

I listened attentively and respectfully to everything he said, but sat unmoved, and made no reply; preferring to await the termination of his discourse and make what answer I might to the whole rather than engage in a desultory and incomplete altercation. The clock struck ten a little while after he began; and my immobility provoking him to more earnest and better directed efforts than at first, he became emotional and eloquent, and thrilled me again and again by the harmony and beauty of his sentences, which to a greater or less extent involved sentiments to which my being re-

sponded instantly. Both he and I were insensible to the flight of time; and the clock struck eleven before he, wiping the profuse perspiration from his roseate face and neck, concluded with the remark, that if I was not satisfied to withdraw my objections now, as a rational creature I should give him in fairness my reasons.

I said to him, "I have listened to you, defferentially and reverently from the beginning to the end of your discourse; and I will make reply only on one condition, that is, that you permit me, a young woman, to address you, not in your official capacity as a representative of the Anglican Church, (which, like the English Empire itself, extends its ramifications and influence into every part of the inhabitable globe, and which overwhelms me in my insignificance as an individual,) but as a man—a son, a father, and a grandfather as you may be, but, whatsoever your family relations, a man among women and children and men, and realizing as such your relations to your fellow human beings."

"With pleasure and preference; so be it you continue to express yourself as you have begun."

"As a man, then," I proceeded directly, "you say, Mrs. Holland is rich and I am poor, and that it is impolitic in me to oppose the last wish perhaps of her breaking heart. I say, there are six men of wealth on the floor beneath us, who, from their knowledge of me from childhood, believe that all the wealth of England would not tempt me to do that which my instinctive and acquired knowledge of right and wrong condemns; and in their good opinion, I am as wealthy a woman as I wish to be. And in conclusion on this point, I beg to remind you,—as a man, remember—that we are here on a mountain-top, where the tempter and the tempted have met before.

"Further, as a man you say that a self-sacrificing spirit characterizes the noblest types of humanity, while a contrary spirit of self-preservation or self-aggrandizement at the cost of others characterizes the basest. By this, you put the unhappy Mrs. Holland in a plight you little dreamed of, I am sure. She makes no sacrifice of herself for the benefit of another, but solicits—unintentionally and unwittingly, of course—the sacrifice of another for her relief. I sympathize with her in her suffering with my whole being, but I am not justified, by reason of my sympathy, in sacrificing myself, or any principle inseparable from my conscious existence, to better her condition. In conclusion on this point, I beg to say the principle that underlies self-sacrifice is this: It is good when it involves theoretically the preservation of the species, or mankind; as when a father or mother sacrifices self for the preservation of children; an aged person for an infant; or the opposing and supplemental sexes for each other,

as a man for a woman, or a girl for a boy; and conversely, it is bad when it involves theoretically the destruction of mankind—a suicide, for reasons affecting self alone, being, accordingly, the ultimatum of evil, equalled only by murder. By way of illustration, Abraham sacrificing his son to secure benefits for himself, is an exhibition of early Jewish savagery; while Abraham sacrificing himself to secure benefits for his son, would be an exhibition of later Christian civilization.

"Further, as a man you say, with respect to the symbolic use of the ring in the marriage ceremony, To the pure all things are pure, and Evil to him that evil thinks. I say, To the pure, in accordance with their comprehension, all things are either pure or impure, elevating or degrading, to be accepted on the one hand or refused on the other, if they would remain pure; and Evil to him that knows his right hand from his left, in the world of ethics illuminated by the experience of mankind for ages, and goes not to the right in the face of fire and flood, rather than to the left in the way of ease and enchantment. In conclusion on this point, I beg to say I know the significance of the ring in the ceremony of marriage, which has descended to us from our barbaric ancestors who made use of visible signs and symbols of apparent import where we employ now audible speech of vastly greater comprehension and precision; and knowing the significance to be such that the bride was veiled to conceal her blushes, in the old barbaric times of signs and symbols instead of speech, I have determined to be married without the symbolic ring and the consequential and essential veil. In becoming the wife of the honorable man whom I love, in the sight of all who are near and dear to me, save himself in his blindness, I hope neither to blush for shame nor blanch for fear; and you as a man, I believe, will not ask me to do either.

"Finally, with respect to the sentiments expressed in the marriage service of the Anglican or Episcopal Church, you say—as a man, remember—that you are familiar with it as a whole and in detail; and from all you know of it from your own understanding, and have read of it and heard of it, you believe it unobjectionable in aught that it contains, and that you cannot conceive of an objection which any fair-minded and pure-hearted person could make to it. I say—or rather, before I say a word, I beg leave to read a few short sentences from the Books of the Hebrews which contain all that is known of the two exemplars of married life, Isaac and Rebekah, mentioned in the Anglican service."

Taking down my Bible from a hanging shelf on the wall, I turned to the twenty-sixth chapter of Genesis, and began to

read at the sixth verse:—

"6. And Isaac dwelt in Gerar.

"7. And the men of the place asked him of his wife; and he said, She is my sister: for he feared to say, She is my wife; lest, said he, the men of the place should kill me for Rebekah; because she was fair to look upon.

"8. And it came to pass, when he had been there a long time, that Abimelech king of the Philistines looked out at a window, and saw, and, behold, Isaac was sporting with Rebekah his wife.

"9. And Abimelech called Isaac, and said, Behold, of a surety she is thy wife: and how saidst thou, She is my sister? And Isaac said unto him, Because I said, Lest I die for her.

"10. And Abimelech said, What is this thou hast done unto us? one of the people might lightly have lain with thy wife, and thou shouldst have brought guiltiness upon us."

"Now, I say," resuming my reply to the venerable bishop, who sat motionless, with his head lowered and his neck and face flushed to a crimson hue, "Isaac and Rebekah, as described in the Bible, are execrable barbarians; and as exemplars of man and wife in this age of enlightenment and refinement are an insult to true manhood and true womanhood; and I sincerely believe that you, as a man, cannot go down stairs into the parlor, and, in the presence of the good men and women assembled there, lay your hand upon your heart, and say to Philemon Holland, in the language of the Episcopal service, to be unto me as Isaac was unto Rebekah; and say to me, to be unto Philemon Holland as Rebekah was unto Isaac; for, remembering what I have read to you of their disgraceful conduct even in the eyes of Abimelech in the barbarous age in which they lived, you cannot ask Philemon Holland to deny me in public as his wife like a dastard through fear, and make a common commodity of my person for his advancement in life; and you cannot ask me to submit to such dishonor and degradation; or if you can, be you the Bishop of Bishops of the Christian world, and backed by the pleadings of Philemon, as well as his broken-hearted mother, YOU SHALL NOT!"

"I cannot, Miss Jansen," replied the venerable bishop, rising to his feet, and expanding his lungs; "and since you have called my attention to this particular passage in the Bible and expounded its significance in the Episcopal marriage service, affecting, as it does in the most serious manner, the marital relations of millions upon millions of mankind, I will rip these holy vestments into tatters and sever my connection with the great church which heretofore in my estimation has been a faultless ultimatum of goodness and wisdom in

the hearts and homes of humanity, before I will unite man and woman in the holy bonds of wedlock, in any ceremony that employs the symbolic ring of a barbarous age and these execrable exemplars of man and wife in this era of enlightenment and refinement, as you happily have termed them, Isaac and Rebekah. I thank you, Miss Jansen, for the grandest exegesis of ethics I have ever listened to and the most effective: I am rewarded in it and amply for coming across the Atlantic in my old age; for I shall return with a new idea, which, in my long life of dog-eared commonplaces and threadbare conventionalities, is worth a trip around the world. And now, regretting my vows will not permit me to marry you, save in the manner prescribed in our ritual, I beg leave to withdraw and sit among your guests while another officiates with an acceptable service."

In great perturbation, the venerable man left me; and in a few minutes after he had descended to the hall on the first floor, I caught enough of his conversation with his old friend, Philemon's grandfather, Jules Jerome, and Robley, that he was reporting to them the substance of our long interview aright.

"Well, I must see this wonderful girl that has overwhelmed a bishop of the Church of England with shame and confusion—this marvelous mountain maiden that makes all men bow down before her in worship of her womanly beauty and womanly worth combined with a great man's mental powers—this prodigy that is about to become my daughter and my imperial sovereign doubtless for the remainder of my days—Come, Dr. Benham, I beseech you, let us waive all ceremony, and present me at once to Miss Jansen."

Hearing them come up the stairs, I retired to the part of the room in which, before an artistically draped curtain of a rich crimson in a carefully arranged light, I appeared in my white raiment to the best advantage—in repose, a Grecian statue as nearly as my Grecian features, form, and dress could combine to make me appear.

On catching a glimpse of me, however, over the shoulders of Robley, as they came to the door, the old man pushed the young aside, and came into the room and stood before me in such amazement, (with the fingers of his left hand thrust up through the grey hairs on the left side of his head, his left foot forward, and his body thrown backward on his right, his mouth open, and his eyes fixed on mine,) that I became embarrassed; and, advancing a step toward him and extending my hand, I said, "You are Mr. Jerome, I presume, my future grandfather."

"I am nobody—nobody—nobody, until I know who you are in reality," said the staring old man, stepping back from me two paces farther than I had advanced toward him.

"I am Jane Jansen," I replied, resuming my former position.

"But your father, who was he?"

"A whaler, Jan Jansen, by name, and of Dutch origin."

"And your mother?"

"Helen Graham, a daughter of Alexander Graham."

"No, my child, you are neither Dutch nor Scotch."

"I was born in the Harbor of Yokohama. Perhaps that will solve the enigma before you."

"Well, truly, you are as much of a Japanese as you are either Dutch or Scotch; for you are a Greek, if ever there was one on the seaboard of the Ægean."

"Yes, my maternal grandmother was a Greek, and I am said to be her counterpart."

"And she was—I will stake my life on the venture—Margaret Zampelios?"

"And keep your life for another venture, for you have named her aright."

"And this grandson of mine that is about to marry you, did he fall in love with you the instant you met for the first time?"

"No; but I may truly say that I have loved him from the moment we met to the present time."

"The varlet! For by that token I know that he is not a grandson of mine."

"Nay, good Father Jerome, be not too fast. We were children when we saw each other first; and when we met again, Philemon was a man, and although engaged to be married to the sweet woman who is now Dr. Benham's wife, he became enamored with me at once."

"That settles it and forever. He has his grandsire's blood in his veins—he is his grandsire as nearly as a descendant can be an ancestor, for as he became enamored with you, so I became enamored with your grandmother; but Philemon's mother, to whom I had sworn to be true and with whom I had lived happily, was still in existence; and I stole away from your grandmother to save my wife and child from the misery and shame of a recreant husband and father, myself from the eternal tortures of a guilty conscience, and your grandmother, perhaps, from a union with a man in my position then absolutely unworthy of her. And what became of your grandmother, in my world-wide search for my child, on the death of her mother in France while I was in India, I never learned till this moment. Now, give me your hand, my child, and let me feel again the pulse that has thrilled my very existence a half a century ago. Time at last sets all things even. Our loves and loathings lie deeper

than self—in our blood; and if not in one generation, in another, a third, or fourth, the man and woman who love each other truly will come together from the opposite sides of the globe. This is my wedding day and that of your dead and buried grandmother, as well as Philemon's and your own. And since my surname Jerome is a shortened form of the Greek Hieronymo, I doubt not Philemon and I have Greek blood in our hearts as well as you; and it is not beyond the pales of possibility and probability that our ancestors time and again have loved one another beneath the glorious ægis of Pallas Athēnē. Happy, happy, ineffably happy day!"

"Nay, not too fast, Father Jerome," I interjected facetiously, and rather from a superficial understanding of his words than a realization of their profound significance. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war—not billing and cooing. I am inclined to think it was rather the more amiable Dutch blood of the Hollands and the Jansens that counteracted the warlike of the Hieronymos and the Zampelioses in Philemon and myself, and caused us to unite in peace and love; and that the scene of our ancestral courtship is rather the hollow land which the Dutch have made to suit themselves below the level of the surrounding sea, with all their hills in intaglio, as it were, than the mountain-ribbed peninsula of the Stone Men of Hēsiodos and Pindaros."

"Confound the Dutch—and your confounding facetiousness, my daughter!" exclaimed the old gentleman, a little tartly, with rising color, and increasing vehemence; indicating very plainly that he was not in the habit of meeting opposition meekly. "The Dutch, if they had their deserts, would be to-day in the abysmal depths of the ocean from which they have filched their uncertain foothold on the planet! With their teachings of liberty and independence in thought and action, their secret ballot giving every man a certain and uncontrollable influence in the affairs of state, and the like, (which are all right now but which were all wrong then,) they did more to separate Great Britain and her American Colonies than any other outside people on the face of the globe. Had they all been drowned two hundred years ago, with the spirit of independence which they acquired through their protracted struggle with the Spanish, Greater Britain, or the United States of the World, would be to-day a close approximation to a Federation of Mankind. And while, my daughter, there is undoubtedly Dutch blood in both of you, it is to the predominating and strongly characterizing Greek, in yourself especially, as the husk is to the corn, the matrix of quartz to the gold it contains, the label on the bottle to the wine within. There is nothing in nature isolated. We are all compounds and

compromises of infinite import, with a certain overbalancing, which gives us racial and individual characteristics; and that overbalancing in you, in despite of your Dutch father, your birth in Japan, and the greater part of your life spent in the Heart of Appalachia, makes you—well, to utter the thought that pervades my whole being at this instant—your own Greek grandmother, Margaret Zampelios, whom I loved, and who, I believe, from all that has taken place then and now, loved me. But I must go—I must go, to report a greater surprise to my good old friend, Bishop Barrington, than he reported to me."

What a revelation this was to me! I could not realize it fully; but the sincerity of the old man, combined with his striking resemblance to Philemon in form and feature and movement, convinced me that he spoke the truth; and when he retired, I said to Robley, who was present during the interview, "I am said by my aunt to be the exact counterpart of my grandmother, with the exception of this blazon on my brow of my mother's days and nights of agony before I was born; if so, I do not doubt that she loved this man at sight: I would, I feel and know, as I loved Philemon. Now, Robley, go down stairs and get everybody and everything in readiness for the ceremony. Our guests have been kept in waiting too long already; and the hour set for dinner will come in a little while."

"But what shall we do for a minister? Bishop Barrington cannot, consistently with his vows, and Mr. Melville has one eye closed by the sting of a bee, and "—

"He can see still the persons to be married and the printed page before him, with the other."

"But he presents such a ludicrous appearance, with one side of his face passive and distorted and the other mobile and normal, as if he were afflicted with Bell's paralysis, that he will make everybody in the room laugh outright, from the venerable bishop to 'Possum Pete."

"So much the better. Better laughter than tears at a wedding a thousand times over."

"As you will have it, then, Jane: though it be the death of one in the room at least."

"Your charming wifiekin. Well, well, she has died so often in the past through her supersensitive sense of the ridiculous that I believe we can risk her dying again on this occasion: especially since her husband has had some success in resuscitating the dead. Now, be off; and if you see any mail for me in the rack as you pass, please send it up, that I may see what my absent friends have to say for themselves on this occasion—and that I may be able to keep

calm and collected for the trying ceremony."

Among the letters he sent to me, I observed one with the address of the attorney-at-law, Mr. Clifford, on the corner of the envelope, and opened it first.

"My Dear Miss Jansen:—I beg leave to congratulate you again. The Dobson heir should be a girl, as you will see by the certificate of the physician which I enclose. The boy you have is doubtless the lost child of Henry and Sarah Milburn, who, as I learned during my search for the Dobson child, had the same deflection to the right of the tip of the vertebral column. I have notified them of your discovery; and presumably they will go to see you and the child at the earliest opportunity. I have given them a letter of introduction to you. They are worthy, wealthy people, and you will be perfectly safe in putting the child into their hands.

"Hoping this letter will reach you before you have made a greater surrender to another—of yourself as well as your worldly possessions; and wishing you a continuance of your good fortune through life, I remain, Yours Truly, Andrew J. Clifford."

How I looked and what I did, while I was reading this letter and for a moment afterward, I do not know; but Minnie in waiting, seeing something in the expression of my face, or my unconscious movements, that alarmed her, ran into the hall screaming for help; and a moment later Robley came bounding up the stairs and into the room as pale as ashes, followed by my aunt and Grace, and poor Philemon, with his left arm before his blind eyes and his right reaching tremblingly here and there for something to guide him to me. With a word, I assured them that whatever had happened, I was not in distress; and having closed the door of the room to exclude the gathering throng of excited and anxious guests to learn the cause of the alarm, I kissed Philemon and Grace, and hung on the neck of my dear aunt, while Robley read aloud the letter and the certificate.

"Well, of all the ludicrous blunders that ever were made on this mundane sphere of mistakes and stumblings, this stands pre-eminent!" exclaimed Grace, the first to speak after the reading of the certificate; "mistaking a boy for a girl! and all because human beings have rudimentary tails that sometimes wag to the right and subordinate all other physical characteristics, including those of sex! If only one of you would join me in laughing, I really and truly believe I would"—

"Oh, do not wifiekin, I beseech you: this is too serious a matter for you to die over as you die a hundred times a day. It means

that Aunt Melissa and Jane still own the Heart of Appalachia, and that instead of owing the baby, whom you have christened Napoleon Bonaparte, anything, the baby and his father and mother, Henry and Sarah Milburn, owe us collectively the value of his preservation —a debt, I doubt not, which we are all willing to cancel without another word."

"Well, why did not the lawyer say so, then? If attorneys-at-law would talk like doctors, I could understand them, and—Come Auntie and Jane, let me kiss you both at once, in the expression of my congratulations from the bottom of my heart of hearts on your good fortune."

This double osculation over, I took up another letter, which, from its appearance, contained an enclosure, and, evidently from the handwriting on the envelope, was not from a familiar friend; remarking, as I opened it, "It never rains but it pours. Let us see if the old proverb prove true in the matter of good fortune."

"JOHNSTOWN, PA., 18 June, 1890.

"MISS JANE JANSEN,

THE HEART OF APPALACHIA.

"I take great pleasure in sending you a relic of the Johnstown Flood. It is of no value to me or anybody in the world but yourself—to whom, as the sole legatee of the old Jew peddler, Gershom Pearlesteine, deceased, as nearly as I can calculate the interest on the numerous deposits in the Dollar Savings Bank of Pittsburgh, is worth to-day $17,992. The enclosure is the old man's bank-book. It has been saturated with the muddy water and stained through and through; but the writing in it is still legible. By one, who saw the will before it was given to you, I have been informed that the witnesses to it reside in Pittsburgh. Accordingly, you will find no trouble in having it probated. Employ a good attorney to see that everything is done properly. I am, with the best of wishes for your welfare in life—and regrets that the figures are not six—

A FRIEND—

who owes in great part the preservation of his aged mother to you, by taking her on your raft to Sandyvale Cemetery, where she remained in a tree-top until rescued at midnight."

"In round numbers, eighteen thousand dollars!" Robley remarked, beaming with joy; "enough to keep the wolf from the door, with care and economy, to the end of your days. You are getting now your well-merited reward, Jane, and I am heartily glad of it."

I opened the enclosure and found the bank-book as described in the letter; and after we had examined it—all save Philemon, staring

blindly through his smoked glasses—and commented on it, I put all the papers and the precious book into the hands of my aunt; remarking, "Keep them, Auntie, till to-morrow. The downpour has been certainly enough for one day—sufficient at any rate to enable me to become this dear man's wife with the lightest of hearts that ever fluttered with happiness in a woman's bosom—Grace's excepted, of course, when she became Robley's wifiekin. Now, Robley, please, do you and Grace go before and make way for us, and Philemon and I will follow and be made man and wife without any further delay."

LX.

Happily, by the time we descended to the parlor, everybody about the house but Philemon and myself were familiar with the facial disfigurement of the officiating minister, Mr. Melville, and unaffected by it, and the ceremony was performed with due solemnity. At the conclusion, the venerable bishop stepped forward, and, in a most impressive manner, pronounced a formal benediction as a bishop and an informal blessing as a man—thrilling me to the marrow, when, in the latter, he alluded to the blazon on my brow as a banner of inherited womanly worth of the highest type which I had borne worthily in the struggle of existence; and which revealed me, in the eyes of all discerning men, the Edelweiss of Appalachia; and as well, when he referred to the blindness of Philemon as a loss not without a compensating gain, inasmuch as he would see the world henceforth through the eyes of the nature-marked woman of worth at his side, and see only the pure separated from the impure, the good from the bad, and the expanding and exalting, honorable and holy, from the contracting and debasing, iniquitous and vile!

"Amen!" Mr. Melville responded fervently; and one and all in the room repeated the solemn word of assent with such emotion, that responding to it, I put my arms around my husband's neck, and buried my face in his bosom.

LXI.

Two tables had been set for the occasion, a large—for sixty or more—under the shade of a spreading elm at the northwest corner

of the great stone house, for my mountain neighbors and friends, and the young people generally, and a small—for twenty-four—in the dining-room of the inn, for my more particular friends and distinguished guests; and the dinner hour for the first, or larger, having come, Philemon and I went out and sat down on the bench by the side of the table opposite Mr. Melville, and, after grace by the reverend gentleman, ate a bite and drank a sip with our rather boisterous guests, in despite of the restraints imposed on the majority by the presence of the minister at the middle of the table, and 'Squire Remaley, the well-known Justice of the Peace, and the imperturbable Nicholas Macorquordale at the opposite ends, and my pet crow, Muggins, flying over their heads, threatening to steal a bite from anybody who neglected for a moment knife and fork and the viands on his plate through an excess of hilarity. Mr. Melville, Philemon, and I then withdrew amid general cheers to the house, and took the places assigned to us at the table in the dining-room, among our nearest and dearest friends and most distinguished guests, and in the midst of a little world of the most agreeable surprises to me, which, perhaps it was not absolutely proper for me to observe at all, but which I did see in silence and conjecture about not only from the time I entered the room until I left it, but from that time to this. The very carpet on the floor and the blinds and curtains at the windows were new and fine; the sideboard, the table, and the chairs were new and of a most pleasing artistic design; the tablecloth and the napkins were new and of the finest linen; the candelabra, the glassware, and the odds and ends of the table furnishing were new and surprisingly rich and beautiful; the forks and spoons, of several sizes, were new and marked with the initials J. J. H.; the knives and the carving set were new and particularly beautiful in the contrast presented by polished silver and gleaming steel in combination with iridescent mother of pearl; and the elaborate service of Japanese ware was new and ineffably pleasing to me in the exquisite fantasy of dear old Fuji depicted in one or another form on every piece; and the waiters were new and strange—a middle-aged portly negro, of great gravity and gracious courtesy, in a gentleman's ballroom suit, as a head or master waiter, and four young negro men as subordinates, in black broadcloth suits also, with the addition of large white pinafores, a towel hanging over the bend of the left arm, and a glistening Japanese tray in the left hand; and the chef in the kitchen unseen but faintly heard betimes was a stranger with an old man's voice; and for the first time in the history of the Heart of Appalachia as an inn, a printed and beautifully decorated menu lay by the side of every plate.

The enchantment of Scheherezade never wrought such a marvelous transformation! I suspected that Father Jerome, and Robley's father and mother, with the assistance of Robley and Grace, and the connivance of my dear Aunt Melissa, had been all the genii, the wonderful lamps, and the all-potent talismans, to produce in secret all I saw; but as I had been kept in absolute ignorance of what they were doing, the effect to me was that of enchantment—and of the most agreeable kind. I cast furtive glances around at the suspected magicians, but failed to find a betraying smile even on the face of Grace; and after the bishop, at one end of the table, facing Father Jerome at the other, had voiced our common grateful acknowledgements to the Idealized Provider of all-involving import, like those around me, with an affected indifference to the really surprising and delightful display, I took up the menu before me and read:—

"The Horn of Amaltheia at the Wedding Feast of Jane Jansen and Philemon Holland, in the Heart of Appalachia, Saturday, the 21st day of June, 1890.

"Iō Bakche!

"I. Snapping Turtle: sodden in a broth. With Wheat Bread, toasted.

"II. Brook Trout: broiled over hickory coals. With Buckwheat Biscuit and Water Cress.

"III. Frog: fried in butter. With Yellow Maize Slap-jack, baked in hickory ashes.

"IV. Wild Turkey and Peafowl: steamed and roasted. With Apple-sauce, Pokeberry Shoots, Wild Plum Jelly, Cucumber Pickles, Cheese, and Rye Bread.

"V. Pig, Lamb, and Ox: roasted. With New Potatoes, Peas, Beans, Beets, Lettuce, Mushrooms, Olives, Currant Jelly, Jersey Butter, and Wheat Bread.

"VI. Pigeon: baked in a pie. With Noodles, Oaten Scone, Bonny-clabber, and White Clover Honey.

"VII. Currant: in tart.

"VIII. Strawberry and Red Raspberry: fresh from field and patch. With Lady Cake.

"IX. Jersey Cream: frozen. With Macaroon.

"X. Butternut and Shellbark Hickory-nut: cracked. With Sweetmeats.

"XI. Quince: in jam, *a la grecque*. With Bride Cake.

"XII. Rice: boiled and baked in a cake. With Peaberry Coffee: roasted and pulverized in a mortar, in an infusion.

"Iō Bakche!

"Water, Milk, Cream, Buttermilk, Lemonade, Beer, Claret, Sherry,

Dry Champagne, Sweet Champagne, Brandy, and the Nectar of Appalachia, otherwise Old Monongahela Whiskey: served as directed by Guests."

As I read, I was surprised and delighted at the apparent fitness of the several viands constituting a course, the happy sequence of the courses, and the appropriateness of the whole as an Appalachian wedding feast, with divers involvings with special reference to the bride, or myself; and gradually, I began to doubt the reality of the bill of fare and look on it as a happy conceit of the magicians to double the delights of the repast, by giving first a Barmecidal feast of ideal completeness, and then a substantial of a very different character in reality.

As I laid down the printed bill in doubt, however, Father Jerome, at one end of the table abruptly addressed his old friend at the other, "I say—I beg your pardon, Bishop Barrington, but did I understand you to say brandy?"

"No, Mr. Jerome," replied the bishop gravely. "As nearly as I can tell from my limited knowledge of the geography of the American Continent, I am in Southwestern Pennsylvania, the only place in the world, I believe, where the people ever went to war about whiskey; and being a veritable stranger in a strange land, I cannot do better than follow the first of the commandments which all good travelers carry with them when they go abroad—and leave all the others behind them at home. I shall do in Rome as the Romans do, and drink——milk first, and, perhaps, a little Old Monongahela afterward."

"Well said, Bishop Barrington, but perhaps needlessly; for a reason is required rather for not drinking than drinking, when good liquor is set before an honest man after he has turned the corner of thirty, or forty, or thereabout, like ourselves. And milk first and a little Old Monongahela afterward, I dare say will make a passable punch; but I regret I cannot join you; for I never like to mix my drinks—I will stick to brandy, so be it it be French. For while I hate the French, next to the Dutch, for the part they took in separating Old Mother England and her American children, I can drink French brandy with a relish that makes me forget for the time being my enmity to its liquor-loving manufacturers—and do so whenever I get a chance. And you, Mr. Melville—yes, I see you tip me a wink, and a most decided wink with the left eye at that!—you will take brandy with me rather than milk first and a little Old Monongahela afterward, with the venerable bishop."

"No, Mr. Jerome. With my left eye closed, I can see only that much of the list which is to the right, and that begins with water,

and ends with "—

"Dry Champagne," interjected Uncle John Beaver.

"Buttermilk," added 'Squire Burkholder.

"Sherry," added Captain Siebold.

"That is right in all. For since we are not allowed a choice in our eating," broke in Judge Lippincott, "but must take the courses as they come, we certainly should be permitted to determine our drinking for ourselves. Accordingly, I will take water first"—

"May it please the honorable Court," interjected Uncle John, "I trust, it is not because the Supreme Court has accustomed your Honor to take water, that you do so now?"

And with a round of laughter at the expense of the bench, the first course was served in accordance with the printed programme —preceded by a display of aquatic and semi-aquatic plants in three large vases on the table, including, cat-tail, rush, pond-lily, and the savory peppermint, diffusing its suggestive odor through the room.

So, the second, third, fourth, and fifth courses were in accordance with the programme, preceded by appropriate displays of plants in the vases—the trout, by bunches of alder, birch, and hemlock, scented with mountain tea; the frogs, by sedges, willow, and swamp oak, scented with spearmint; the wild turkey, by rhododendron, chestnut, and black-jack, scented with pennyroyal; and the pig, lamb, and ox, by a variety of grasses and forage plants of the mountain, scented with summer savory, and other odorous herbs.

At length, preparatory to serving the sixth course, the vases were set on the table filled with the leafy branches of spicewood and sassafras; and Dr. Mansfield attracted the attention of all to them, by remarking that these plants are the only true laurels to be found on the Alleghany Mountains and the only fitting accompaniment or crown for the sixth course which the forest afforded.

Thereupon, the ponderous old physician, Dr. Postlewaite, rose to his feet, and with an impressive seriousness said, "Ladies and gentlemen, with all deference to the distinguished architects and artists who have constructed this Apician Parthenon on the Acropolis of Appalachia, I suggest that the sixth course, as set forth in the bill of fare, be dispensed with; for the reason that—whether intentionally or not, no matter—the bride is represented in it in facetious effigy, or what might be termed properly, a culinary caricature; and in partaking of it, accordingly, the guests will be devouring the bride by proxy, or committing cannibalism in effect. You know, of course, that a pigeon squab is the unfledged nestling of the bird of Aphroditē, the ocean-born Goddess of Love; and when that squab comes from the dove-cote of the Heart of Appalachia, with such trim-

mings as oaten scone, noodles, bonny-clabber, or schmier-case, and white clover honey, it is very evident to me that our beloved ocean-born bride, who is not yet of full age, I believe, with her Grecian, Scotch, and Dutch involvings by nature, and a successful apiarist by occupation, and in clover especially at this time, might be symbolized—and has been symbolized, I verily believe, to my unspeakable horror! And I trust that you will all agree with me that our beloved bride should not be served in that way by anybody at any time in any place without our decided protest and disapproval."

As the old physician sat down, Mother Gertrude, sitting opposite, alternately flushing and blanching, was the first to speak, and in her usual fiery tone when combating her ancient adversary, "Oh, you horrid hypocrite! You incomparable impostor! If anybody has had a greater part than another in contriving this ingenious and elaborate effigy of the bride, to make her appear ridiculous under her own roof-tree and in the eyes of her nearest and dearest friends, it was you yourself who have exposed it! Oh, I know your handwriting even in print; and you need not assume a look of outraged innocence—you are guilty; and as you have been hobnobbing a great deal lately with Dr. Mansfield and Dr. Benham, I believe they have been your confederates: Birds of a feather will flock together."

And no sooner had Mother Gertrude ceased than Grace began. "It is absolutely awful! I never heard of anything so perfectly shocking in my life! And really and truly, Dr. Benham, if I had known you were capable of doing anything so heartless and inhuman, I never would have looked at you; and as it is now, I solemnly vow I will not speak to you for a whole month—No, I will not tie a knot in my handkerchief so that I shall not forget it! You horrid, horrid man!"

At length, the woman-half of all about the board having determined as a jury that the three physicians were guilty of the unstatutory offence complained of variously, but sufficiently set forth in the bill of fare as if it were a true bill of indictment as well, appealed to Judge Lippincott to sentence them to as many various punishments as there were jurors.

The Judge, however, declined, saying, "Unhappily, I am related by marriage to a half-brother of a fourth cousin of one of the defendants, Dr. Mansfield, and I might be biased in his favor in despite of my convictions."

So, 'Squire Herbert declined—"I never could do two things right at one time, and I will not attempt it now. I have sat down to eat my dinner; and that is as much as I can manage to do properly now."

And Uncle John—"I am a lawyer, and not a judge."

And Captain Siebold—"I have never been naturalized, and cannot vote, much less sit on the bench."

And 'Squire Burkholder—"I positively decline. When Mother Gertrude and Dr. Postlewaite are engaged in an altercation, I stand by and hold her bonnet—nothing more."

And Mr. Melville, perhaps the wittiest man at the table, if not the most learned and profound—"No; justice should be wholly blind, not half—let our happy groom decide. Then, besides my gallantry and charity are in the way: for doctors being, by universal consent, an intermediary form of humanity, neither wholly man nor wholly woman—in fact, being far from holy in every way they may be considered—I think they should wear as a distinguishing dress divided skirts, and be entitled to the benefit of doubt with respect to their sex at all times."

By this time, all the men, including the defendant doctors, were laughing at the discomfited women, when I found an opportunity to say, "Well, well, let the sentence be suspended until we have eaten our dinner. And since the guilty trio have borne in a great measure if not wholly the expense of our repast, I am very well satisfied that their fun should be at mine. Let the simulacrum be served; that I not only may see myself as others see me in a culinary caricature, but also eat myself as others eat me, and by putting myself inside of myself, lose nothing of myself."

Thereupon, at a signal given by somebody in the facetious conspiracy, one of the waiters brought in a large vessel literally covered so closely with opening rose-buds it was impossible to determine whether it was a large tin pan, a circular wicker basket, or a butter-bowl, provided with a lid; and while all the guests were admiring the beautiful floral mound, the other servants placed before each, one of the dinner-plates decorated with dear old Fuji in the distance, and around it three smaller similarly decorated plates: one containing Dutch noodles, (cooked like Italian vermicelli,) another Scottish bonny-clabber, and the third an oaten cake and a semi-translucent cube of honeycomb, dripping with the dewy sweets of a firmament of clover blossoms in the fields surrounding my apiary—a natural ultimatum of sweetness to symbolize by an easy transition an ultimatum of bliss, which my merry-making magicians wished me I know, and which I consciously felt. The first servant then lifted the rose-covered lid of the pie in the middle of the table, and lo! beneath a fine net of silk, surrounded by a wall of roses, appeared the prettiest of my young Jacobin pigeons—and one, curiously, having

a few white feathers on its head approximately in the place of my peculiar patch of white hairs!

"Oh, Philemon, how I wish in my heart of hearts you could see the symbol of your happy wife our generous friends have set before me!" I exclaimed to my husband; sitting in the midst of the seeing like the impenetrable background of night from which the luminous stars are projected. Then, looking across the table, I caught the eye of Uncle John through his double glasses; and, bowing my head, I said, "I see the net, Uncle John, over the world of roses; and thanks to your teaching, I trust I will never forget its significance."

At this juncture, the ponderous old ringleader of the facetious conspirators rose, and silenced everybody by his commanding port. "Ladies and gentlemen, I beg now to withdraw my objections," he said, with his usual gravity. "Since I have seen that the unfledged nestling of the bird of Aphroditē, the ocean-born Goddess of Love, has not been sacrificed or injured in any way, but, on the contrary, lovingly and tenderly restrained by an airy cobweb of silken filaments within a bower of the most enchanting beauty which the imps of invention and pleasantry have ever built, with the aid of Dame Nature's shapeful shears and all her paints and perfumes, I am satisfied that the effigy is not a coarse caricature to distort and degrade, but an image of exquisite delicacy and refinement, of profound significance, and worthy in every way of our beloved bride; and, before resuming my seat, I beg leave to suggest that the perpetrators of the conceit, instead of being hung by the ladies present, should be smothered to death with kisses."

Following this, the most noteworthy of the episodes of the repast, almost every item of the elaborate menu was discussed in a double sense, by the teeth and the tongue: especially the characteristic animals and vegetables of Appalachia, the snapping-turtle, sassafras, and the like; the relics of the remotest past retained in the marriage ceremonies and customs of to-day, as hinted at in the quince jam, bride cake, and rice cake; and the strange mutations in the character of the Indian god Shiva, in the course of his wanderings through the ages, from the throbbing heart of the world and mankind in southern central Asia northwestwardly into the north of Africa and the south of Europe—into Osiris and other divine conceptions in Egypt, into Dionysos and other ideals of Providence in Greece, and into the lowest depths of degradation in the Divinity of Debauchery in Italy and later-day Christendom.

At length, the repast over, while sipping our coffee, the venerable Bishop Barrington rose, with his champagne glass in his hand, and

proposed a health to Mr. and Mrs. Philemon Holland, and the United States of America.

Philemon responded to this in a very felicitous little speech, returning the compliment at its conclusion by proposing, "Bishop Barrington, and our Mother Country, Old England."

The bishop simply bowing to this, Robley rose and offered, "A long pull and a strong pull to Mr. Jules Jerome, and the Seven Fair-haired Sisters of the Southern Seas, the Australasian Colonies."

This brought the old gentleman to his feet with the spring of a man of thirty ; and before he had spoken a half a dozen sentences, I realized what Philemon might become with a little practice in public speaking, with the same commanding person, graceful gestures, striking physiognomy, orotund voice, and easy flow of exact and harmonious English—in fine, a pleasing and effective orator. At length, turning from the Seven Sisters on the opposite side of the globe, the old gentleman bowed to Mrs. Wadsworth, the very personification of perfect happiness in the guise of an old lady, sitting on the right of Philemon ; and after paying her a most affecting tribute of heartfelt gratitude from himself and his only daughter for the motherly love of the highest and purest character which she had shown, under the most distressing and horrible circumstances, to a strange young man, so hopelessly wrecked by the Johnstown Flood as to be known far and wide among the sufferers and their sympathizers of the great catastrophe as Poor Billy Blind-staggers, he proposed, with tears streaming down his face, and his voice becoming husky with emotion, "Mrs. Wadsworth, and the natural reciprocity of the opposite sexes in relieving each other's distress."

Robley responded to this, for the good old woman ; and a dozen or more compliments and congratulations in the form of healths and toasts followed one another in rapid succession at diverse angles across the table—among them, the following :—

"Uncle John Beaver, the Sage of Somerset, and the solution of the paradox involved in the Supremacy of Woman in all the symbolic and allegoric representations of Justice, Government, and Statecraft, and her Suppression in fact—not being permitted to serve as a juror, or cast a vote." "That may be done in a few words," responded the polished philosopher. "When a woman stands before, man stands behind, and guides, controls, and dominates, as only a man can, by reason of his differentiated development to an extreme. But when a man stands before, woman stands behind ; and the natural dominating in her to the best of ends in a state of nature, will dominate him in the state of artificiality, in which all governments which have evolved from savagery exist, and subvert in time the

most stable state conceivable in the midst of the unremitting mutations of the natural world. It is well, accordingly, that the figure-head of the Ship of State should be in the form of a woman, while a man is at the helm; but—with all due respect, ladies—not the reverse. In connection with which, however, I beg leave to propose, Captain Siebold, and all the Sons and Daughters of Poseidōn from Jason to Jansen."

Bowing to this, Captain Siebold rose, and proposed, "Mr. Henry Benham, and the Bark of Commerce in the upper third of the shield in the coat of arms of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania."

And taking a hint from this, the old importer at the conclusion of his remarks, proposed, "The Good 'Squire of Johnstown, Rudolf Burkholder, and the Plow and Sheaves of Wheat in the middle and lower third of the same symbolic device."

To this, Lycurgus Smith, in behalf of the 'Squire, responded with his usual felicity, exactness, and perspicuity in speech-making—rivaled at the board only by Bishop Barrington, Uncle John, and Dr. Postlewaite—and, in turn, proposed, "The Triumvirate of Physicians, Postlewaite, Mansfield, and Benham, and the Haunts of Hygeia on the Heights of Appalachia."

To this Dr. Mansfield replied, and proposed, "The Reverend Martin Luther Melville, Hymen, and the Honey of Hymettos."

And in a very few sentences, in response to this, the reverend gentleman, who styled himself Polyphēmos, satisfied us that the world of wit and wisdom had not been exhausted by his predecessors. In conclusion, he proposed, "The Survivors of the Johnstown Flood," and added, "In connection with which, I beg leave to say, that since we have Deucaliōn and Pyrrha in our midst in a double form, I sincerely hope that, when they begin to pick up the stones of Appalachia and cast them behind them, to become men and women as of old in the likeness of the throwers, one or other of the Pyrrhas will cast one so close to me that the instant it leaps into life I may clasp her to my bosom as my own, before a better looking bachelor, perhaps, with two eyes instead of one, may have a chance to carry her off!"

To this, I heard sensitive Grace take a long breath and say in its exhalation a little louder than she intended, "Dear me! I never heard anything so perfectly shocking in all my life! I really and truly am overwhelmed! And Robley, please, do not nudge me so much with your elbow!" But disregarding her right to the floor, I rose and said, "My dear friends, to bring this happy speech-making to a close, I beg you to rise, put your glasses on the table before you, and bow your heads in silence, in response to what I have the heart

but perhaps not the head to say as it should be said—To the memory of the Heroes and Heroines among the thousands of men, women, and children who perished in the unparalleled catastrophe of the Johnstown Flood; and among these Heroes, and without disparagement to any, One, of a race of mankind perhaps the farthest removed from us, a gigantic savage from the heart of Africa, and yet the truest friend, the most faithful servant, and the most self-sacrificing savior ever woman had to thank for her life again and again"—

"Congo!" said my husband, in a tremulous voice at my side; my rising emotion having made me a mute.

LXII.

From the dining-room, we set out to go to the barn, where, to music furnished by Nathan Winters, with a violin, "Big Bill" Byerly, with a violoncello, Toby Updegraff, with a cornet, and Zambie, with a banjo, the young and old of the outer circle had been dancing and making merry in divers ways, while the young and old of the inner were dining and making speeches; and as I walked, arm in arm with Philemon and Bishop Barrington, under the keystone of the arch about which the swarm of bees had settled in the morning, I saw another agreeable transformation which had been effected by the magic wand of the unknown enchanters—I saw my beautiful mares, Bessie and Fannie, resplendent in new gold-plated harness, attached to a new stylish carriage, luxuriously cushioned, and Yoko, in a new suit of clothes, sitting bolt-upright, with the affected rigidity of Mr. Nicholas Macorquordale, with the lines in his hand—"Awaiting the orders of Mrs. Philemon Holland," as he said, raising his hat and bowing to me with a smile. And albeit, it was only a hundred yards or so to the barn, I was forced, by general acclamation and a particular inclination, to step into the carriage with the venerable bishop and my husband, and try the springs and cushions in a few minutes' trot along the turnpike past the barn and back: the change of air and the exercise exhilarating all of us.

As I alighted at the open door of the barn, Winters called out, "Promenade all!" and the first persons to catch my eye on the floor were Grace and her "funny old miller," Harvey Bowser, Robley and Mother Gertrude, the good old 'Squire and my Aunt Melissa, and the formal and precise Judge Lippincott with the roseate and glistening Mrs. Wadsworth, swinging around with an utter disregard to time, step, grace, and garment, but as merry withal as the best of

the dancers on the floor: and weaving in and out among the ladies and gentlemen, the ape-like Chippie, the very personification of grotesque mirth and humor; appearing, in my imagination, now, as a Satyros among the merry-making gods and goddesses of the infancy of Grecian fancy; now, as a fantastic clown at a court-ball during the Middle Ages; now, as an organ-grinder's capped and coated monkey among a throng of dancing children in the street; now, as a zero point in the scale of adult humanity; and finally, as a vibrating leaf on a depending twig and branch of one of the five great bending arms of the Mundane Tree of Mankind, almost touching with its tip the primeval mud in which the tree is rooted.

The next quadrille, I danced as a matter of form with Father Jerome in the stead of my husband; and at its conclusion, I slipped to the house with Robley to attend to a little matter of business which I had entrusted to him, namely, the purchase of the note which Mr. Melville had given the storekeeper when he borrowed the money from him to buy his new suit of clothes for the occasion of my marriage. This secured, and finding it properly receipted, I enclosed it with two ten-dollar bills in an envelope addressed to Mr. Melville with a special request that he would not open it until the thirtieth day of June—the day before his note would fall due. This done, I gave the packet to Robley to hand in private to the good man who had been so zealous and obliging in my behalf during the day, receiving the sting of bees, the laughter of ridicule, and the thrust of jest and jibe, from young and old, with the happiest complaisance imaginable.

Then, in the evening, while some were dancing, and others were eating an informal supper under the spreading elm, Grace and Father Jerome, exchanging winks, requested me to take them in my carriage to Rosenborg and back. I complied, of course; for I suspected my absence was necessary for the mysterious enchanters to work their wonders which pleased me so much.

On returning, however, I found Henry and Sarah Milburn tremulously awaiting me between hope and fear, with a letter from Mr. Clifford, the attorney, to see the child in my keeping and reclaim him if they believed him to be their son; and in my interest in the child and sympathy with the painfully impatient father and mother, I forgot myself and my own affairs absolutely.

The babe was asleep, when the parents beheld him in the light of a lamp in Cora's cabin; and failing to see any resemblance between the child nineteen months old before them and their remembered infant of six, they looked up from the cradle into each other's eyes, and burst into tears. In the end, however, after waking the child,

and stripping him from head to foot, and examining the peculiar deflection of the tip of his backbone, and staring into his great wondering eyes, and smiling responsively to the mirthful movements of his dimpled cheeks and ruby lips, the mother clasped the babe to her bosom, exclaiming, "He is mine! he is mine! I feel it in every drop of my blood! Here, Henry, take your son, and let me go, that I may throw myself at the feet of the woman who took him first from the waters of the flood, and at the feet of the man who breathed the breath of life into his senseless corpse and raised him from the dead, and then at the grave of the poor woman who ran into the country with him, to feed and nourish him till she sank into the tomb!" And of all the speeches I heard on that eventful day of my marriage, the outpouring of this impassioned mother's gratitude was the most thrilling.

At length, after the emotional storm of the poor woman had subsided, she begged me to describe to her the unknown woman who had been instrumental in saving her child. I did so, to the minutest detail of her person and dress; but my words recalled no familiar form to her mind. The instant I depicted the woman's face, however, she threw up her hands in an expression of horror at herself, as if conscience-stricken, exclaiming, "My stepmother! I humbly kiss the rod!" And before going away with the child, in the night, on account of the crowded condition of every habitable building on the farm with my guests, they promised to return at an early day and set up a tombstone at the grave of the woman's stepmother, Amanda Markle, as they named her, and reimburse me for all the expenses which I had been put to in caring for Mrs. Markle and the child—a debt which I canceled at once.

And as the rattle of their buggy died away in the direction of Laughlinstown, I went from the cabin of my Korean dependents to the great stone inn, and reported to my friends the last chapter in the history of the Dobson claim to the Heart of Appalachia: the title, on the death of the infant girl, with her father and mother in the flood, having passed to her collateral heirs; and these being the children of John Carpenter, the younger, who conveyed the tract for a valuable consideration to my grandfather, Alexander Graham, the title vested absolutely in his heirs at law, my aunt and myself.

At half past eleven, I retired to the large room which, with weeks of care and contriving, I had prepared for the living-room of Philemon and myself; and on opening the door, I found it so altered by the busy enchanters in my absence at Rosenborg and in Cora's cabin that I did not recognize a single thing in it but the paper on the walls and the woodwork—I found, in fact, the bed, bedding, bureau,

chairs, carpet, curtains—all new and beautiful and costly; and on a table, a grand display of cut-glass, silverware, books, and bric-a-brac, without the slightest clue anywhere to enable me to identify the mysterious magicians.

At length, the new clock on the mantel struck twelve with the peculiar muffled tone of the clock in my chamber at Idavöll, which, recalling the deep-toned bells which had thrilled me in infancy in Japan, carried me back to my childhood of enchantment under the ever-watchful and tender eyes of my sad, sweet mother on earth and dear old Fuji in heaven; whereupon, extinguishing the new and beautiful lamp in the room, that the sight of nothing in the present might destroy the illusion of the past, I sat down on a chair by an open window; and looking vacantly into the great shadow of night which concealed the finite world of fact beneath me and revealed the infinite world of fancy above me, I seemed to be dissevered from my physical self and exist apart from it, as simply sentient feeling and thought, in infinite time and space.

And while I sat in this dreamy abstraction, I heard a keynote struck on a banjo beneath my window, and immediately afterward, the melodious voice of Zambie, swelling in volume from a scarcely audible hum to an all-pervading sound of indescribable sweetness, as he began to sing the savage lullaby with which a thousand times his heroic father, my tender-hearted savior from fire and flood, had soothed me to sleep and happy dreams in his arms—an unintelligible jargon of savage words, a wild and weird interblending of savage sounds—an echo from the heart of humanity in the shadows of night in the very heart of Africa, the great Babyland among the Continental areas of the globe! But withal, to me, the sweetest epithalamium any of the infinite voices of Nature could give expression to in song, and conduct me in a tremor of bliss to the side of the sightless father of my children in the future.

LXIII.

The morning after my marriage, (the story of my heritage not being concluded wholly by my becoming the wife of Philemon Holland,) Yoko's sister, Lily, was not to be found in her accustomed place at daybreak; and everybody was aroused—the inner circle of guests in the big stone house from basement to garret, and the outer on the haymows of the barn. Soon after, among the latter, it was discovered that the elaborate Indian costume of To-ga-to-maugh, on

the mow over the barn floor, contained a dummy of straw; and that Injin Jim, as a rather uncertain belonging of 'Squire Burkholder, and his every-day apparel, were gone; and putting this and that together, coupled with their association the day before, the conclusion of everybody at once was, that, as one marriage makes many, the young man and woman had eloped to be married; but whether after the manner and customs of the Cornplanters to whom To-ga-to-maugh was believed to belong, or the more civilized fashion of the black-haired children of Han, of the Mysterious Peninsula of North-eastern Asia, was left undetermined, but with the chances greatly in favor of the former.

While we were eating breakfast, however, Mr. Melville came to the inn with the runaways in his charge and delivered them to their several guardians, until a license for their marriage could be procured. They had gone to the parsonage with the expectation of being married at the earliest opportunity by Mr. Melville, and encountered an unlooked-for insurmountable obstacle in the want of an official permit; and on the minister's assurance that he would unite them as soon as a license could be procured, and the consent of all interested obtained through his intercession, they hung their heads in silent acquiescence and returned with him to the inn—abashed by the discovery of their secret passion for each other, but emboldened by the consciousness that they were sincere in their love and honorable in their intentions, and as well by the encouragement given them by the good minister.

In due time, accordingly, there was another wedding in the Heart of Appalachia, and a cabin erected and furnished by 'Squire Burkholder near the cabin of the Koreans, and the Asiatic bride and the American groom installed in a bewilderment of bliss, which, curiously, found but the faintest expression in their apathetic faces and undemonstrative manners; while Bishop Barrington and Father Jerome and Robley and Philemon were discussing from their several points of view the union of the great divisions of mankind which To-ga-to-maugh and Lily represented, namely, the American Redskin and the Asiatic Yellowskin: Philemon, as the scientific anthropologist of the quartette, affirming that the so-called Indians of America, from the Arctic Ocean to Cape Horn were in various degrees the resultant of the crossing and intercrossing for ages of the great Polynesian and Mongolian divisions of the human race which have peopled it from the west—coming at various times, and landing at different points on the coast: that their union, being only one degree apart as races, is productive of a vigorous hybrid, which, in a

suitable environment, as the islands of Japan, may attain a very high if not the highest standard of humanity.

LXIV.

Soon after our marriage, Philemon and I began a systematic search after evidence of the loss of "The Whale-Hawk" within the whaling-grounds specified in the policy of insurance, and by any of the accidents enumerated, or usually incidental, to the whaling service. With the exception of the names of several Kanakas, or natives of the Hawaiian Islands, shipped at Hilo, we obtained a complete list of the crew from my Aunt Melissa, with a number of facts with respect to several of them which would enable us to trace their families and friends, and get any information they might possess of the missing vessel. With this list, we made repeated visits to New Bedford, Nantucket, and other whaling ports of New England, and found the families of several of the crew, and a great number of men who knew my father personally and remembered the sailing of the new vessel, with the skipper's bride and her sister aboard, to combine a wedding tour with a whaling cruise; but we failed to get from anybody a single item of information with respect to the vessel after her departure from Yokohama, under the command of the first mate, Jasper Medbury. Afterward, we supplemented this search in person, by a further and more extensive by letter, but with no better success. The ship sailed from the harbor of Yokohama, and there an end.

At length, we discontinued our fruitless search; and during the following three years—in which, Philemon and I spent several months of the latter part of each winter and early spring in England, making excursions betimes to Paris, the Hague, Rome, Athens, and Madrid, and in which two children were born to us in the Heart of Appalachia, Jerome Jansen in the summer of 1891, with the black eyes and hair of his mother, but without the white blazon which she had inherited from her mother, and Melissa Graham, in the summer of 1892, with the big blue eyes and yellow hair which characterized her father in youth, before the former grew grey and sightless, and the latter assumed a brownish hue—and thought little about the matter: all our means of prosecuting the search any farther being exhausted, and the snug little fortune involved remaining seemingly forever in the impenetrable locker of Davy Jones at the bottom of the sea.

However, in the summer of 1893, we went to Chicago to spend several months in inspecting through my eyes the countless exhibits of the various nations of the earth at the Columbian Exposition, and the architectural wonders of the City of Enchantment in which they were housed. We were accompanied by Mrs. Wadsworth and my Aunt Melissa, as a supplemental mother to each of the children, and To-ga-to-maugh and Lily—or, Mr. and Mrs. James Burkholder, as they were known beyond the family circle of the Heart of Appalachia—as general servants; the former being invaluable to Philemon as a guide and protector in the streets of a city, and the latter indispensable in the care of the children, while their primary and secondary mothers were engaged in visiting, sight-seeing, shopping, and entertaining friends. And, happily, as the sequel will show, we secured convenient lodgings on the first floor of the Hotel Ozark, on the corner of Thirty-fifth Street and Wabash Avenue, and but a hundred yards or so from a station of the Elevated Railway; and we made our first and many subsequent visits to the fair grounds without any incident worthy of note in connection with this story.

Philemon and I, and the children, occupied the large rooms designated A 13 and 14, and Mrs. Wadsworth and my Aunt Melissa 15, while To-ga-to-maugh and Lily were domiciled in a smaller a little distance away through a labyrinth of narrow passages, A 4; and Philemon venturing one day, the memorable 15th day of August, 1893, to find his way by feeling from 13 to 4, lost his way; and, having come to the stairway by the side of the elevator which he recognized, he began the descent to the office on the floor below. Cautiously proceeding step by step, he reached the last, when, by some mischance, he slipped, lost his balance, and fell to the marble floor. An instant afterward, before anybody could come to his assistance, he was on his feet, trembling noticeably and turning his shoulders and neck as if to determine the extent to which the upper part of his body had been wrenched. In reply to the servants of the hotel who gathered around him, however, he said he was not hurt, with the exception of barely feeling painfully the twisting to which his neck and shoulders had been subjected, and begged that none of them would report the trivial accident to his wife, to alarm her unnecessarily.

A few minutes afterward, I descended to the office to join him and To-ga-to-maugh and go to the fair, and detected a certain agitation in his face and discomposure in his dress the instant I beheld him sitting in an arm-chair in the parlor; and to my hurried enquiries, with increasing anxiety unconsciously expressed in the changing tone of my voice, he told me what had happened—remarking in

conclusion, "I am agitated a little perhaps, but I am not hurt, and am ready to go to the fair. Send for To-ga-to-maugh, and let us be off while we have a chance to obtain seats in the cars, which later in the day usually are filled to overflowing long before they reach this point from the central part of the city."

I accepted his statement with a reservation; and soon after our arrival in the grounds, I was satisfied, from a persistent flush in his face and a tremulous uncertainty in his movements, that he had been affected by the fall more seriously than he imagined, or confessed; and distressing visions of the awful fate of my father, as the result of his fall, began to rise before me and blind me to everything in the world save the all-involving significance of the visible figure of my afflicted husband at my side.

Procuring a rolling-chair, I prevailed on him by a little pardonable wile, to sit in it and be wheeled to the lake-side of the grounds, where a refreshing breeze was coming in over the vast expanse of Lake Michigan, and where I could get for him a cup of his favorite Cingalese tea, and test for myself the extent of his injuries by the reaction effected in him by the most favorable circumstances.

And here we had our luncheon in due time and remained until three o'clock in the afternoon, when we went leisurely to the southwestern corner of the Court of Honor, where, in the latter part of the afternoon, when the effects of sunshine and shadow are the most effective from an artistic point of view, I usually made it a point to go to behold as a whole with ineffable rapture, and to study in detail with infinite delight, the most magnificent and beautiful expression of the genius of Man in an objective structural form the world has ever seen.

Having arrived at my favorite point of view, To-ga-to-maugh took a seat a little distance from us, and I took his place at the back of the rolling-chair in which Philemon sat in an unusual silence and indifference, with respect to his unseen situation and surroundings and my actions and thoughts, which I attributed to his accident in the morning. Presently, while I was looking over his hat and dreamily wandering in mind across the sheen of the Grand Basin, past the glittering statue of the Republic, and through the central arch of the superb Eastern Peristyle, and losing myself along the indistinct line where the curve of Lake Michigan interblended with the overarching azure of infinity, I was recalled suddenly and tumultuously, and with a perceptible shudder coursing through my body, by Philemon addressing me in a tone of independence and self-assertion I had not heard him utter since our last happy meeting and parting before the destruction of Johnstown.

"Jane, I have something of the greatest importance to tell you—are you strong enough to hear it unmoved in this public place?"

"Not unmoved, my dear husband; for I am disturbed already by the altered tone of your voice. But let it be the worst that may, I will hear it as becomes your wife, and the mother of your children, here or elsewhere, without losing control of myself, I believe, and make the best of it. Go on; I am prepared."

"But, my dear wife, it is the best of news and not the worst; and while I know your powers of sustaining the shocks of misfortune and enduring the pains and pangs of prolonged misery, I do not know your powers of resistance under the hammer of good fortune which is said to be harder to bear than that of bad."

Emboldened and braced by this remark to receive complacently any communication he might make, and beginning to regard the mysterious matter in a facetious or amusing light, I replied, "I am holding fast to the back of your chair, and will neither fall to the ground for bad news nor soar into the sky for good; so, I pray you, go on."

But my husband hung his head and made no reply.

"I presume," I continued, "you have devised a new scheme of search after the lost 'Whale-Hawk,' involving possibly an examination for wreckage of the shore-lines of Northeastern Asia and Northwestern America and the intervening Aleutian Islands?"

"No, my dear wife; my secret is vastly more important than any scheme"——

"Then," interrupting him, "you have found some trace of the missing vessel—you have been conversing betimes with strangers from all parts of the world here in Chicago now, and you have learned from one of them the good news that the ship went down in one of the seas prescribed in the policy of insurance, north of Yokohama?"

"No, Jane; my secret is vastly more important to us than the recovery of the full value of 'The Whale-Hawk,' and any store of oil she might have had in her hold at the time of her disappearance, with the highest interest under the limit of usury to date. Call To-ga-to-maugh to your side. He may be a necessary support to you when you are unconscious of needing any. Call him, Jane. I never spoke to you in greater seriousness."

In despite of his words and the tone of voice in which they were uttered, I fancied I detected a certain mockery in both; and having called To-ga-to-maugh to my side, I bade him, with smiles circling my face, to be prepared to catch me in the event of my sinking or soaring on hearing what my husband was about to tell me. "We

are ready, now," I added, addressing my husband.

"Stand firm, then, my dear wife. I can see! . . . . For the past hour or so, my eyes, even with the lids closed and covered by the veil which I wear as the badge of my blindness, have been affected by the light, and I believe I can see to a certain extent at least. . . . . The wrench to which my backbone, from my head to my hips, was subjected this morning, in my efforts to save myself from the effects of a fall, has removed somehow the cause of my blindness—perhaps, by acting as a counter irritant and withdrawing the effused serum in the complexity of my brain, which, according to the surmises of Robley and other physicians, has been pressing against the inner ganglia of vision and destroying them functionally for the time being without impairing them organically. At any rate, account for it as anatomists, physiologists, or pathologists may, I believe I have recovered, to some extent at least, if not wholly, my powers of vision, and that, if the bandage were removed from my eyes, I could distinguish objects."

I heard every word my husband said—that is, I believe I did; for what I heard had a natural sequence from a beginning to an end; but it is possible that I was unconscious for several instants during its deliverance, as I certainly was afterward in the arms of To-ga-to-maugh.

Without bewilderment on recovery, however, I said, "Then, my dear husband, let your happy wife beyond the powers of expression, remove the veil; that, in the first look of your recovered vision, you may receive a full compensation for many years of blindness." Then, removing the bandage from behind, I continued, "Behold, from this vantage point, in the perfection of light and shadow at this moment, an ultimatum of the art of Man, to which, before the opening of this world's fair, mankind has been as blind as you until this instant. This, within the compass of vision from this point, is the Court of Honor: at your side on your left, at this the western end of the Grand Basin, the Columbian Fountain designed by Frederick MacMonnies; farther on your left, the south front of the Electricity Building; and beyond the mouth of the North Canal, the southern façade of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building; on our right, the north fronts of Machinery Hall and the Agricultural Building, separated by the South Lagoon; in front of us, in the Grand Basin facing the Administration Building behind us, the colossal statue of the Republic, designed by French; back of it the Peristyle, surmounted by the Quadriga, representing the Triumph of Columbus; and beyond, the Mediterranean of America, Lake Michigan, interblending with an Italian sky not included among the Italian exhibits."

I stood behind the chair of my husband while I spoke, in order that he might have an unobstructed view; and after I had ceased to speak, with increasing impatience for several minutes—my heart beating seemingly audibly to To-ga-to-maugh at my side—I awaited an expected outburst of admiration in the felicitous, comprehensive, and singularly appropriate phraseology in which my husband usually expressed himself when excited by interest or emotion.

At length, he said, calmly, "My dear wife, since you have removed the bandage from my eyes, I have kept my eyelids closed, and I have seen nothing. In doing so, I have defeated a hope of your heart, and disappointed you grievously as an enthusiastic artist—seeing beauty and grandeur with the preëminent powers of vision with which your race is gifted especially; and I have deprived myself undoubtedly of the rarest of visual delights. In doing so, also, I have put myself in opposition to you whom I love with the entirety of my being, and for any hurt I have done you incidentally, I humbly crave your pardon; but in the first moments of my freedom from the self-extinguishing subjection of absolute blindness, I could not resist the temptation of asserting, at the first opportunity, my independence as an untrammeled unit of mankind. I did not look when and as you directed me to; and further, I will not, until after I have seen another view which will gratify me infinitely more than this unrivaled Court of Honor and all the other marvelous views of the City of Enchantment combined."

"Your will, my dear husband, is my pleasure always, and even now, in an unfathomable disappointment which I confess, an inexpressible delight."

"Replace then, happy woman, the bandage over my eyes; and let us return at once to our hotel, that, in the privacy and graduated light of our chamber, I may surfeit my recovered sense of sight by looking into the happy faces of my beloved wife and children, and, next to the mother that bore me and the wife of my bosom, that dearest of women, the self-sacrificing foster-mother of Poor Billy Blind-staggers! My blindness may return to me on the exposure of my eyes to the light; and I will not jeopard the only look I may have with any sight less dear to me than those who for years have been housed unseen in my heart."

"My dear husband, in doing so and saying so, you have proved your right to command me, and I cheerfully obey."

I replaced the bandage; and as I bent over him, I sank into his bosom and kissed his lips and cheeks rapturously; saying, as I rose, "The husband and father who will shut his eyes to the glory of the globe and seek to find his happiness in the faces of his wife and

children, and a woman who has been self-sacrificing to relieve him in distress, will ever have a wife to bend to him in mind and body and find her greatest happiness in doing so, children to love him and emulate his virtues, and good and kind women in any and every part of the habitable globe, to the full extent of their resources, to minister to him in accordance with his necessities. Come, To-ga-to-maugh. We will go now to the stand where we got this chair, and thence to the platform of the Elevated Railway to return to the Hotel Ozark."

LXV.

For several days after the recovery of his sight, Philemon was in greater danger of meeting accidents than before; for in the four long years of his absolute blindness, he had lost to some extent the recognition of the relative distances of objects before him, and was constantly reaching for things beyond his grasp and running against persons and things which seemed to him to be farther away than a stride; and in the resilience of his whole being from the slavery and dependence of his affliction, he was willful and venturesome in going in and out of the hotel alone, and correspondingly unmanageable. Happily, however, by combining all the available resources of Mrs. Wadsworth, my Aunt Melissa, To-ga-to-maugh, Lily, and myself, against his willfulness and waywardness, (except in the matter of smoking, which, curiously, he resumed at once, after a discontinuance of the habit for over four years, through his fear of fire, mainly,) we kept him in check in a great measure and under constant surveillance; and he ran the gauntlet of his first week's glorious independence with no more serious injury than a pair of bruised shins, a scorched finger, and an abraded nose.

From day to day, moreover, we gained assurance that the elated man might use his eyes from dawn to dusk without any determinable danger; and during the latter part of August and the first two weeks of September, I enjoyed the extreme happiness of beholding the infinite wonders and beauties of the World's Fair with my husband's eyes as well as my own.

At this time, our family circle at the Hotel Ozark was enlarged considerably by the addition of Robley and Grace, and their two children about the ages of mine, Archibald Gregory and Jane Jansen, and an attending maid; 'Squire Burkholder and Mother Gertrude; Lycurgus Smith and his eldest daughter, Irēnē—a beautiful

girl of fifteen; and Mr. and Mrs. Milburn, and the child of destiny, who had been christened anew by his parents, Mark, in the expression of their gratitude to the mother's stepmother, Amanda Markle, and as a self-inflicted scourge for their former avoidance of the poor woman. And almost daily we went to the fair in a body, but soon divided there into several groups—to return betimes to the hotel as stragglers, with the most diverse experiences to relate to one another on assembling in the parlor before retiring for the night.

At length came the time for packing our thousand and one purchases of the most irreconcilable constituents—Austrian glassware, Japanese bronzes and carvings in wood, ivory, and stone, Irish carvings in bogwood, Indian brassware and carvings in ivory, wood, and stone, Javanese hats and masks, Holland plaques and tiles, South Sea shells, Damascus tiles and cimetars, Italian paintings, silver filagree work, mosaics, and carvings in wood, shell, lava, and marble, Turkestan rugs, Belgian and Bulgarian laces, French jewelry, Russian malachite, and typic specimens of pottery from half the countries of the globe; and while my Aunt Melissa and myself were wrapping and adjusting the various articles in suitable boxes in our rooms, and Mrs. Wadsworth and Grace's maid were keeping watch and ward over the two pairs of little children and Master Mark—more irrepressible in his fifth year than a dozen children in their second,—Philemon, To-ga-to-maugh, and Lily, (who usually went together for their mutual protection,) from morning till night, were reveling in the myriad of amusements and entertaining side-shows of the Midway Plaisance; and every evening, on their return, added to our perplexing store of souvenirs, curiosities, and specimens, their several purchases from the bazaars of Cairo and Constantinople, the wigwams of the American aborigines, the villages of the Irish, the Javanese, the Samoans, and the Dahomeyans, the encampment of the Bedouin of the Desert, the huts and kennels of the Esquimaux, and the farm of the Ostriches.

Finally, the untrammeled trio went to the Korean Department in the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, and purchased a screen, which, in eight pictures, represented a royal hunt in the Mysterious Peninsula—Philemon thinking it would be not only interesting to my aunt and myself, by reason of our early association with the Forbidden Land and its singularly exclusive people at the time, but a source of endless pleasure to Yalu and Cora afar in the Heart of Appalachia, with half the girth of the globe approximately between them and their native land—the scenes, the costumes, and the characteristic animals and plants of the peculiar country being

delineated by the native artist with such skill and fidelity as to satisfy the exacting demands of children for details.

Whatsoever the purpose, however, the Korean salesman, during the negotiations for the exchange of the screen, kept his eye on Lily and finally addressed her in her mother tongue; but, cowering behind her husband, she made no response. After the purchase had been made, however, the bashful woman was induced to reply to the Korean; and in a little while they were engaged in a rapid exchange of remarks of the most surprising and agreeable character to each other, and seemingly oblivious to all the world besides—so much so that Philemon and To-ga-to-maugh went into the neighboring Siamese Department and sat down to await the termination of the spirited discourse in a language absolutely unknown to both.

At length, Lily called them to her side, and in a glow of excitement informed them that the Korean salesman was an uncle of her mother—that he was one of the men who had accompanied the magistrate when he boarded "The Whale-Hawk" in the harbor of Gensan—that he had the bottle (but not the contents) which my mother, and the magazines which my aunt, had given him still among his treasures at home—and that two of his special reasons for attending the Columbian Exposition were a desire to learn if possible the fate of his kinswoman, and an inappeasable longing to see the world of wonders beyond the boundaries of Chosen which the visit of the undreamed-of people in the marvelous whaling vessel had implanted in his being and that of thousands of his neighbors and friends besides.

Then, in token of the joy the Korean felt individually and the gladness his report of the welfare of Yalu and Cora in America would infuse among their relatives and friends in their native country, he loaded Lily with presents for her father and mother, her sister Minnie, and her brothers Yoko and Cheng, and herself, and sent, by Philemon, a large earthenware bottle filled with the finest of Korean wine to my aunt, a pair of shoes to my little boy Jerome Jansen, a doll to my little girl Melissa Graham, and an ornament for the hair made of tortoise shell to myself.

In return, Philemon presented the generous man with his watch and chain and cigar-case, and invited him, and, through him, in the name of Lily, my aunt, and myself, all the Koreans to the number of seven in the city, to a banquet in the evening three days afterward at the Hotel Ozark.

Then, having parted with their new-found friend, the trio, with their bundles and packages, made their way to the Elevated Railway and squeezed themselves into a crowded car—in the jam, the neck

of the earthenware wine-bottle in the hands of Philemon running into the screen in To-ga-to-maugh's hands, but apparently doing no more damage than punching a small hole in an upper corner of one of the pictures.

And when, at length—the several stories of the trio told, and their purchases and presents displayed in the largest of my rooms in the hotel—Grace, who still had a lingering affection for her deary Nappy Bony Benny, went to his parents' room on the floor above and brought down the boy to look at the pictures on the screen; and the irrepressible Mark, having espied the little hole in the corner, insisted on putting his finger in it and enlarging it in order to see for himself and be satisfied what if anything was in the space between the two pictures on each frame, or to ascertain how the screen had been made, or, rather, in the expression of the spirit of antagonism and vandalism which animates especially the man-half of humanity in the savagery of nature and the childhood of civilized life.

Finally, after repeated assaults by the willful boy, without any appreciable enlargement of the hole, he tore the paper audibly and alarmingly to all; and at once Grace took him up in her arms and carried him out of the room, kicking and screaming in a vigorous but vain remonstrance to any kind of restraint or control.

Thereupon, my Aunt Melissa stepped to the screen to ascertain the extent of the damage done by the boy; and having taken in her hand the falling flap of paper from the corner to raise it and adjust it as it had been, she suddenly stopped, gazed for a minute as if spellbound, blanched, and staggered backward into my arms.

Curiously, not one of us around my aunt imagined that the cause of her collapse lay in what she had seen on the back of the picture, and attributed her syncope to her sudden rising from a sitting posture on the floor; and we devoted ourselves to her relief without a thought of looking further at the broken screen.

A few minutes later, having risen from the sofa on which we had laid her and taken a sip of water, my aunt said, feebly, "Pardon my weakness, Jane, Philemon—all of you; but," flushing noticeably and lowering her eyes, "I have seen on the back of the detached part of the Korean picture before you, the handwriting of Jasper Medbury; and from the several words which I have read, I believe the water-stained paper, pasted on the back of the Korean paper to give it body, has been torn from the log-book of 'The Whale-Hawk;' and that all the necessary proof of the loss of the ill-fated vessel will be found in the screen. The log-book has drifted with the wreckage of the ship to the shores of Korea, the water-soaked leaves torn out and dried, and afterward utilized and preserved, as I have found

a significant fragment at least!"

As my aunt inferred, the single picture revealed on examination the sufficing data to effect a recovery of the insurance money; for one of the pasted sheets contained the last entry made by the first mate; and this recited the time, place, and circumstances of the accident to "The Whale-Hawk," which, in a short time, doubtless, would cause the good ship to sink and oblige the crew to take to the boats in a stormy sea.

The accident occurred at two o'clock in the morning of the 25th of September, 1870, in latitude 42°, north, and longitude 146°, west of Washington—that is, in the sea of Korea or Japan, fifty or sixty miles west of the little island of Okushiri, off the southwestern coast of the large Japanese island of Yeso: a furious gale blowing at the time from the northeast, or toward the great bight in the eastern shore of Korea, in which the harbor of Gensan is situated. At this time and place, the ship, with fourteen hundred and sixty-two barrels of oil in her hold, being in a great measure, presumably, at the mercy of the winds and waves of an equinoctial storm, came into collision with a derelict Korean junk of the largest size, laden with logs, receiving such a rent in her sheathing amidships as to be irreparable during the tempest and cause her to founder in a few hours at the farthest—leaving the crew in the boats to be overwhelmed long before they could reach a harbor of safety before the gale.

Whatsoever the presumptions, however, the brief entries in the log made by the mate through the force of habit in the discharge of his duty—possibly when he realized the vessel was doomed—were sufficient for the purposes required, in the opinion of Robley, 'Squire Burkholder, and Mr. Smith, who were present, as well as Philemon, my aunt, and myself; and on the return of Grace, blushing for the vandalism committed by the Child of Destiny, she was informed of what had happened in her absence by Robley, who, of all persons, the most readily and rapidly could enter the mysterious cavern of her understanding. But long before she grasped the importance of the discovery to me and my children in dollars and cents, she, staring in wonder—an airy fantasy of astonishment of the most exquisite beauty—exclaimed, "And just to think, Jane, if it had not been for me, the boy never would have been brought down stairs; and if it had not been for the boy, the hole in the screen would not have been enlarged and the handwriting on the back of the pictures discovered; and if it had not been for your aunt, the handwriting never would have been detected as that of the mate of 'The Whale-Hawk;' and if it had not been for Philemon, the screen never would have been purchased; and if it had not been for

Lily, the Korean salesman never would have sent the bottle of wine to your aunt, and the neck of the bottle of course would not have punctured the little hole in the screen; and if it had not been for you, Jane, 'The Whale-Hawk' never would have gone into the harbor of Gensan, and this Korean never would—Dear me! I never heard of such a combination and complication in all my born days! And really and truly, I verily believe, if it had not been for To-ga-to-maugh, and 'Squire Burkholder, and Robley, and Amanda Markle, and Lawyer Clifford, and everybody that ever has lived, and everything that ever has happened, before and since the Johnstown Flood, the discovery never would have been made!"

"And Jane never would have inherited a fortune from her Uncle Davy Jones," added Robley.

"Well, I never—but why did you not tell me so at first, you provoking man!—you are getting to be as unintelligible in your speech as a lawyer! But, no matter now; let me kiss you, Jane, a thousand times for every dollar you will get."

LXVI.

During the following three days, my Aunt Melissa continued to be pale and agitated, and an object of ceaseless solicitude to me; and I marveled that the effects of the shock which she had experienced on finding unexpectedly the log of "The Whale-Hawk" should be so persistent.

"You forget, Jane," said Robley to me, in private, "that your aunt is not as young and hardy as you. You forget, also, that she has exerted herself here more, perhaps, than she ever did in the same time in her life. She is exhausted and unstrung—nothing more."

I was not satisfied with this explanation; but, during the banquet to the Koreans, when I saw her flushed with animation, and seemingly as cheery as usual, I forgot about her for the time being in my attention to the kind-hearted man who had relieved me in the first of my extremities, and his countrymen, and in my admiration of the metamorphosis that had taken place in Lily during the past few days of mental excitement and personal consequence—from a veritable dull-colored pupa state of diffidence, distrust, and self-abasement, to a highly-colored imago of confidence, airy equipoise, and international importance—the medium through which the great Asiatic and American divisions of the globe alone were intelligible to each other.

By chance, however, in the midst of a general round of hilarity, I turned in the direction of my dear aunt and saw that she was as pale as ashes, staring fixedly into space, with the saddest expression on her face I ever beheld.

At length—the banquet over, the guests gone, the lights turned down, and the silence of midnight pervading the house, I stole from the side of Philemon and sat down quietly by the side of my dear aunt's bed to listen to her breathing and fathom if possible the secret of her distress from her unconscious movements and mutterings in sleep.

After a while, I heard her moan, and, amid accelerated gaspings, cry out Help! and realizing that she was enduring the agonies of a horrible dream, I wakened her; and, after calming her with kisses, I said to her, "You have seen in your dream, dear Auntie, the ship go down, and all the crew perish miserably in the waves. I know it from my own feelings and the circumstances. When you touched the wave-washed fragment of the log, you touched the dead of three and twenty years ago; and it is the ghost of the past that haunts you now. But let me take you in my arms, dear Aunt, and the spectre will vanish."

And the remainder of the night, the dear woman slept as quietly as a babe, without a memory of the past to awaken in its undeveloped brain a conscious thought or an unconscious dream.

LXVII.

The following day, a prepossessing gentleman of forty-five or fifty, presented himself to Philemon and myself, in the parlor of the Hotel Ozark, as Albert Bushnell, a special agent of the International Marine Insurance Company of New York. In response to Philemon's telegram to the Company, he had come to examine the newly-found proofs of loss and investigate the circumstances connected with the discovery.

Happily, at the same time, Lily's relative, Tong Li, came to the hotel, too, to take Lily and her husband to the fair; and through Lily's mediation, Mr. Bushnell was satisfied from the statements of the Korean salesman, that the screen had been made in Korea by a native artist, a short time before his death twenty years ago—that it had been imported and sold by himself; and that the Korean paper, which constituted the outside of the screen, could not be cut or removed and afterward patched or replaced without leaving such

traces of tampering as a child could detect at a glance. More than half of the screen, moreover, was still intact, which the agent, if he saw fit, might open and find—nobody could tell what, but, presumably, other pages torn from the log-book of the lost vessel which would furnish other circumstantial evidence in confirmation or contradiction of the data already found.

The agent was shown into our room, and given the screen and its significant enclosures to inspect and consider at his leisure; with permission, in the presence of Robley and 'Squire Burkholder, to remove any of the pages of the log from the Korean paper to which they were pasted, and open the remainder of the screen which was still a mystery as it came from the Mysterious Peninsula of Northeastern Asia; and at length, after spending several hours in examining page after page of the ocean record—comparing the latitude and longitude of a number of days and other significant data which the log contained—the careful, cautious, and exacting man took off his glasses, wiped with a soft silk handkerchief his weary watery eyes, leaned back in his chair, and said, complacently, "I am satisfied that these pages have been torn from the log-book of a whaler in the Sea of Korea or Japan in the autumn of 1870; but I am not satisfied that this vessel was 'The Whale-Hawk.'"

To this my aunt, still pale and trembling perceptibly, replied that she was positive the handwriting was that of Jasper Medbury, who had been placed in command of the ship by Skipper Jansen in Yokohama.

"But, Miss Graham," objected Mr. Bushnell, bowing deferentially to my aunt; "indirectly you, as the aunt of Mrs. Holland, are an interested party, and unsupported as yet by the discovery of either the name of the vessel or that of the writer in this fragmentary record; and unconsciously you may be laboring under a misapprehension or delusion. Three and twenty years is a long time to remember positively the countenance of another's chirography, and especially, relatively speaking, of a stranger without associations. Is there anybody besides yourself who will testify that this is the handwriting of Jasper Medbury? or have you anything in the world to offer in confirmation of your belief?"

"I have," responded my dear aunt distinctly, but lowering her eyes, flushing, and trembling more perceptibly as she uttered the words. "It was the hope of Jasper Medbury's heart and mine to be united in marriage on the return of 'The Whale-Hawk' to Yokohama; and I have in my possession, in my trunk in an adjoining room, all the letters and notes which he sent to me betimes while I

was ashore and he was in command of the vessel in the harbor of Yokohama; and now, since the hidden within my heart and the secret of the sea for three and twenty years has been revealed, any and all the letters and notes which the good man addressed to me are open to the eyes of the world if need be."

"I am satisfied—and I speak as well for the Company which I represent as for myself; and I humbly implore your pardon for invading the holy sepulchre in which the memory of the man whom you have loved and lost is enshrined." Then, addressing me, "Mrs. Holland, a New York draft, for the full amount of your policy, with interest from the date of the sinking of the ship, as appears in the log, to the present time, payable to yourself, will be forwarded to you in a few days. A receipt will accompany the draft, which, please sign and return. With my heartiest congratulations and best wishes, now, I beg leave to withdraw."

LXVIII.

On our return to the Heart of Appalachia, we were accompanied by Lily's relative, Tong Li, and two of his countrymen, who were interested racially if not individually in Yalu and Cora, and their family, in America—the first of Korean settlers, perhaps, in the New World.

Soon after, Mr. Bushnell registered at the wayside inn—ostensibly having come from New York for the sole purpose of handing to me in person the Insurance Company's draft for the amount of insurance, principal and interest, due me to date; but ten days afterward, he went away with my dear Aunt Melissa as his wife, carrying in her portemonnaie a check for half the sum I had received from the Insurance Company in payment for her undivided interest in the Heart of Appalachia, which she and her husband had conveyed by deed to me.

Once having entered the holy sepulchre of the good woman's heart, in which she had enshrined the image of Jasper Medbury for three and twenty years, and given a surcease to sorrow with such sympathy as only the opposite sexes feel for each other, it was easy for Mr. Bushnell to enter again, and by supplanting the spectre of the past, transmute the tomb of the dead at the bottom of the sea into a habitation of the living in the joyous effulgence of the sun of the world.

THE END.


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